MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA," "CECILIA," ETC.

COMPILED FROM

HER VOLUMINOUS DIARIES AND LETTERS,

AND FROM OTHER SOURCES.

BY MRS HELEN BERKELEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNE HUNTER," ETC.

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PREFACE.

"The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay," edited by her Niece, have been presented to the public in so unwieldy and voluminous a form, made tedious by so many details that are foreign and uninteresting, that we cannot hesitate to believe that an attempt to separate the gold from the dross, the really valuable facts embodied in the narrative from the trivial and dull, will be indulgently received.

The contemporary and friend of Johnson, Burke, Horace Walpole, and other master-spirits of English literature, the life of the "author of Evelina" presents the most ample materials for an entertaining and deeply instructive biography. We have endeavoured to avail ourselves of them in a manner the most acceptable to readers of taste; omitting no incident of importance, but avoiding all that seemed irrevelant and unattractive.

The present work will be found to contain much that has never before been published in this country; while care has been taken to include all that seemed worthy of preservation in the "Diary and Letters" of Madame D'Arblay, the expensive character of which publication has rendered it a sealed book to the great majority of American readers.

New York, March, 1844.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Frances Burney—Remarkable feature of her childhood—Imitation of the Actors—Dr. Burney's opinion of her—The flaxen wig—Death of Mrs. Burney—Self Education—Dissimilarity of Fanny to her sisters—Dr. Burney's second marriage—Mr. Crisp—The Cabin—Fanny's secret authorship.—The Conflagration. History of Caroline Evelyn, mother of Evelina—Dr. Burney's tour. His illness.—"Evelina."—Secret arrangements with a bookseller. The arrival—Mr. Lowndes's offer for the manuscript of "Evelina"—Character of Miss Burney—The Journal.

Frances Burney, the second daughter and third child of Dr. Burney, was born at Lynn Regis in Norfolk, on the 13th of June. 1752. Her father had in the preceding year accepted the office of Organist to that royal borough, having been obliged by ill health to quit London, and to relinquish more advantageous prospects.

The most remarkable features of Frances Burney's childhood were, her extreme shyness, and her backwardness at learning; at eight years of age, she did not even know her letters, and her elder brother used to amuse himself by pretending to teach her to read, and presenting the book to her turned upside down,—which he declared she never found out. Her mother's friends generally gave her the name of "the little dunce;" but her mother, more discerning as well as more indulgent, always replied, that "*she had no fear about Fanny.*"

In fact, beneath an appearance so unpromi ing to

cursory observers, there was an under-current, not only of deep feeling and affection, but of shrewd observation and lively invention; though the feelings were rarely called forth in the happy careless course of childish life, and the intellectual powers were concealed by shyness, except when her own individuality were forgotten in the zest with which she would enact other personages, in the little sports and gambols she invented. Her father relates, that "she used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and *compose* speeches for their characters, for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness; and from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of Dr. Burney's friends who went often to his house, and entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than "the old lady."

Dr. Burney adds, "she had always a great affection for me; had an excellent heart, and a natural simplicity and probity about her that wanted no teaching. In her plays with her sisters and some neighbours' children, this straightforward morality operated to an uncommon degree in one so young. There lived next door to me at that time in Poland Street, and in a private house, a capital hair-merchant, who furnished perukes to the judges and gentlemen of the law. The hair-merchant's female children and mine used to play together in the little garden behind the house, and unfortunately, one day, the door of the wig-magazine being left open, they each of them put on one of those dignified ornaments of the head, and danced and jumped about in a thousand antics, laughing till they screamed, at their own ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, in their vagaries, one

of the flaxen wigs, said by the proprietor to be worth upwards of ten guineas [in those days an enormous price], fell into a tub of water placed for shrubs in the little garden, and lost all its gorgon buckle, and was declared by the owner to be totally spoilt. He was extremely angry, and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, 'the old lady,' then ten years or age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately said, 'What signifies talking so much about an accident?, The wig is wet, to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but 'tis of no use to speak of it any more, because *what's done can't be undone.*'

"Whether these stoical sentiments appeased the enraged perruquier, I know not; but the younkers were stript of their honours, and my little monkeys were obliged to retreat without beat of drum or colours flying."

Mrs. Burney was well qualified to instruct and train her numerous family; but they lost her early, and her chief attention appears to have been bestowed on the education of her eldest daughter, Esther, with whom she read all Pope's works, and Pitt's Æneid; while the silent, observant Fanny learnt by heart passages from Pope, merely from hearing her sister recite them, and long before she cared for reading them herself.

In the year 1760, Dr. Burney returned to London with his wife and children, and took a house in Poland Street, where he renewed, under happy auspices, the acquaintance which, during his former residence in London, he had made with several of the most distinguished literary characters of his day. At this period his eldest son James, afterwards Admiral Burney, had been sent to sea as a midshipman, in the ship of Admiral Montagu; his second son, Charles, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, was still quite a child; and his fourth daughter, Charlotte, was an infant.

From this young family, for whom maternal care appeared so necessary, their affectionate mother was removed by death in the autumn of 1761. During the latter period of her illness, Frances and her sister Susanna had been placed in a boarding-school in Queen Square, that they might be out of the way; and when the sad intelligence of their loss was brought to them, the agony of Frances's grief was so great, though she was not more than nine years old, that her governess declared she had not met with a child of such intense and acute feelings.

The bereaved father soon recalled his children home, and their education carried itself on, rather than owed its progress to any regular instruction. Dr. Burney was too much occupied by his professional engagements to teach them, except by his own example of industry and perseverance. These were so great that he actually studied and acquired the French and Italian languages on horseback; having for that purpose written out a pocket-grammar and vocabulary of each.

His son Charles was, at a proper age, sent to the Charter-House School, but his daughters remained at home; they had no governess, and though the eldest and the third, Esther and Susanna, were subsequently taken to France, and placed for two years in a Parisian seminary, Frances shared not this advantage. Dr. Burney afterwards acknowledged that one reason which decided him against carrying her to France was her strong attachment to her maternal grandmother, who was a Roman Catholic. He "feared she might be induced to follow the religion of one she so much loved and honoured, if she should fall so early into the hands of any zealots who should attempt her conversion." She was, therefore, literally self-educated, and to use her own words, her "sole emulation for improvement, and sole spur for exertion, were her un-

bounded veneration and affection for her father, who, nevertheless, had not at the time a moment to spare for giving her any personal instruction, or even for directing her pursuits."

At ten years of age she could read, and with the occasional assistance of her eldest sister she had taught herself to write; and no sooner had she acquired the latter accomplishment than she began to scribble, almost incessantly, little poems and works of invention, though in a character that was illegible to every one but herself. Her love of reading did not display itself till two or three years later; thus practically reversing the axiom that

mm "Authors before they write should read."

But although the education of Dr. Burney's daughters was not conducted according to the elaborate systems of the present day, they yet enjoyed some advantages which more than compensated for the absence of regular and salaried instructors. The sentiments and example of their father excited them to love whatever was upright, virtuous, and amiable; while, from not being secluded in a school-room, they also shared the conversation of their father's guests; and, in London, Dr. Burney's miscellaneous but agreeable society included some of the most eminent for literature in our own country, together with many accomplished foreigners, whose observations and criticisms were in themselves lessons. Perhaps the taste of Frances Burney was formed much in the same way as that of her celebrated contemporary, Madame de Stael, who relates that she used to sit with her work, on a little stool at her mother's knee, and listen to the conversation of all Monsieur Neckar's enlightened visitors; thus gathering notions on literature and politics long ere it was suspected that she knew the meaning of the words.

If, however, the above methods were of themselves sufficient for education, all good conversers might offer a "royal road" to learning. But the benefit here obtained was chiefly that of directing the attention to intellectual pursuits, enlightening the judgment, and exciting a thirst for knowledge, which led the youthful Frances to diligent and laborious application. By the time she was fourteen she had carefully studied many of the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range. She began also to make extracts, keeping a *catalogue raisonne* of the books she read; and some of her early remarks were such as would not have disgraced a maturer judgment.

Thus passed, not idly nor unprofitably, nearly six years after the death of that mother who would have been her best instructress. Dr. Burney then made another journey to Paris, for the purpose of conducting home his daughters, Esther and Susanna, whose allotted two years' of education in that capital had expired. Their improvement had kept pace with their father's hopes and wishes, but he gave up his original plan of carrying Frances and Charlotte abroad on the return of their sister: Susanna volunteered to instruct Fanny in French; and they were all so enchanted to meet again, that perhaps Dr. Burney's parental kindness withheld him from proposing a new separation.

On the first return of the youthful travellers, Susanna, who was then scarcely fourteen, wrote a sort of comparison between her two elder sisters, which, as it happens to have been preserved, and may in some measure illustrate their early characters, we will give *verbatim*.

"Hetty seems a good deal more lively than she used to appear at Paris; whether it is that her spirits are better, or that the great liveliness of the inhabitants made her appear grave there by comparison, I

know not: but she was there remarkable for being *sérieuse*, and is here for being gay and lively. She is a most sweet girl. My sister Fanny is unlike her in almost every thing, yet both are very amiable, and love each other as sincerely as ever sisters did. The characteristics of Hetty seem to be wit, generosity, and openness of heart: Fanny's—sense, sensibility, and bashfulness, and even a degree of prudery. Her understanding is superior, but her diffidence gives her a bashfulness before company with whom she is not intimate, which is a disadvantage to her. My eldest sister shines in conversation, because, though very modest, she is totally free from any *mauvaise honte:* were Fanny equally so, I am persuaded she would shine no less. I am afraid that my eldest sister is too communicative, and that my sister Fanny is too reserved. They are both charming girls,—*des filles comme il y en a peu.*"

Very soon after his return from Paris, an important change took place in Dr. Burney's domestic circle, by forming a second matrimonial connection, and bringing home to his family as their mother-in-law, Mrs. Stephen Allen, the widow of a Lynn merchant, and herself the parent of several children who had been friends and playmates of the young Burneys. Both families were pleased at this reunion; a larger house was taken, in Queen Square, that they might all reside under the same roof,—although this dwelling was afterwards exchanged for a house in St. Martin's Street; and the new Mrs. Burney, who was herself highly intellectual, entered with intelligent delight into the literary circle which formed the solace and refreshment of her husband.

Among those friends who were accustomed to assemble round their tea-table, or to enliven their simple early supper, were Sir Robert and Lady Strange,—the former so well known for his admirable engrav-

ings, and his lady for her strong sense and original humour; Dr. Hawkesworth, the worthy and learned Editor of Byron's and Cooke's First Voyages; Garrick, and his amiable wife, the friend of Hannah More; Barry, the Painter, whose works still adorn the Adelphi; Mr. Twining, the Translator of Aristotle; Mason, the Poet; Mr. Greville, and his Lady, the latter celebrated as the Authoress of the beautiful "*Ode to Indifference;*" Dr. Armstrong; Arthur Young, the Agriculturist, who had married a sister of Mrs. Burney's; John Hutton, the Moravian; the musical and clever La Trobe, and Nollekens the Sculptor. To these might be added many others of equal or superior celebrity, who formed part of Dr. Burney's society, as time and circumstances brought them within his reach.

But the companion and counsellor who was dearest to himself, and most loved and honoured by his youthful group, was Mr. Crisp. This gentleman, several years older than Dr. Burney, had been to him a "Guide, Pilosopher, and Friend," in early life; they had then separated in consequence of Mr. Crisp's residing on the continent during several years, but when they again met, their intimacy was renewed with a cordiality and delight that only ended with life.

At this time Mr. Crisp had given up the world, in consequence of various losses, diminished fortune, and disappointed hopes; and he had fixed his dwelling in an old-fashioned country-house, called Chesington Hall, not far from Kingston in Surrey, and within a a few miles of Hampton. This mansion stood upon a large and nearly desolate common, and not a road or even a track led to it from Epsom, which was the nearest town. It was encircled by ploughed fields, and one-half of the building was inhabited by a farmer; while in the remaining portion dwelt the proprietor, Christopher Hamilton, Esq., with whom Mr.

Crisp had adopted some *pic-nic* plan, which enabled him to consider Chesington as his decided residence. At the death of Mr. Hamilton, the house, which was then his only property, devolved to his maiden sister, Mrs. Hamilton, who, with her niece, Miss Kitty Cooke, continued to receive Mr. Crisp as an inmate, and to admit other persons as occasional boarders.

This independent method of visiting his friend, and of obtaining country air and exercise for his children, exactly suited the views of Dr. Burney, and they all in turn, or in groups, enjoyed the society of their Chesington *Daddy*, as they familiarly called Mr. Crisp; while he was indulgent to all their youthful vagaries, and amused with observing their different characters.

Among those who most frequently availed themselves of Mrs. Hamilton's arrangement, was Mrs. Gast, the sister of Mr. Crisp, who, whenever she quitted her house at Burford, in order to visit her brother, failed not to enhance the pleasure of the Chesington meetings by her good sense and kind nature, added to a considerable degree of cultivation.

But whatever might offer itself of occupation or amusement, Fanny continued secretly, yet perseveringly, her own literary attempts. When in London, she used to write in a little play-room up two pair of stairs, which contained the toys of the younger children. At Lynn, to which place the Doctor's family paid annual visits, she would shut herself up in a summer-house which they called *The Cabin*, and there unburden her mind, by writing the tales and compositions with which her fancy abounded.

To none but her sister Susanna was the secret of this authorship confided; and even she could seldom hear or read those productions, for want of private opportunities by which she might avoid betraying them to others.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, the vigilant

eye of their mother-in-law was not long in discovering Fanny's love of seclusion, her scraps of writing, and other tokens of her favourite employment, which excited no small alarm in her.

Perhaps if she had desired to see the little manuscripts she might have perceived in them traces of genius worth encouraging; but while her delicacy prevented such investigation, her good sense, acting upon general principles, led her to inveigh very frequently and seriously against the evil of a scribbling turn in young ladies—the loss of time, the waste of thought, in idle, crude inventions—and the (at that time) utter discredit of being known as a female writer of novels and romances.

Whatever conviction these strictures may have produced, they at least so wrought upon Fanny's sense of duty and obedience, that she resolved to make an *auto da fe* of all her manuscripts, and, if possible, to throw away her pen. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when Dr. and Mrs. Burney were from home, she made over to a bonfire in a paved play-court, her whole stock of prose compositions, while her faithful Susanna stood by, weeping at the conflagration. Among the works thus immolated, was one tale of considerable length, the "History of Caroline Evelyn," the mother of *Evelina*.

This sacrifice was made in the young authoress's fifteenth year, and for some weeks she probably adhered to her resolution of composing no more works of fiction, and began, perhaps as a less objectional employment, the JOURNAL which she continued during so many years. But the perennial fountain could not be restrained; her imagination was haunted by the singular situations to which Caroline Evelyn's infant daughter might be exposed, from the unequal birth by which she hung suspended between the elegant connections of her mother, and the vulgar ones of her

grandmother ; thus presenting contrasts and mixtures of society so unusual, yet, under the supposed circumstances, so natural, that irresistibly, and almost unconsciously, the whole story of "EVELINA ; or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World," was pent up in the inventor's memory, ere a paragraph was committed to paper.

Writing was to her always more difficult than composing, because her time and her pen found ample employment in transcribing for her father, who was occupied at every spare moment with preparations for his great work, "THE GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC."

In the summer of 1770, Fanny obtained several months of leisure for her own studies and compositions, as Dr. Burney then set out on a solitary tour through France and Italy, for the purpose of collecting materials for his "History ;" but on his return in the spring of 1771, she was employed as his principal amanuensis, in preparing the minutes of his tour for the press. All his daughters, however, shared in this service, copying his numerous manuscripts, tracing over and over again the same page when his nicety of judgment suggested alterations ; while their patient and affectionate assiduity brought its own reward, in the extension of knowledge and improvement of taste which accrued from such labours.

Dr. Burney's "Italian Tour" wns no sooner published, than he set out on another journey, for the same purpose of musical research, in Germany and the Low Countries. His family resided during his absence at Lynn and at Chesington, where Fanny gradually arranged and connected the disjointed scraps and fragments in which "Evelina" had been originally written, whenever a quarter of an hour's leisure and solitude had allowed her thus to preserve the creations of her fancy. She mentions with great *naivete*, in her "Lynn Diary," that she never indulged herself with

writing or reading except in the afternoon; always scrupulously devoting her time to needle-work till after dinner. As, however, the hours of repast were somewhat earlier in those days than at present, this notable self-denial may only have sent her to her favourite pursuits with fresh vigour.

The arrival of her father from Germany turned her thoughts into another channel; as a long and painful illness, which Dr. Burney owed to the fatigues and difficulties of a hurried journey, "called for the incessant assiduity of his fondly-attached wife and daughters to nurse him through it." Even then, when confined to his bed by spasmodic rheumatism, he generally kept one of his daughters seated near him, pen in hand, that, during the intervals of suffering, he might dictate the ideas which occurred to him for his musical work; and perhaps the example of such literary perseverance was a stimulus that amply compensated for the hindrance it occasioned.

After the Doctor's recovery, some years still elapsed before he was able to execute his plan; and it was not till the year 1776 that he brought out the first volume of his "History of Music." During all this period of literary occupation and anxiety, it is not surprising that his daughter, gifted, though unconsciously, with equal powers, should, even in sympathy with her father's feelings, be seized with a wish to see a work of her own also in print; though she was far from desiring the public suffrage which he coveted; on the contrary, she fully intended always to remain unknown.

She communicated this idea to her sisters, under promise of inviolable secrecy; and, in furtherance of the project, she now transcribed the manuscript of "Evelina," in an upright feigned hand; for, as she was her father's amanuensis, she feared lest her common writing might accidentally be seen by some compositor employed in printing the "History of Music," and so lead to detection.

Growing weary, however, of this manual labour, after she had thus prepared the first and second volumes, she wrote a letter, without signature, offering the unfinished work to Mr. Dodsley, and promising to send the sequel in the following year. This letter was forwarded by the post, with a request that the answer might be directed to a coffee-house.

Her youngest brother, Charles, though without reading a word of the manuscript, accepted a share in the frolic, and undertook to be her agent at the coffee-house and with the bookseller. But Mr. Dodsley declined looking at any thing anonymous; and the young group, "after sitting in committee on this lofty reply," next fixed upon Mr. Lowndes, a bookseller in the city,—who desired to see the manuscript, and, shortly after it had been conveyed to him, signified in a letter to the unknown author, that he could not publish an unfinished book, though he liked the work; but he should be ready to purchase and print it when it should be completed.

Disappointed at this stipulation, reasonable as it was, the inexperienced authoress was on the point of giving up her scheme altogether; and yet, as she has herself observed, "*to be thwarted on the score of our inclination, acts more frequently as a spur than as a bridle;*" so that, ere another year could pass away, she had almost involuntarily completed and transcribed her third volume.

But, during the hesitation occasioned by the demand of Mr. Lowndes, another difficulty occurred, for she felt a conscientious scruple whether it would be right to allow herself such an amusement unknown to her father. She had never taken any important step without his sanction, and had now refrained from asking it through confusion at acknowledging her authorship and dread of his desiring to see her performance. However, in this, as in every instancee during her life,

she no sooner saw what was her duty, than she honestly performed it. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when her father was bidding her a kind farewell, preparatory to a Chesington visit, she avowed to him with many blushes, "her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print;" adding, that her brother Charles would transact the affair with a bookseller at a distance, so that her name could never transpire, and only entreating that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript. "His amazement was even surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined in it, though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity."

Dr. Burney thought her project as innocent as it was whimsical, and kindly embracing her, enjoined her to be careful in guarding her own *incognita*, and then dropped the subject without even asking the name of her book.

With heightened spirits she now forwarded the packet to Mr. Lowndes, who, in a few days, signified his approbation, and sent an offer of twenty pounds for the manuscript:—"An offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!"

In the ensuing January, 1778, "EVELINA" was published; a fact which only became known to its writer from her hearing the newspaper advertisement read accidentally at breakfast-time, by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Burney.

The timidity of Miss Burney was apparently constitutional, and continued through life; and though she was at so early an age exalted to fame and literary distinction, yet she found her chief happiness in the discharge of domestic duties and in the friendship and attachments of private life.

Her journal, which was faithfully kept through the greater part of her life, and intended only for the perusal of her sister and one or two dear and intimate friends, is the surest medium through which her admirers can become acquainted with her merits, her attainments, and the peculiarities of her character.

In her last hours she placed this journal in the hands of her niece, with full permission to publish whatever might be judged desirable, avowing a hope that some instruction might be derived from this accurate narration of her own life.

CHAPTER II.

Publication of Evelina—Its Design and Objects—Secrecy—Critique on Evelina—Mr. Crisp—"Evelina" read by Dr. Burney—His discovery of its Author—Mr. Cholmondeley and Mrs. Thrale—Invitation from Mrs. Thrale—Dr. Burney's delight—Mr. Crisp discovers the Author of Evelina—Visit to Streatham—Mrs. Thrale's Reception—Introduction to Dr. Johnson—His reason for not eating Mutton on the day that he became acquainted with Miss Burney.

The following extracts from Miss Burney's Diary give an accurate and vivacious account of her own emotions at the publication of "Evelina," as well as an interesting narration of the events consequent upon its appearance.

"1778. This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island.

"This admirable authoress has named her most elabo-

rate performance, EVELINA; *or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*

"Perhaps this may seem rather a bold attempt and title, for a female whose knowledge of the world is very confined, and whose inclinations, as well as situation, incline her to a private and domestic life. All I can urge is, that I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a 'young woman' is liable; I have not pretended to show the world what it actually *is*, but what it *appears* to a girl of seventeen; and so far as that, surely any girl who is past seventeen may safely do? The motto of my excuse shall be taken from Pope's 'Temple of Fame:'

> In every work, regard the writer's end;
> None e'er can compass more than they intend.

"March 30.—I have just received a letter from my dear Charles, in which he informs me that he subscribed to a circulating library at Reading, and then he adds, 'I am to have 'Evelina' to-day; the man told me it was spoken very highly of, and very much inquired after; that, as yet, there has been no *critique* upon it; but that it was thought one of the best publications we have had for a long time.'

"As to a critique, it is with fear and fidgets I await it. Next Wednesday I expect to be in one of the reviews. Oh Heavens! what should I do if I were known, for I have very little doubt I shall be horribly mauled."

Several critiques on "Evelina" did appear shortly after this, but all of them particularly complimentary to the author.

"CHESINGTON, June 18th.

"Here I am, and here I have been this age; though too weak to think of journalizing; however, as I never had so many curious anecdotes to record, I will not—at least this year, the first of my appearing in public—give up my favourite old hobby-horse.

"I came hither the first week in May. My recovery from that time to this has been slow and sure; but as I could walk hardly three yards in a day at first, I found so much time to spare, that I could not resist treating myself with a little private sport with 'Evelina,' a young lady whom I think I have some right to make free with. I had promised *Hetty* that *she* should read it to Mr. Crisp, at her own particular request; but I wrote my excuses, and introduced it myself.

"I told him it was a book which Hetty had taken to Brompton, to divert my cousin Richard during his confinement. He was so indifferent about it, that I thought he would not give himself the trouble to read it, and often embarrassed me by unlucky questions, such as, 'If it was reckoned clever?' and 'What I thought of it?' and 'Whether folks laughed at it?' I always evaded any direct or satisfactory answer; but he was so totally free from any idea of suspicion, that my perplexity escaped his notice.

"At length, he desired me to begin reading to him. I dared not trust my voice with the little introductory ode, for as *that* is no romance, but the sincere effusion of my heart, I could as soon read aloud my own letters, written in my own name and character: I therefore skipped it, and have so kept the book out of his sight, that, to this day, he knows not it is there. Indeed, I have since heartily repented that I read *any* of the book to him, for I found it a much more awkward thing than I had expected: my voice quite faltered when I began it, which, however, I passed off for the effect of remaining weakness of lungs; and, in short, from an invincible embarrassment, which I could not for a page together repress, the book, by my reading, lost all manner of spirit.

"Nevertheless, though he has by no means treated it with the praise so lavishly bestowed upon it from

other quarters, I had the satisfaction to observe that he was even greedily eager to go on with it; so that I flatter myself the *story* caught his attention: and, indeed, allowing for my *mauling* reading, he gave it quite as much credit as I had any reason to expect.—But, now that I was sensible of my error in being my own mistress of the ceremonies, I determined to leave to Hetty the third volume, and therefore pretended I had not brought it. He was in a delightful ill-humour about it, and I enjoyed his impatience far more than I should have done his forbearance. Hetty, therefore, when she comes, has undertaken to bring it."

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"I received from Charlotte a letter, the most interesting that could be written to me, for it acquainted me that my dear father was, at length, reading my book, which has now been published six months.

"How this has come to pass, I am yet in the dark; but it seems, the very moment almost that my mother, and Susan, and Sally left the house, he desired Charlotte to bring him the *Monthly Review;* she contrived to look over his shoulder, as he opened it, which he did at the account of '*Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*' He read it with great earnestness; then put it down, and presently after snatched it up and read it again. Doubtless, his paternal heart felt some agitation for his girl, in reading a review of her publication! How he got at the name I cannot imagine.

"Soon after he turned to Charlotte, and bidding her come close to him, he put his finger on the word 'Evelina,' and saying *she knew what it was*, bade her write down the name, and send the man to Lowndes, as if for herself. This she did, and away went William.

"When William returned, he took the books from him, and the moment he was gone, opened the first volume—and opened it upon the *ode!*

"How great must have been his astonishment, at seeing himself so addressed! Indeed, Charlotte says, he looked all amazement, read a line or two with great eagerness, and then, stopping short, he seemed quite affected, and the tears started into his eyes: dear soul! I am sure they did into mine, nay, I even sobbed, as I read the account.

"I believe he was obliged to go out before he advanced much further. But the next day I had a letter from Susan, in which I heard that he had began reading it with Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker, and that they liked it vastly!

"Lady Hales spoke of it, very innocently, in the highest terms, declaring she was sure it was written by somebody in high life, and that it had all the marks of real genius! She added, 'He must be a man of great abilities!'

"How ridiculous!"

"July 25.—Mrs. Cholmondeley has been reading and praising 'Evelina,' and my father is quite delighted at her approbation, and told Susan that I could not have had a greater compliment than making two such women my friends as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Cholmondeley, for they were severe and knowing, and afraid of praising *à tort et à travers*, as their opinions are liable to be quoted.

"Mrs. Thrale said she had only to complain it was too short. She recommended it to my mother to read! how droll! and she told her she would be much entertained with it, for there was a great deal of human life in it, and of the manners of the present times, and added that it was written by somebody who knows the top and bottom, the highest and the lowest of mankind. She has even lent her set to my mother, who brought it home with her!"

* * * * * *

"Last Saturday evening, my beloved father came to

Chesington, in full health, charming spirits, and all kindness, openness, and entertainment.

"In his way hither he had stopped at Streatham, and he settled with Mrs. Thrale that he would call on her again in his way to town, and carry me with him! and Mrs. Thrale said, 'We all long to know her.'

"I have been in a kind of twitter ever since, for there seems something very formidable in the idea of appearing as an authoress! I ever dreaded it, as it is a title which must raise more expectations than I have any chance of answering. Yet I am highly flattered by her invitation, and highly delighted in the prospect of being introduced to the Streatham society.

"She sent me some very serious advice to write for the theatre, as she says I so naturally run into conversations, that 'Evelina' absolutely and plainly points out that path to me; and she hinted how much she should be pleased to be honoured with my confidence.'

"My dear father communicated this intelligence, and a great deal more, with a pleasure that almost surpassed that with which I heard it, and he seems quite eager for me to make another attempt. He desired to take upon himself the communication to my daddy Crisp, and as it is now in so many hands, that it is possible accident might discover it to him, I readily consented.

"Sunday evening, as I was going into my father's room, I heard him say, 'The variety of characters—the variety of scenes—and the language—why she has had very little education but what she has given herself—less than any of the others!' and Mr. Crisp exclaimed, 'Wonderful! it's wonderful!'

"I now found what was going forward, and therefore deemed it most fitting to decamp.

"About an hour after, as I was passing through the hall, I met my daddy (Crisp.) His face was all anima-

tion and archness; he doubled his fist at me, and would have stopped me, but I ran past him into the parlour.

"Before supper, however, I again met him, and he would not suffer me to escape; he caught both my hands, and looked as if he would have looked me through, and then exclaimed, 'Why, you little hussy, —you young devil!—ain't you ashamed to look me in the face, you *Evelina*, you! Why, what a dance have you led me about it! Young friend, indeed! O you little hussy, what tricks have you served me!'

"London, August.—I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth: namely, my Streatham visit.

"Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

"Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

"'Ah,' cried she, 'I hear Dr. Burney's voice! and you have brought your daughter? well, now you are good!'

"She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me up stairs and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favour.

"But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book; and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject, which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me.

"When we returned to the music-room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl, about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

"Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned 'Evelina.'

"'Yesterday, at supper,' said she, 'we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn: and he acted him all the evening, saying he was 'all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. Oh, you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. 'But was it not droll,' said she, 'that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney—and tease him so innocently to read it?'

"When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place;—for he had not yet appeared.

"'No,' answered Mrs. Thrale, 'he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure.'

"Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

"Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most excellent dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"'Mutton,' answered she, 'so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.'

"'No, madam, no,' cried he; 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!"

CHAPTER II.

Miss Burney a constant Visitor at Streatham—Dr. Johnson's freedom in condemning what he dislikes—His first allusion to "Evelina"—Dr. Goldsmith and the "Good-natured Man."—The character of Croaker stolen from Dr. Johnson—Dr. Johnson's Opinion of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—His Repugnance to the Scotch Nation.—His fastidiousness about the Dress of Ladies—He pronounces "Evelina" superior to Fielding's works—Miss Burney becomes acquainted with Mrs. Montagu—An Amusing Incident—Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney.

Miss Burney soon became a constant visitor at Streatham, and in her letters to her sister she declares herself incapable of expressing the pleasure which she derives from the society of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, and their friends. She describes Mr. Thrale as exceedingly fascinating, and adds the following comment upon Dr. Johnson.

"The freedom with which Dr. Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves, is astonishing; and the strength of words he uses would, to most people, be intolerable: but Mrs. Thrale seems to have a sweetness of disposition that equals all her other excellencies, and far from making a point of vindicating herself, she generally receives his admonitions with the most respectful silence."

Miss Burney gives the following description of Dr. Johnson's first allusion to "Evelina."

"Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library; he was in high spirits and full of mirth and sport. I had the honour of sitting next to him: and now, all at once, he flung aside his reserve, thinking, perhaps, that it was time I should fling aside mine.

"Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking me to Mr. T——'s.

"'So you ought, madam,' cried he, 'tis your business to be Cicerone to her.'

"Then suddenly he snatched my hand, and kissing it, 'Ah!' he added, 'they will little think what a tartar you carry to them!'

"'No, that they won't!' cried Mrs. Thrale; 'Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is; but I believe she has a great deal of malice at heart.'

"'Oh, she's a toad!' cried the Doctor, laughing—'a sly young rogue! with her Smiths and her Branghtons!'

Shortly after the above conversation took place, Miss Burney, who was looking over the books in the library, was joined by Mrs. Thrale. "We had a very nice confab about various books," says Miss Burney, "and exchanged opinions and imitations of Baretti; she told me many excellent tales of him; and, I, in turn, related my stories.

"She gave me a long and very entertaining account of Dr. Goldsmith, who was intimately known here; but in speaking of 'The Good-natured Man,' when I extolled my favourite Croaker, I found that admirable character was a downright theft from Dr. Johnson. Look at the 'Rambler' and you will find Suspirius is the man, and that not merely the idea, but the particulars of the character, are all stolen thence!*

*Suspirius, the Screech Owl. See Rambler for Tuesday Oct. 9 1750.

"While we were yet reading this 'Rambler' Dr. Johnson came in: we told him what we were about.

"'Ah, madam!' cried he, 'Goldsmith was not scrupulous; but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his own internal resources.'

"'Miss Burney,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'is fond of his 'Vicar of Wakefield:' and so am I;—don't you like it, sir?'

"'No, madam, it is very faulty; there is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance.'

"He then seated himself upon a sofa, and calling to me, said 'Come,—Evelina,—come and sit by me.'

"I obeyed; and he took me almost in his arms,—that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times, at least, round me,—and, half langhing, half serious, he charged me to 'be a good girl!'

"'But, my dear,' continued he with a very droll look, 'what makes you so fond of the Scotch? I don't like you for that; I hate these Scotch, and so must you. I wish Brangton had sent the dog to jail! that Scotch dog Macartney!'"

Miss Burney gives the following amusing account of Dr. Johnson's fastidiousness in regard to the dress of ladies.

"*Saturday Morning.* Dr. Johnson was all himself again, and so civil to me!—even admiring how I dress myself! Indeed, it is well I have so much of his favour; for it seems he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies, and all ladies who are here obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. This is a part of his character that much surprises me: but notwithstanding he is sometimes so absent, and always so near-sighted, he scrutinizes into every part of almost every body's appearance. They tell me of a Miss Brown, who often visits here, and who has a slovenly way of dressing. 'And when

she comes down in a morning,' says Mrs. Thrale, 'her hair will be all loose, and her cap half off; and then Dr. Johnson, who sees something is wrong, and does not know where the fault is, concludes it is in the cap, and says, 'My dear, what do you wear such a vile cap for?' 'I'll change it sir,' cries the poor girl, 'if you don't like it.' 'Ay, do,' he says; and away runs poor Miss Brown; but when she gets on another, it's the same thing, for the cap has nothing to do with the fault. And then she wonders Dr. Johnson should not like the cap, for she thinks it very pretty. And so on with her gown, which he also makes her change; but if the poor girl were to change through all her wardrobe, unless she could put her things on better, he would still find fault."

The high estimation in which Dr. Johnson held Evelina, may be inferred from an extract of Miss Burney's Diary during one of her visits to Streatham. Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney were conversing with Dr. Johnson, when the former made some allusion to Miss Burney's modesty as an author. "I then escaped," says Miss Burney, to look for a book which we had been talking of, and Dr. Johnson, when I returned to my seat, said he wished Richardson had been alive.

"'And then,' he added, 'she should have been introduced to him—though I don't know, neither—Richardson would have been afraid of her.'

"'O yes! that's a likely matter,' quoth I.

"'It's very true,' continued he; 'Richardson would have been really afraid of her; there is merit in 'Evelina' which he could not have borne.

"'No; it would not have done! unless, indeed, she would have flattered him prodigiously. Harry Fielding, too, would have been afraid of her; there is nothing so delicately finished in all Harry Fielding's works, as in 'Evelina!'"

"Then shaking his head at me, he exclaimed, 'O, you little character-monger, you!'

"Mrs. Thrale then returned to her charge, and again urged me about a comedy; again I tried to silence her, and we had a fine fight together; till she called upon Dr. Johnson to back her.

"'Why, Madam,' said he, laughing, 'she *is* writing one. What a rout is here, indeed! she is writing one upstairs all the time. Who ever knew when she began 'Evelina?' She is working at some drama, depend upon it.'

"'True, true, O king!' thought I.

"'Well, that will be a sly trick!' cried Mrs. Thrale; 'however, you know best, I believe, about that, as well as about every other thing.'"

Mrs. Thrale being desirous to make Miss Burney acquainted with Mrs. Montague, ("our sex's glory," as Miss B. enthusiastically terms her,) an invitation to dinner was sent to that lady. Mrs. Thrale in her note alludes to Evelina and its authoress without mentioning the name of the latter, this incautious kindness led to a distressing incident, which Miss Burney thus relates.

"Mrs. Montague is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm; she has a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that a Mrs. Hervey, of his acquaintance, says, she can remember Mrs. Montague *trying* for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp has said the same: however, nobody can now impartially see her, and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded.

"My expectations, which were compounded of the praise of Mrs. Thrale, and the abuse of Mr. Crisp, were most exactly answered, for I thought her in a medium way.

"Miss Gregory is a fine young woman, and seems gentle and well-bred.

"A bustle with the dog Presto—Mrs. Thrale's favourite—at the entrance of these ladies into the library, prevented any formal reception; but as soon as Mrs. Montague heard my name, she inquired very civilly after my father, and made many speeches concerning a volume of 'Linguet,' which she has lost; but she hopes soon to be able to replace it. I am sure he is very high in her favour, because she did me the honour of addressing herself to me three or four times.

"But my ease and tranquillity were soon disturbed: for she had not been in the room more than ten minutes, ere, turning to Mrs. Thrale, she said,

"'Oh, ma'am—but your 'Evelina'—I have not yet got it—I sent for it, but the bookseller had it not. However, I will certainly have it.'

"'Ay, I hope, so,' answered Mrs. Thrale, 'and I hope you will like it too; for 'tis a book to be liked.'

"I began now a vehement nose-blowing, for the benefit of handkerchiefing my face.

"'I hope though,' said Mrs. Montague, drily, 'it is not in verse? I can read any thing in prose, but I have a great dread of a long story in verse.'

"'No, ma'am, no; 'tis all in prose, I assure you. 'Tis a novel; and an exceeding—but it does nothing good to be praised too much, so I will say nothing more about it: only this, that Mr. Burke sat up all night to read it.'

"'Indeed! Well, I propose myself great pleasure from it; and I am gratified by hearing it is written by a woman.'

"'And Sir Joshua Reynolds,' continued Mrs. Thrale, 'has been offering fifty pounds to know the author.'

"'Well, I will have it to read on my journey; I am going to Berkshire, and it shall be my travelling book.'

"'No, ma'am, if you please you shall have it now.

Queeny, do look it for Mrs. Montague, and let it be put in her carriage, and go to town with her.'

"Miss Thrale rose to look for it, and involuntarily I rose too, intending to walk off, for my situation was inexpressibly awkward; but then I recollected that if I went away, it might seem like giving Mrs. Thrale leave and opportunity to tell my tale, and therefore I stopped at a distant window, where I busied myself in contemplating the poultry.

"'And Dr. Johnson, ma'am,' added my kind puffer, 'says Fielding never wrote so well—never wrote equal to this book; he says it is a better picture of life and manners than is to be found any where in Fielding.'

"'Indeed!' cried Mrs. Montague surprised; 'that I did not expect, for I have been informed it is the work of a young lady, and therefore, though I expected a very pretty book, I supposed it to be a work of mere imagination, and the name I thought attractive; but life and manners I never dreamt of finding.'

"'Well, ma'am, what I tell you is literally true; and for my part, I am never better pleased than when good girls write clever books—and that this is clever, —But all this time we are killing Miss Burney, who wrote the book herself.'

"What a clap of thunder was this!—the last thing in the world I should have expected before my face! I know not what bewitched Mrs. Thrale, but this was carrying the jest further than ever. All *retenu* being now at an end, I fairly and abruptly took to my heels, and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation, amidst astonished exclamations from Mrs. Montague and Miss Gregory."

Miss Burney daily became more attached to Dr. Johnson, and daily rose in his estimation, as she herself attests.

"I have had," says she, "a thousand delightful con-

versations with Dr. Johnson, who, whether he loves me or not, I am sure seems to have some opinion of my discretion, for he speaks of all this house to me with unbounded confidence, neither diminishing faults, nor exaggerating praise. Whenever he is below stairs he keeps me a prisoner, for he does not like I should quit the room a moment; if I rise he constantly calls out 'Don't you go, little Burney!' "

CHAPTER III.

Miss Burney's visit from Dr. Franklin—Miss Burney and Sir Joshua Reynolds—"Dear little Burney"—Miss Burney's annoyance at the appearance of her Name in print—Her Acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan—Personal Appearance of Sheridan—His mention of "Evelina"—"The writings"—Dr. Burney's condemnation of his Daughter's Comedy—The beautiful humility of her reply—Mr. Crisp's objection—Dr. Johnson instructs Miss Burney in Latin—Incident at an Inn—Sir Thomas Lawrence in his childhood—Mrs. Byron.

Miss Burney's admirers, even in her youth, were not confined to her own countrymen alone—an extract from her diary of 1779, shows that one of the most celebrated men of America was desirous of beholding and conversing with her.

"*St. Martin's Street, Jan.* 1779. On Thursday, I had another adventure, and one that has made me grin ever since. A gentleman, inquiring for my father, was asked into the parlour. The then inhabitants were only my mother and me. In entered a square old gentleman, well wigged, formal, grave, and important. He seated himself. My mother asked if he had any message for my father?

"'No, none.'

"Then he regarded me with a certain dry kind of attention for some time; after which, turning suddenly to my mother, he demanded,

"'Pray, ma'am, is this your daughter?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'O! this is Evelina, is it?'

"'No, sir,' cried I, staring at him, and glad none of you were in the way to say Yes.

"'No?' repeated he, incredulous; 'is not your name Evelina, ma'am?'

"'Dear, no, sir,' again quoth I, staring harder.

"'Ma'am,' cried he, drily, 'I beg your pardon! I had understood your name was Evelina.'

"And soon he went away.

"When he put down his card, who should it prove but *Dr. Franklin!*

"Was it not queer?"

About this period, Miss Burney was exceedingly annoyed by the mention of her name in a pamphlet addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds. It seemed impossible for her to overcome her repugnance to appearing in print other than incog. The passage which so much annoyed her was the following. Speaking of some aim of Sir Joshua Reynolds's, the writer asks "will it gain approbation from 'dear little Burney?'" The phrase "dear little Burney" was Dr. Johnson's favourite mode of speaking of Miss Burney. Insignificant as this allusion appears, it occasioned Miss Burney much uneasiness, and was even the cause of a transient indisposition. Her friends, and Mrs. Thrale in particular, used their utmost endeavours to persuade her to overcome this fastidiousness, but they were not very successful. Dr. Johnson paid her a visit on purpose to reason with her, and at his desire she made a great effort to banish her dissatisfaction.

The circle of her acquaintance in the literary world, as well as amongst the nobility, daily increased. Her journal contains descriptions of numerous interesting individuals. We extract the account of her first interview with Mr. Sheridan. She became acquainted with him during a visit at Mr. Cholmondeley's.

"Just then the door opened and Mr. Sheridan en-

tered. Was I not in luck? Not that I believe the meeting was accidental; but I had more wished to meet him and his wife than any people I know not.

"Mr. Sheridan has a very fine figure, and a good though I don't think a handsome face. He is tall, and very upright, and his appearance and address are at once manly and fashionable, without the smallest tincture of foppery or modish graces. In short, I like him vastly, and think him every way worthy his beautiful companion.

"And let me tell you what I know will give you as much pleasure as it gave me,—that, by all I could observe in the course of the evening, and we stayed very late, they are extremely happy in each other; he evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolizes him. The world has by no means done him justice.

"When he had paid his compliments to all his acquaintance, he went behind the sofa on which Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Cholmondeley were seated, and entered into earnest conversation with them.

"And now I must tell you a little conversation which I did not hear myself till I came home; it was between Mr. Sheridan and my father.

"'Dr. Burney,' cried the former, 'have you no older daughters? Can this possibly be the authoress of 'Evelina?'

"And then he said abundance of fine things, and begged my father to introduce him to me.

"'Why, it will be a very formidable thing to her,' answered he, 'to be introduced to you.'

"'Well then, by and by,' returned he.

"Some time after this, my eyes happening to meet his, he waived the ceremony of introduction, and in a low voice said,

"'I have been telling Dr. Burney that I have long expected to see in Miss Burney a lady of the gravest appearance, with the quickest parts.'

"I was never much more astonished than at this unexpected address, as among all my numerous puffers the name of Sheridan has never reached me, and I did really imagine he had never designed to look at my trash.

"Of course I could make no verbal answer, and he proceeded then to speak of 'Evelina' in terms of the highest praise; but I was in such a ferment from surprise (not to say pleasure), that I have no recollection of his expressions. I only remember telling him that I was much amazed he had spared time to read it, and that he repeatedly called it a most surprising book; and some time after he added, 'But I hope, Miss Burney, you don't intend to throw away your pen?'

"'You should take care, sir,' said I, 'what you say: for you know not what weight it may have.'

"He wished it might have any, he said, and soon after turned again to my father."

In July, 1779, Miss Burney completed a Comedy entitled "The Witlings," and submitted it to her father, Mr. Crisp, Mrs. Thrale, and one or two other friends. It met the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale and her friends, but was condemned by Dr. Burney and Mr. Crisp, who were more chary of the young authoress's reputation. The objection of Mr. Crisp to the MS. play of "The Witlings" was its resemblance to Moliere's *Femmes Scavantes*, and its inferiority to that drama. Miss Burney asserts, however, that she had never read Moliere's *Femmes Scavantes* when she composed the "The Witlings."

She received her father's decision with excellent grace, and in a spirit which showed that her humility was not affected. The following is the answer to his letter.

"The fatal knell is knolled, and down among the dead men sink the poor 'Witlings'—for ever, and for ever, and for ever!

"I give a sigh, whether I will or not, to their memory! for, however worthless, they were *mes enfans*, and one must do one's nature, as Mr. Crisp will tell you of the dog.

"You, my dearest sir, who enjoyed, I really think, even more than myself, the astonishing success of my first attempt, would, I believe, even more than myself, be hurt at the failure of my second; and I am sure I speak from the bottom of a very honest heart, when I most solemnly declare, that upon your account any disgrace would mortify and afflict me more than upon my own; for whatever appears with your knowledge, will be naturally supposed to have met with your approbation, and, perhaps, your assistance; therefore, though all particular censure would fall where it ought—upon me—yet any general censure of the whole, and the plan, would cruelly but certainly involve you in its severity.

* * * * * * *

"You bid me open my heart to you,—and so, my dearest sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere to you. I expected many objections to be raised—a thousand errors to be pointed out—and a million of alterations to be proposed; but the suppression of the piece were words I did not expect; indeed, after the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale, and the repeated commendations and flattery of Mr. Murphy, how could I?

"I do not, therefore, pretend to wish you should think a decision, for which I was so little prepared, has given me no disturbance; for I must be a far more egregious witling than any of those I tried to draw, to imagine you could ever credit that I wrote without some remote hope of success now—though I literally did when I composed 'Evelina!'

"But my mortification is not at throwing away the characters, or the contrivance;—it is all at throwing

away the time,—which I with difficulty stole, and which I have buried in the mere trouble of writing.

"What my daddy Crisp says, 'that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,' is exactly what I have always thought since 'Evelina' was published. But I will not now talk of putting it into practice; for the best way I can take of shewing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to the utmost of my power in endeavours to produce something less reprehensible. And this shall be the way I will pursue as soon as my mind is more at ease about Hetty and Mrs. Thrale, and as soon as I have read myself into a forgetfulness of my old *dramatis personæ*, lest I should produce something else as witless as the last."

Miss Burney soon forgot "The Witlings," and returned to her usual occupations, amongst which was the study of Latin. Her instructor was no other than Dr. Johnson himself, who took great delight in two such pupils as Miss Burney and Miss Thrale.

"Do you know," says Miss Burney in a journal addressed to her sister, "I have been writing to Dr. Johnson! I tremble to mention it; but he sent a message in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, to wonder why his pupils did not write to him, and to hope they did not forget him: Miss Thrale, therefore, wrote a letter immediately, and I added only this little postscript:

"'P. S. Dr. Johnson's other pupil a little longs to add a few lines to this letter,—but knows too well that all she has to say might be comprised in signing herself his obliged and most obedient servant, F. B.: so that's better than a long rigmarole about nothing."

In travelling to Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney made an accidental acquaintance at an inn, the remembrance of which must many years af-

terwards have afforded them much pleasure. We give Miss Burney's own description.

"The second day we slept at Speen Hill, and the third day we reached Devizes.

"And here, Mrs. Thrale and I were much pleased with our hostess, Mrs. Lawrence, who seemed something above her station in her inn. While we were at cards before supper, we were much surprised by the sound of a piano-forte. I jumped up, and ran to listen whence it proceeded. I found it came from the next room, where the overture to the 'Buona Figliuola' was performing. The playing was very decent, but as the music was not quite new to me, my curiosity was not whole ages in satisfying, and therefore I returned to finish the rubber.

"Don't I begin to talk in an old-cattish manner of cards?

"Well, another deal was hardly played, ere we heard the sound of a voice, and out I ran again.—The singing, however, detained me not long, and so back I whisked; but the performance, however indifferent in itself, yet surprised us at the Bear at Devizes, and therefore Mrs. Thrale determined to know from whom it came. Accordingly, she tapped at the door. A very handsome girl, about thirteen years old, with fine dark hair upon a finely formed forehead, opened it. Mrs. Thrale made an apology for her intrusion, but the poor girl blushed and retreated into the corner of the room; another girl, however, advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited us in, and gave us all chairs. She was just sixteen, extremely pretty, and with a countenance better than her features, though those were also very good.

"Mrs. Thrale made her many compliments, which she received with a mingled modesty and pleasure, both becoming and interesting. She was, indeed, a sweetly pleasing girl.

"We found they were both daughters of our hostess, and born and bred at Devizes. We were extremely pleased with them, and made them a long visit, which I wished to have been longer. But though those girls struck us so much, the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing. They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful.—Those that were copies were delightful—those of his own composition amazing, though far inferior. I was equally struck with the boy and his works.

"We found that he had been taken to town, and that all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, the mother said, the most promising genius he had ever met with. Mr. Hoare has been so charmed with this sweet boy's drawings, that he intends sending him to Italy with his own son.

"This house was full of books, as well as paintings, drawings, and music; and all the family seem not only ingenious and industrious, but amiable; added to which they are strikingly handsome.

"I hope we shall return the same road that we may see them again."

This boy was afterwards the celebrated painter Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.

At Bath, Miss Burney became acquainted with Mrs. Byron, grandmother to the Poet. She thus mentions her:

"In the evening we were all engaged to the Belvidere, to visit Mrs. Byron, who arrived at Bath two days before.

"The Belvidere is a most beautiful spot; it is on a

high hill, at one of the extremities of the town, of which, as of the Avon and all the adjacent country, it commands a view that is quite enchanting.

"Poor Mrs. Byron is very far from well, though already better than when I saw her in town; but her charming spirits never fail her, and she rattled and shone away with all the fire and brilliancy of vigorous health. Augusta is much improved in her person, but preserves the same engaging simplicity of manners that distinguished her at Brighthelmstone. She was quite overjoyed at meeting me, and talked quite in raptures of renewing our acquaintance and seeing me often. I never hardly met with so artless an enthusiasm for what she loves as in this fair Augusta, whom I must love in return, whether I will or not."

CHAPTER IV.

Death of Mr. Thrale—Miss Burney's Letter to his Widow—"Cecilia"—Fears for its Success—Dr. Burney's Opinion—Enthusiastic reception of "Cecilia"—Complimeatary Letter of the Honourable Edmund Burke—Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. Garrick—Mrs. Chapone—Horace Walpole—Mrs. Delany—Duchess of Portland—Death of Mr. Crisp—Dr. Johnson seized with a paralytic Stroke—His Latin Prayer—Miss Burney's Visit to Him—Presiding at his Breakfast Table.

Early in the Spring of 1781, Miss Burney was much afflicted by the death of Mr. Thrale, who had for some time been in ill health. He died suddenly, by a stroke of apoplexy, on the morning of the day on which half the fashion of London had been invited to an intended assembly at his house in Grosvenor Square. The efforts of Miss Burney to console his sorrowing widow are truly touching. In answer to Mrs. Thrale's hurried note written a few hours after the death of Mr. Thrale, she says,

"You bid me write to you, and so I will; you bid me pray for you, and so, indeed, I do, for the restoration of your sweet peace of mind. I pray for your resignation to this hard blow, for the continued union and exertion of your virtues with your talents, and for the happiest reward their exertion can meet with, in the gratitude and prosperity of your children. These are my prayers for my beloved Mrs. Thrale; but these are not my only ones; no, the unfailing warmth of her kindness for myself I have rarely, for a long time past, slept without first petitioning."

Miss Burney soon joined Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, and the tie between them became stronger than ever. "Cecilia," Miss Burney's second novel, was completed in the Spring of 1782. She thus mentions this new production to her sister:

"My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand million of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand, as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father's very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forgot whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him; but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it.

"Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to 'Evelina,' that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?

"You can never half imagine the delight this has given me. It is answering my first wish and first am-

bition in life. And though I am certain, and though he thinks himself, it will never be so popular as 'Evelina,' his so warm satisfaction will make me amends for almost any mortification that may be in store for me."

"'Cecilia' appeared and met, if possible, a more enthusiastic reception than 'Evelina.' One of the most flattering tributes to Miss Burney's talents was paid her by the Honourable Edmund Burke in the following letter addressed to her immediately after the publication of 'Cecilia.'

"'FROM THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE TO MISS F. BURNEY.

"'Madam: I should feel exceedingly to blame if I could refuse to myself the natural satisfaction, and to you the just but poor return, of my best thanks for the very great instruction and entertainment I have received from the new present you have bestowed on the public. There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observation enriched, by reading your 'Cecilia.' They certainly will, let their experience in life and manners be what it may. The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other. If there be any fault in this respect, it is one in which you are in no great danger of being imitated. Justly as your characters are drawn, perhaps they are too numerous.—But I beg pardon; I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive and sudden opulence.

"'I might trespass on your delicacy, if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to

others. I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humour, the tender, pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation, that appear quite throughout that extraordinary performance.

"'In an age distinguished by producing extraordinary women, I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them. I respect your modesty, that will not endure the commendations which your merit forces from every body.

"'I have the honour to be, with great gratitude, respect, and esteem, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'Edm. Burke.'

"'Whitehall, July 29, 1782.'"

The mention which Miss Burney makes of celebrated persons with whom she was daily becoming acquainted, is particularly interesting to those who are already familiar with their names. Of Mrs. Siddons she writes:

"I was extremely happy to have my dear father with me at Miss Monckton's. We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abingdon, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft.—She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said,—'Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it.'"

Of Mrs. Garrick: "I had a very agreeable evening

last Tuesday at Mr. Pepys, where I met Mrs. Garrick, whom I rejoiced much to see. She had all but forgot me; but when I was introduced to her, by her half recollecting and asking who I was, she was extremely kind and obliging. She looks very well, and very elegant. She was cheerfully grave, did not speak much, but was followed and addressed by every body. I could not help being quite melancholy myself at sight of her, from remembrance of dear Mr. Garrick."

Of Mrs. Chapone: "Mrs. Chapone herself is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agremens* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love as well as admire and esteem her."

To Horace Walpole she alludes in a less complimentary manner:

"In the evening came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though sarcastic; polite, though sneering; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but I could not love nor trust him."

In the January of 1783, Miss Burney made one acquaintance—gained one admiring friend, whose influence at a subsequent period changed the whole course of her life—her new admirer was Mrs. Delany, whose husband had been the intimate friend of Dean Swift. Miss Burney gives the following description of her first interview with Mrs. Delany:

"Sunday, Jan. 19.—And now for Mrs. Delany. I spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place.

"Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some

of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness, are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her in mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman would have been so strong, that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

"Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and taking my hand, she said—

"'You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new.'"

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"At about seven o'clock, the Duchess Dowager of Portland came. She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her face by any means so pleasing; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honour and condescension, she has so much of true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace courtesied and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me."

In the same year Miss Burney lost her beloved friend and counsellor, Mr. Crisp. It was long before she recovered her spirits or resumed her journal—the first entry after this affliction relates to an alarming paralytic seizure of Dr. Johnson:

"Thursday, June 19th.—We heard to-day that

Dr. Johnson had been taken ill, in a way that gave a dreadful shock to himself, and a most anxious alarm to his friends. Mr. Seward brought the news here, and my father and I instantly went to his house. He had earnestly desired me, when we lived so much together at Streatham, to see him frequently if he should be ill. He saw my father, but he had medical people with him, and could not admit me up stairs, but he sent me down a most kind message, that he thanked me for calling, and when he was better should hope to see me often. I had the satisfaction to hear from Mrs. Williams that the physicians had pronounced him to be in no danger, and expected a speedy recovery.

"The stroke was confined to his tongue. Mrs. Williams told a most striking and touching circumstance that attended the attack. It was at about four o'clock in the morning: he found himself with a paralytic affection; he rose, and composed in his own mind a Latin prayer to the Almighty, 'that whatever were the sufferings for which he must prepare himself, it would please Him, through the grace and mediation of our blessed Saviour, to spare his intellects, and let them all fall upon his body.' When he had composed this, internally, he endeavoured to speak it aloud, but found his voice was gone."

Dr. Johnson soon recovered from this attack. His affection for Miss Burney continued unabated, if we may judge from the description she gives her sister of a visit paid to him several months afterwards.

"Thursday, Oct. 29th.—This morning, at breakfast, Mr. Hoole called. I wanted to call upon Dr Johnson, and it is so disagreeable to me to go to him alone, now poor Mrs. Williams is dead, on account of the quantity of men always visiting him, that I most gladly accepted, and almost asked, his 'squireship.

"We went together. The dear doctor received me with open arms.

"'Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!' he cried, and made me sit in his best chair.

"He had not breakfasted.

"'Do you forgive my coming so soon?' said I.

"'I cannot forgive your not coming sooner,' he answered,

"I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented.

"'But, sir,' quoth I, 'I am in the wrong chair.' For I was away from the table.

"'It is so difficult,' said he, 'for any thing to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one.'

"And then we changed.

"You will see by this how good were his spirits and his health.

"I stayed with him two hours, and could hardly get away; he wanted me to dine with him, and said he would send home to excuse me; but I could not possibly do that. Yet I left him with real regret."

CHAPTER V.

Miss Burney's friendship for Mrs. Thrale threatened with an interruption—Miss Burney's defence of her Friend—Mrs. Thrale's Letter and Visit—The last meeting—Mrs. Thrale's Marriage with Rozzi—Letters between her and Miss Burney—An unanswered letter—The friendship of six years at an end—Dr. Johnson's illness.—Affecting interview with Miss Burney—Recovery—His last illness—Anecdote of the Coffins—Dr. Johnson's last hours and death.

Miss Burney's friendship for Mrs. Thrale was now threatened with an interruption. Injurious reports were in circulation concerning that amiable lady, but her friend still clung to her, and in a letter to Mrs.

Phillips, endeavoured, as much as in her power lay, to exculpate her conduct. "Saturday, November 22d, I passed," she writes, "in nothing but sorrow—exquisite sorrow, for my dear unhappy friend, who sent me one letter that came early by the Bath Diligence, and another by the Post. But of these things no more.

"I am sorry not to be more explicit, but I should not give you more pleasure if I were. I can only tell you that I love—Mrs. Thrale with a never-to-cease affection, and pity her more than ever I pitied any human being; and, if I did not blame her, I could I should, I believe, almost die for her!

"I am extremely sorry, my dearest Susy, that in the late distress of my mind about poor Mrs. Thrale, I mentioned any thing that has so much interested you to know more. It is too true that many knew all,—but none from me. I am bound, and should be miserable not to say, if called upon, and not to know, if not called upon, that no creature, not even you to whom I communicate every thing else, nor to the trusty Charlotte with whom I live, and who sees my frequent distress upon the subject, has tempted me to an explanation. General rumour I have no means to prevent spreading. * * * *

"I am still as much bent as ever to go to her, if I can obtain leave; but I will mention no more of the matter, since the difficulties under which I labour not to offend or afflict that beloved friend, and yet to do nothing wrong, are by no means new, though of late they have grown doubly painful. I will only say further, that though her failings are unaccountable and most unhappy, her virtues and good qualities, the generosity and feelings of her heart, the liberality and sweetness of her disposition, would counterbalance a thousand more."

Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney met and parted as dear friends meet and part, but once more. Previous

to that meeting, Miss Burney received the following enthusiastically affectionate letter from Mrs. Thrale:

"Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square,
Tuesday Night, May, 1784.

"I am come, dearest Burney. It is neither dream nor fiction; though I love you dearly, or I would not have come. Absence and distance do nothing towards wearing out real affection; so you shall always find it in your true and tender H. L. T.

"I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corporal ones. 'Tis past ten o'clock, however, and I must lay myself down with the sweet expectation of seeing my charming friend in the morning to breakfast. I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less."

Miss Burney, in alluding to Mrs. Thrale's visit, says, "The best of the week I devoted almost entirely to Mrs. Thrale, whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me; however, at times, mixed with bitters the least palatable.

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"Were I not sensible of her goodness, and full of incurable affection for her, should I not be a monster?

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"I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom, when or how I shall see again, Heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted—on *my* side in real affection."

A few months afterwards, Mrs. Thrale's second marriage took place with Mr. Piozzi, and Miss Burney went about the same time to Norbury Park, where she spent some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Locke. The two following letters then passed between Miss Burney and Mrs. Piozzi:—

MISS F. BURNEY TO MRS. PIOZZI.

"Norbury Park, Aug. 10, 1784.

"When my wondering eyes first looked over the letter I received last night, my mind instantly dictated a high-spirited vindication of the consistency, integrity, and faithfulness of the friendship thus abruptly reproached and cast away. But a sleepless night gave me leisure to recollect that you were ever as generous as precipitate, and that your own heart would do justice to mine, in the cooler judgment of future reflection. Committing myself, therefore, to that period, I determined to simply assure you, that if my last letter hurt either you or Mr. Piozzi, I am no less sorry than surprised; and that if it offended you, I sincerely beg your pardon.

"Not to that time, however, can I wait to acknowledge the pain an accusation so unexpected has caused me, nor the heartfelt satisfaction with which I shall receive, when you are able to write it, a softer renewal of regard.

"May Heaven direct and bless you! F. B.

"N. B. This is the sketch of the answer which F. B. most painfully wrote to the unmerited reproach of not sending *cordial congratulations* upon a marriage which she had uniformly, openly, and with deep and avowed affliction, thought wrong."

MRS. PIOZZI TO MISS BURNEY.

"Wellbeck Street, No. 33, Cavendish Square.
Friday, Aug. 13, 1784.

"Give youself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your

"H. L. Piozzi."

To this affectionate note, Miss Burney wrote a warm answer, to which she never received a reply!

And here and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality and fondness, on the side of Mrs. Thrale, and affection, gratitude, admiration and sincerity, on that of Miss Burney, who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.

In December 1783 Dr. Johnson was again taken ill. Miss Burney gives an affecting account of her interview with him.

"TUESDAY, DEC. 30.—I went to Dr. Johnson and spent the evening with him. He was very indifferent indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he once affected me very much, by turning suddenly to me, and grasping my hand, and saying,—

"'The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens; but I will not terrify myself by talking of them; ah, *priez Dieu pour moi!*'

"You may believe I promised that I would! Good and excellent as he is, how can he so fear death?—Alas, my dear Susy, how awful is that idea! He was quite touchingly affectionate to me. How earnestly I hope for his recovery!"

Dr. Johnson once more recovered, and appears to have enjoyed very tolerable health for nearly a year. His next serious illness, and his last, occurred in November, 1784. Miss Burney had many interesting interviews with him which she mentions in her diary We have extracted them, as they cannot fail to be interesting to all classes of readers.

"Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father set me down at Bolt Court, while he went on upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Litchfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at; for I had a longer and more satis-

factory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

"'I remember,' said he, 'that my wife when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition; for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. 'Oh,' said the man of the house, 'that's nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!'"

"He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession."

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"*Thursday morning.*—I have been a second time to see poor Dr. Johnson, and both times he was too ill to admit me. I know how very much worse he must be, for when I saw him last, which was the morning before I went to Norbury, he repeatedly and even earnestly begged me to come to him again, and to see him both as soon and as often as I could. I am told by Mr. Hoole, that he inquired of Dr. Brocklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks? and the doctor's hesitation saying No, he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder."

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"St. Martin's Street, Wednesday, Dec. 10th.—I went in the evening to poor Dr. Johnson. Frank told me he was very ill, but let me in. He would

have taken me up stairs, but I would not see him without his direct permission. I desired Frank to tell him I called to pay my respects to him, but not to disturb him if he was not well enough to see me. Mr. Strahan, a clergyman, he said, was with him alone.

"In a few minutes, this Mr. Strahan came to me himself. He told me Dr. Johnson was very ill, very much obliged to me for coming, but so weak and bad he hoped I would excuse his not seeing me.

"Dear, dear, and much reverenced Dr. Johnson! how ill or how low must he be, to decline seeing a creature he has so constantly, so fondly, called about him! If I do not see him again I shall be truly afflicted. And I fear, I almost know, I cannot!

* * * * * *

"At night my father brought us the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. Dr. Warren had seen him, and told him to take what opium he pleased! He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians! Alas! I shall lose him, and he will take no leave of me! I hear from every one he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone from its dark horror, and says—'He feels the irradiation of hope!' Good, and pious, and excellent christian—who shall feel it if not he?

"Dec. 11th.—We had a party to dinner, by long appointment, for which, indeed, none of us were well disposed, the apprehension of hearing news only of death being hard upon us all.

"The day could not be well; but mark the night.

"My father, in the morning, saw this first of men! I had not his account till bedtime; he feared over-exciting me. He would not, he said, but have seen him for worlds! He happened to be better, and ad-

mitted him. He was up, and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after his family, and then, in particular, how Fanny did?

"'I hope,' he said, Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her? I was very bad!'

"Amiss! what a word! Oh, that I had been present to have answered it! My father stayed, I suppose, half an hour, and then was coming away. He again took his hand, and encouraged him to come again to him; and when he was taking leave, said—'Tell Fanny to pray for me!'

"Ah! dear Dr. Johnson! might I but have *your* prayers! After which, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself,—the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh, would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present. And again, when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said—'I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!'

"Little more passed ere my father came away, decided, most tenderly, not to tell me this till our party was gone.

"This most earnestly increased my desire to see him; this kind and frequent mention of me melted me into double sorrow and regret. I would give the world I had but gone to him that day! It was, however, impossible, and the day was over before I knew he had said what I look upon as a call to me. This morning, after church time, I went. Frank said he was very ill, and saw nobody; I told him I had understood by my father the day before that he meant to see me. He then let me in. I went into his room, up stairs; he was in his bedroom. I saw it crowded, and ran hastily down. Frank told me his master had refused seeing even Mr. Langton. I told him merely

to say I had called, but by no means to press my admission. His own feelings were all that should be consulted; his tenderness, I knew, would be equal. whether he was able to see me or not.

"I went into the parlour, preferring being alone in the cold, to any company with a fire. Here I waited long, here and upon the stairs, which I ascended and descended to meet again with Frank, and make inquiries; but I met him not. At last, upon Dr. Johnson's ringing his bell, I saw Frank enter his room, and Mr. Langton follow. 'Who's that?' I heard him say; they answered, 'Mr. Langton,' and I found he did not return.

"Soon after, all the rest went away but a Mrs. Davis, a good sort of woman, whom this truly charitable soul had sent for to take a dinner at his house. I then went and waited with her by the fire: it was, however, between three and four o'clock before I got any answer. Mr. Langton then came himself. He could not look at me, and I turned away from him. Mrs. Davis asked how the Doctor was? 'Going on to death very fast!' was his mournful answer. 'Has he taken,' said she, 'any thing?' Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk—he refused it, and said, '*The less the better.*' She asked more questions, by which I found his faculties were perfect, his mind composed, and his dissolution was quick drawing on."

* * * * *

"I could not immediately go on, and it is now long since I have written at all; but I will go back to this afflicting theme, which I can now better bear.

"Mr. Langton was, I believe, a quarter of an hour in the room before I suspected he meant to speak to me, never looking near me. At last he said—

"'This poor man, I understand, ma'am, desired yesterday to see you.'

"'My understanding that, sir, brought me to-day.'

"'Poor man! it is a pity he did not know himself better, and that you should have had this trouble.'

"'Trouble!' cried I; 'I would come a hundred times to see him the hundredth and first!'

"'He hopes, now, you will excuse him; he is very sorry not to see you; but he desired me to come and speak to you myself, and tell you he hopes you will excuse him, for he feels himself too weak for such an interview.'

"I hastily got up, left him my most affectionate respects, and every good wish I could half utter, and ran back to the coach. Ah, my Susy! I have never been to Bolt Court since! I then drove to poor Miss Strange, to make inquiries of the maid; but Andrew ran out to the coach door, and told me all hope was at an end. In short, the next day was fatal to both! the same day!"

* * * * *

"Dec. 20th.—This day was the ever-honoured, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me! My father attended, and so did Charles. I could not keep my eyes dry all day; nor can I now, in the recollecting it; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so vain!'

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Burney's acquaintance with Madame de Genlis—Madame de Genlis's note—Mrs. Delany—The Queen's loom, and the King's gold knitting-needle—Death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland Mrs. Delany's grief, and Miss Burney's consolatory attentions—Kindness of King George and Queen Charlotte to Mrs. Delany—The two dried leaves—Mrs. Delany's house at Windsor—Projected visit of the Princesses to Miss Burney—The King and Queen's mention of her—Miss Burney at Windsor—Queen Charlotte reperuses "Cecilia"—Mrs. Delany's injunctions to Miss Burney respecting the Royal Family—Miss Burney's first interview with the King and Queen—Puss in the corner—Cross-questioning—Character of the King and Queen—Their affection for each other—Miss Burney's second interview.

During the spring of 1785, Dr. Burney and his daughter became acquainted with the celebrated Madame de Genlis, who was then visiting England, and who eagerly sought for the friendship of Miss Burney. In a letter to Mrs. Phillips, Miss Burney mentions her new friend, but very briefly.

"St. Martin's-street.

"I have been this whole morning with Madame de Genlis, the sweetest as well as most accomplished French woman I ever met. Were my time and mind more disengaged, I would send you an account of her, highly interesting both for you and Mr. and Mrs. Locke; but I have neither leisure nor spirits for journalising."

A note from Madame de Genlis was carefully preserved by Miss Burney as a memorial of so attractive a person.

MADAME DE GENLIS TO MISS BURNEY.

"Ce Vendredi, 15 Juillet, 1785.

"Combien j'ai été faché, ma chère amié, de n'avoir pû jouir du plaisir de vous recevoir; mais je dinois avec des personnes qu'il m'étoit impossible de quitter. Recèvez vous mes remercimens du précieux prèsent que vous m'avez fait, et chargez vous d'exprimer à monsieur votre père toute la reconnoissance

que je lui dois. Je sais combien son ouvrage est estimable ; il sera pour moi doublement intéressènt, et je me flatte que vons en devinerez facilement la raison. Je pars dans l'instant pour Oxford ; adieu, ma chère amié ; n'oubliez pas que vous avez pris l'engagement de m'aimer. Pour moi, je vous aime depuis l'instant où j'ai lu *Evelina* et *Cecilia*, et le bonheur de vous entendre et de vous connôitre personnellement, a rendu ce sentiment aussi tendre qu'il est bien fondé."

The acquaintance, however, was not kept up. They were not at this time thrown in each other's way, and afterwards, such tales, whether true or false, were forced into the unwilling ears of Miss Burney, that, to use her own words, " notwithstanding the most ardent admiration of Madame de Genlis's talents, and a zest yet greater for her engaging society and elegantly lively and winning manners, yet she dared no longer come within the precincts of her fascinating allurements."—" In France, equally, she felt compelled to keep aloof, though most reluctantly."

Miss Burney's attachment to the kind and delightful Mrs. Delany daily increased. In the early part of their acquaintance, she makes the following allusion to her :

" Thursday, Jan. 18th.—I dined with Mrs. Delany. The venerable and excellent old lady received me with open arms, and we kissed one another as if she had been my sweet grandmother, whom she always reminds me of. She looks as well as ever, only rather thinner ; but she is as lively, gay, pleasant, good-humored, and animated, as at eighteen. She sees, she says, much worse ; ' but I am thankful,' she added, cheerfully, ' I can see at all at my age. My greatest loss is the countenance of my friends ; however, to see even the light is a great blessing.

" She showed me a most excellent and ingenious

loom, which the Queen made her a present of last summer, at Windsor, for making fringe; and a gold knitting-needle given her by the King. And she told me the whole history of their manner of presenting them, with a sort of grateful simplicity that was quite affecting. Did I ever tell you of the letter the Queen wrote her, when she gave her a beautiful case of instruments for her curious works? She signed it her 'affectionate Queen.' I quite reverence the Queen for her sense of Mrs. Delany's merit.

In 1785, Mrs. Delany lost her almost worshipped friend, the Duchess Dowager of Portland. Miss Burney took the place of a child to the kind old lady, and became both her consoler and attendant. In a letter from Miss Burney to her father, she gives a vivid description of the delicate consideration and kindness which Mrs. Delany received from King George III. and Queen Charlotte.

MISS F. BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY.

"St. James' Place, August 24th, 1785.

"I have been very much alarmed, dearest sir, these last four days, by a feverish attack which dear Mrs. Delany has suffered. Unfortunately none of her physical assistants were in town; however she is now, thank Heaven! recovering, and if there is no relapse, will soon, I hope, be well.

"I must tell you, dearest sir, a tale concerning her which I am sure you will hear with true pleasure. Among the many inferior losses which have been included in her great and irreparable calamity, has been that of a country-house for summer, which she had in Bulstrode, and which for the half of every year was her constant home. The Duke of Portland behaved with the utmost propriety and feeling upon this occasion, and was most anxious to accommodate her to the best of his power, with every comfort to which she had been accustomed; but this noblest of women

declared she loved the memory of her friend beyond all other things, and would not suffer it to be tainted in the misjudging world by an action that would be construed into a reflection upon her will, as if deficient in consideration to her. 'And I will not,' said she to me, 'suffer the children of my dearest friend to suppose that their mother left undone any thing she ought to have done. She did not; I knew her best, and I knew she did what she was sure I should most approve.' She steadily, therefore, refused all offers, though made to her with even painful earnestness, and though solicited till her refusal became a distress to herself.

"This transaction was related, I believe to their majesties; and Lady Weymouth, the Duchess's eldest daughter, was commissioned to wait upon Mrs. Delany with this message:—That the Queen was extremely anxious about her health, and very apprehensive lest continuing in London during the summer should be prejudicial to it: she entreated her, therefore, to accept a house belonging to the king at Windsor, which she should order to be fitted up for her immediately; and she desired Lady Weymouth to give her time to consider this proposal, and by no means to hurry her; as well as to assure her, that happy as it would make her to have one she so sincerely esteemed for a neighbour, she should remember her situation, and promise not to be troublesome to her. The King, at the same time, desired to be allowed to stand to the additional expenses incurred by the maintenance of two houses, and that Mrs. Delany would accept from him £300 a-year.

"It would be needless to tell you how Mrs. Delany was touched by this benevolence: for no creature has heard it without emotion, and I am sure my dear father will not be the first. Yet she dreaded accepting what she feared would involve her in a new course of

life, and force her into notice or connexions she wished to drop or avoid. She took the time the Queen so considerately gave her for deliberation, and she consulted with some of her old friends. They all agreed there must be no refusal, and after many circumstances too long for writing, though otherwise well worth knowing, Lady Weymouth was made the messenger of her Majesty's offer being accepted.

"The house, therefore, is now fitting up, and the King sees after the workmen himself."

The following extract is from a letter of a little later date.

"My dear Mrs. Delany has gone on mending gradually ever since I wrote last. She is employing me, when able, to look over her papers: 'tis to me a sacred task, for she cannot read what she is trusting me with. Sometimes, with a magnifying glass she examines, first, if what she is giving me is some manuscript of secrecy, with respect to the affairs or character of her friends; and as a word suffices to inform her, she destroys unread, whatever is of that sort. But this, though a business she wishes to have done, produces letters and memorandums too affecting for her spirits. Yet she never, but by persuasion, leaves off; she seems bent upon subduing all emotions but those that might give pain to others by their suppression. I frequently court her to sadness, for her exertions make me tremble more than her tears; yet those, when they do fall, I can hardly, indeed, with all her example before my eyes, bear to look at.

"Just now we have both of us been quite overset. In examining some papers in a pocket-book, she opened one with two leaves dried in it; she held them a little while in silence, but very calmly, in her hand, yet as something I saw she highly prized: she then bade me read what was written on the envelope;—it was, I think, these words—'Two leaves picked at

Balsover, by the Duchess of Portland and myself, in September, 1756, the 20th year of our most intimate and dear friendship.' I could hardly read to her the last words, and, upon hearing them, for a little while she sunk. But I hastened, the moment I could, to other less interesting papers, and she forced her attention to them with a strength of resolution that makes me honour as much as I love her.

"To me alone, she kindly says, she gives way to any indulgence of sorrow; she fears being misunderstood and thought repining by most others; and, indeed, the rest of her friends spending with her but a short time, she thinks it her duty to study their comfort, by appearing composed to them. Mine, she justly and sweetly sees, can only be studied by what is most relief to herself. The nobleness of her mind can never have had such opportunity of displaying itself as during this last month; and in the numberless instances in which it now appears, she seems already raised to that height I am still selfishly trying to keep her from yet reaching.

"All our movements are at present uncertain; her Windsor house is still unfinished, but I suppose it will be fit for her reception by the beginning of next week, and I have the happiest reasons for hoping she will then be fit for it herself. Her maid has been to see what forwardness it is in, and this was her report:—She was ordered to wait upon Miss Goldsworthy, by the King's direction, who heard of her being sent to inspect the house; and there she received commands, in the name of both King and Queen, to see that Mrs. Delany brought with her nothing but *herself and clothes*, as they insisted upon fitting up her habitation with every thing themselves, including not only plate, china, glass, and linen, but even all sorts of stores—wine, sweetmeats, pickles, &c. &c. Their earnestness to save her every care, and give her every grati-

fication in their power, is truly benevolent and amiable. They seem to know and feel her worth as if they had never worn crowns, or, wearing, annexed no value to them."

Miss Burney soon joined Mrs. Delany at Windsor, and the first information she received, on her arrival, from Miss P——, the niece of Mrs. Delany, was that "all the Princesses intended to come and see her." At this information, her timidity rendered her more alarmed than her vanity could make her delighted.

Mrs. Delany also acquainted her that the Queen in their first interview said to her, "why did not you bring your friend Miss Burney with you?" Mrs. Delany was very much gratified by this question, but replied, that in coming to a house of her Majesty's she could not presume to ask anybody without immediate and especial permission. When she saw the King, he made the same inquiry.

As soon as Mrs. Delany arrived at Windsor, Queen Charlotte, (who had already perused Miss Burney's works,) ordered "Cecilia" to be read to her again. Miss Burney was several days at Windsor without encountering any of the royal family, and indeed, she had an unaffected dread of being presented to their Majesties. Mrs. Delany, however, soon informed her that the Queen made such frequent mention of her, and seemed to take such interest in her works, that it was very probable that she would shortly be summoned to the royal presence.

"'I do beg of you,' said Mrs. Delany,' when the Queen or the King speak to you, not to answer with monosyllables. The Queen often complains to me of the difficulty with which she can get any conversation, as she not only has to start the subjects, but commonly entirely to support them; and she says there is nothing she so much loves as conversation, and nothing she finds so hard to get. She is always

best pleased to have the answers that are made lead on to further discourse. Now, as I know she wishes to be further acquainted with you, and converse with you, I do really entreat you do not draw back from her, nor stop conversation with only answering 'yes' or 'no.'"

Upon these directions Miss Burney comments, by saying: "This was a most tremendous injunction; however, I could not but promise her I would do the best I could.

"To this, nevertheless, she readily agreed, that if, upon entering the room, they should take no notice of me, I might retire. And that, believe me, will not be very slowly! They can not find me in this house without knowing who I am, and therefore they can be at no loss whether to speak to me or not, from incertitude.

"In the midst of all this, the Queen came!

"I heard the thunder at the door, and, panic-struck, away fell all my resolutions and agreements, and away after them flew I!

"Don't be angry, my dear father—I would have stayed if I could, and I meant to stay; but, when the moment came, neither my preparations nor intentions availed, and I arrived at my own room, ere I well knew I had left the drawing-room, and quite breathless between the race I ran with Miss Port and the joy of escaping.

"Mrs. Delany, though a little vexed at the time, was not afterwards, when she found the Queen very much dispirited by a relapse of the poor Princess Elizabeth. She inquired if I was returned, and hoped I now came to make a longer stay."

The following is Miss Burney's own description of her first interview with the King and Queen:

"FRIDAY, DEC. 16TH.—Yesterday morning we had a much better account of the Princess Elizabeth; and Mrs. Delany said to me,

"'Now you will escape no longer, for if their uneasiness ceases, I am sure they will send for you, when they come next.'

"To be sent for, I confessed to her, would really be more formidable than to be surprised; but to pretend to be surprised would answer no purpose in making the meeting easy to me, and therefore I preferred letting the matter take its chance.

"After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest,—for sleep it but seldom proves,—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room. And here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion;—but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forwards, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

"A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P——, turning round, exclaimed, 'the King!—Aunt, the King!'

"O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered in the room! Every one scampered out of the way: Miss P——, to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did. (G)

"He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

"I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, 'Is that Miss Burney?' —and on her answering, 'Yes, sir,' he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good-humour, came close up to me.

"A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat.

"'How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?'

"'Two days, sir.'

"Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany.

* * * * * * *

"The Christmas games we had been showing Miss Dewes, it seemed as if we were still performing, as none of us thought it proper to move, though our manner of standing reminded one of puss in the corner. Close to the door was posted Miss P——; opposite her, close to the wainscot, stood Mr. Dewes, at just an equal distance from him, close to a window, stood myself; Mrs. Delany, though seated, was at the opposite side to Miss ——; and his Majesty kept pretty much in the middle of the room. The little girl, who kept close to me, did not break the order, and I could hardly help expecting to be beckoned with a puss! puss! puss! to change places with one of my neighbours.

"This idea afterwards gave way to another more pompous. It seemed to me we were acting a play There is something so little like common and real life in everybody's standing, while talking, in a room full

of chairs, and standing, too, aloof from each other, that I almost thought myself upon a stage, assisting in the representation of a tragedy,—in which the King played his own part of the king; Mrs. Delany that of a venerable confidante; Mr. Dewes, his respectful attendant; Miss P——, a suppliant virgin, waiting encouragement to bring forward some petition; Miss Dewes, a young orphan, intended to move the royal compassion; and myself—a very solemn, sober, and decent mute.

"These fancies, however, only regaled me while I continued a quiet spectator, and without expectation of being called into play. But the King, I have reason to think, meant only to give me time to recover from my first embarrassment; and I feel myself infinitely obliged to his good breeding and consideration, which perfectly answered, for before he returned to me I was entirely recruited.

"To go back to my narration.

"When the discourse upon health and strength was over, the King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said—

"'Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too?'

"The *too* was pronounced rather civilly.

"'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany; 'at least, she does not tell.'

"'Oh!' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing! she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know!—Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her Evelina. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book!—he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment! I never can forget his face while I live!'

"Then coming up quite close to me, he said—

"'But what?—what?—how was it?'

"'Sir'—cried I, not well understanding him.

"'How came you—how happened it—what?—what?'

"'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement,—only in some odd, idle hours.'

"'But your publishing—your printing,—how was that?'

"'That was only, sir,—only because——'

"I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides—to say the truth, his own 'what? what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

"The *What!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered—

"'I thought—sir—it would look very well in print!'

"I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made! I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

"He laughed very heartily himself,—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out,

"'Very fair, indeed! that's being very fair and honest!'

"Then, returning to me again, he said,

"'But your father—how came you not to show him what you wrote?'

"'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

"Literal truth that, I am sure.

"'And how came he to find it out?'

"'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

"Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

"'But how did you get it printed?'

"'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope by that means he never would hear of it.'

"'But how could you manage that?'

'"By means of a brother, sir.'

"'Oh!—you confided in a brother, then?'

'"Yes, sir—that is, for the publication.'

"'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures, before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

"'Yes, sir, many.'

"'And what?'

"'I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

"This diverted him extremely.

"'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought most likely for your father to discover you?'

"'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscript; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

"'O! your sister?—what, not your brother?'

"'No, sir; he could not, for—'

"I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming,

"'Vastly well! I see you are of Mr. Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister?'

"'Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?'

"'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said—'Contrive to get that book for me.'

"'And when he got it,' cried the King, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it! and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

"'Indeed I have, sir.'

"'But why?'

"'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

"He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

"Then, returning to me again, he said, more seriously, 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

"'N—o, sir—'

"'You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?'

"'No, sir.'

"'You only wait for inclination?'

"How admirably Mr. Cambridge's speech might have come in here!

"'No, sir.'

"A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with,

"'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then, hastily returning to me, he cried, "What? what?'

"'I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I, very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

"He then made some inquiries concerning the pictures with which the room is hung, and which are all

Mrs. Delany's own painting; and a little discourse followed, upon some of the masters whose pictures she has copied.

"This was all with her; for nobody ever answers him without being immediately addressed by him.

"He then came to me again, and said,

"'Is your father about any thing at present?'

"'Yes, sir, he goes on, when he has time, with his history.'

"'Does he write quick?'

"'Yes, sir, when he writes from himself; but in his history, he has so many books to consult, that sometimes he spends three days in finding authorities for a single passage.,

"'Very true; that must be unavoidable.'

"He pursued these inquiries some time, and then went again to his general station before the fire, and Mrs. Delany inquired if he meant to hunt the next day. 'Yes,' he answered, and a little pointed, Mrs. Delany said,

"'I would the hunted could feel as much pleasure as the hunter.'

"The King understood her, and with some quickness, called out, 'Pray, what did you hunt?'

"Then looking round at us all,—

"'Did you know,' he said, 'that Mrs Delany once hunted herself?—and in a long gown, and a great hoop?'

"It seems she had told his Majesty an adventure of that sort which had befallen her in her youth, from some accident in which her will had no share.

"While this was talking over, a violent thunder was made at the door. I was almost certain it was the Queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape; but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence, after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw.

"Miss P——, according to established etiquette on these occasions, opened the door which she stood next, by putting her hand behind her, and slid out backwards, into the hall to light the Queen in. The door soon opened again, and the Queen entered.

"'Oh, your Majesty is here!'

"'Yes,' he cried, 'I ran here without speaking to any body.'

"The Queen had been at the lower Lodge to see the Princess Elizabeth, as the King had before told us

"She hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out, saying,

"'My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you?'

"Instantly after, I felt her eye on my face. I believe, too, she courtsied to me; but though I saw the bend, I was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me. I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing; I dared not return what I was not certain I had received, yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster, to stand stiff-necked, if really meant.

"Almost at the same moment, she spoke to Mr. Bernard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl.

"I was now really ready to sink, with horrid uncertainty of what I was doing, or what I should do,—when his Majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most good-humouredly said to the Queen something, but I was too much flurried to remember what, except these words,—'I have been telling Miss Burney——'

"Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediately dropped a courtesy.

"She made one to me in the same moment, and, with a very smiling countenance, came up to me; but she could not speak, for the King went on talking, eagerly, and very gaily, repeating to her every word I had

said during our conversation upon Evelina, its publication, &c. &c.

"Then he told her of Barretti's wager, saying—'But she heard of a great many conjectures about the author, before it was known, and of Baretti, an admirable thing! he laid a bet it must be a man, as no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel!'

"The Queen, laughing a little, exclaimed'

"'Oh, that is quite too bad an affront to us! Don't you think so?' addressing herself to me, with great gentleness of voice and manner.

"I assented; and the King continued his relation, which she listened to with a look of some interest; but when he told her some particulars of my secrecy, she again spoke to me.

"'But your sister was your confidant, was she not?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"My sisters, I might have said, but I was always glad to have done.

"'Oh, yes!' cried the King, laughing; 'but I assure you she is of Baretti's opinion herself; for I asked her if she thought it was her sister or her brother that betrayed her to her father?—and she says her sister, she thinks.'

"Poor Esther!—but I shall make her amends by what follows; for the Queen again addressing me, said.

"'But to betray to a father is no crime—don't you think so?'

"I agreed; and plainly thought she saw Esther, if Esther it was, had only done right.

"The King then went on, and when he had finished his narration the Queen took her seat.

"She made Mrs. Delany sit next her, and Miss P—— brought her some tea,

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"Almost instantly upon the King's leaving me, a very gentle voice called out—

"'Miss Burney!'

"It was the Queen's. I walked a little nearer her, and a gracious inclination of her head made me go quite up to her.

"'You have been,' she said, 'at Mrs. Walsingham's?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'She has a pretty place, I believe?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'Were you ever there before?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'Oh, shocking! shocking! thought I; what will Mrs. Delany say to all these monosyllables?

"'Has not she lately made some improvements?'

"'Yes, ma'am; she has built a conservatory.'

* * * * * * *

"The Queen indeed is a most charming woman. She appears to me full of sense and graciousness, mingled with delicacy of mind and liveliness of temper. She speaks English almost perfectly well, with great choice and copiousness of language, though now and then with foreign idiom, and frequently with a foreign accent. Her manners have an easy dignity, with a most engaging simplicity; and she has all that fine high breeding which the mind, not the station, gives, of carefully avoiding to distress those who converse with her, or studiously removing the embarassment she cannot prevent.

"The King, however he may have power, in the cabinet, to command himself, has in private, the appearance of a character the most open and sincere. He speaks his opinions without reserve, and seems to trust them intuitively to his hearers, from a belief that they will make no ill use of them. His countenance is full of enquiry, to gain information without asking it, probably from believing that to be the nearest road to truth. All I saw of them both was the most perfect good humour, good spirits, ease, and pleasantness.

"Their behaviour to each other speaks the most cordial confidence and happiness. The King seems to admire as much as he enjoys her conversation, and to covet her participation in every thing he either sees or hears. The Queen appears to feel the most grateful regard for him, and to make it her chief study to raise his consequence with others, by always marking that she considers herself, though Queen to the nation, only, to him, the first and most obedient of subjects. Indeed, in their different ways, and allowing for the difference of their characters, they left me equally charmed both with their behaviour to each other and to myself."

Miss Burney's second interview with the King was somewhat more satisfactory to herself. It took place three days after the first.

"In the evening, says she, "while Mrs. Delany," Miss P— and I were sitting and working together in the drawing-room, the door was opened, and the King entered.

"We all started up; Miss P—— flew to her modest post by the door, and I to my more comfortable one opposite the fire, which caused me but a slight and gentle retreat, and Mrs. Delany he immediately commanded to take her own place again.

"He was full of joy for the Princess Elizabeth. He had been to the lower Lodge, and found her in a sweet sleep, and she was now, he said, in a course of James's Powders, from which he hoped her perfect restoration. I fear, however, it is still but precarious.

"Our party being so small, he made all that passed general; for though he principally addressed himself to Mrs. Delany, he always looked round to see that we heard him, and frequently referred to us.

"I should mention, though, the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters; and next, Miss P—— goes out,

walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the table and piano-forte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty, upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread and butter, and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers.

"When he has taken his tea, she returns to his station, where she waits till he has done, and then takes away his cup and fetches more.

"This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house; but here, neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

CHAPTER VII.

A vacancy in the Royal house-hold—The office of Keeper of the Robes is offered by the Queen to Miss Burney—Her deliberation, disinclination, but final acceptance—Arrival at Windsor—Reception by the Queen—Fears and heart-aches—Account of Miss Burney's mode of life at Court—An attempt upon the life of the King—Grief and horror of the royal family—Noble conduct of King George.

About six months after the events related in the above chapter, a vacancy occurred in the royal household, from the resignation of Madame Haggedorn, one of the Queen's German attendants who, together with Madame Schwellenberg, held the office of keeper of the robes. The place was instantly sought after by persons of the highest distinction, but Queen Charlotte had been so much pleased with Miss Burney that the situation was offered to her.

Miss Burney could not but be gratified by the Queen's avowed preference, yet she was in no haste to accept the offer. She could not endure the thought

of a separation from her family, and she foresaw that her timidity was one great barrier to her discharging with grace the duties of a situation which would bring her continually in the presence of the Queen. Dr. Burney and Mrs. Delany earnestly entreated her not to decline so honourable and advantageous an offer, and after much deliberation she yielded to their wishes and accepted the situation.

Of her emotions on arriving at Windsor, and the reception of the Queen, she has given an account (which we extract) in her journal.

DIARY RESUMED.

"Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Monday, July 17th, 1786.—With what hurry of mind and body did I rise this morning! Every thing had already been arranged for Mrs. Ord's carrying us to Windsor, and my father's carriage was merely to go as baggage-wagon for my clothes. But I wept not then. I left no one behind me to regret; my dear father accompanied me, and all my dear sisters had already taken their flight, never more to return. Even poor little Sarah, whom I love very dearly, was at Chesington.

"Between nine and ten o'clock we set off. We changed carriage in Queen Ann street, and Mrs. Ord conveyed us thence to Windsor. With a struggling heart, I kept myself tolerably tranquil during the little journey. My dear father was quite happy, and Mrs. Ord felt the joy of a mother in relinquishing me to the protection of a Queen so universally reverenced. Had I been in better spirits, their ecstacy would have been unbounded; but alas!—what I was approaching was not in my mind; what I was leaving had taken possession of it solely.

"Miss P—— flew out to us as the carriage stopped—the youthful blush of pleasure heightening her

complexion, and every feature showing her kind happiness. Mrs. Delany, she said, was gone out with the Queen. I took leave of my good Mrs. Ord, whose eyes overflowed with maternal feelings—chiefly of contentment. Mrs. Delany came home in about an hour. A chastened satisfaction was hers; she rejoiced in the prospect before me; she was happy we should now be so much united, but she felt for my deprivations, she saw the hard conflict within me, and the tenderest pity checked her delight.

"It was now debated whether I was immediately to go to the Lodge, or wait for orders. The accustomed method for those who have their Majesties' commands to come to them is, to present themselves to the people in waiting, and by them to be announced. My heart, however, was already sinking, and my spirits every moment were growing more agitated, and my sweet Mrs. Delany determined to spare me the additional task of passing through such awe-striking formalities. She therefore employed my dear father—delighted with the employment—to write a note, in her name.

"'Mrs. Delany presents her most humble duty to the Queen; she found Dr. Burney and his daughter at her house; Miss Burney waits the honour of Her Majesty's commands.'

"This, though unceremonious and unusual, she was sure the Queen would pardon. A verbal answer came that I was to go to the Lodge immediately.

"O, my dear Susan! in what an agony of mind did I obey the summons! I was still in my travelling dress, but could not stay to change it. My father accompanied me. Mrs. Delany, anxiously and full of mixed sensations, gave me her blessing. We walked; the Queen's Lodge is not fifty yards from Mrs. Delany's door. My dear father's own courage all failed him in this little step; for as I was now on

the point of entering—probably for ever—into an entire new way of life, and of foregoing by it all my most favourite schemes, and every dear expectation my fancy had ever indulged of happiness adapted to its taste—as now all was to be given up, I could disguise my trepidation no longer—indeed I never had disguised, I had only forborne proclaiming it. But my father now, sweet soul! felt it all, as I held by his arm, without power to say one word, but that if he did not hurry along I should drop by the way. I heard in his kind voice that he was now really alarmed; he would have slackened his pace, or have made me stop to breathe: but I could not; my breath seemed gone, and I could only hasten with all my might, lest my strength should go too.

"A page was in waiting at the gate, who showed us into Mrs. Haggerdorn's room, which was empty. My dear father endeavoured here to compose my spirits; I could have no other command over them than to forbear letting him know the afflicted state of all within, and to suffer him to keep to his own conclusions, that my emotion was all from fear of the approaching audience. Indeed was it not!—I could hardly even think of it. All that I was resigning—there, and there only went every fear, and and all reluctance.

"The page came in a minute or two to summon me to the Queen. The Queen was in her dressing-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg was standing behind her: nobody else present.

"She received me with a most gracious bow of the head, and a smile that was all sweetness. She saw me much agitated, and attributed it, no doubt, to the awe of her presence. O, she little knew my mind had no room in it for feelings of that sort! She talked to me of my journey, my father, my sisters, and my brothers; the weather, the roads, and Mrs. Delany

—any, every thing she could suggest, that could best tend to compose and to make me easy; and when I had been with her about a quarter of an hour, she desired Mrs. Schwellenberg to show me my apartment, and, with another graceful bow, motioned my retiring.

"Not only to the sweet Queen, but to myself let me here do justice, in declaring that though I entered her presence with a heart filled with every thing but herself, I quitted it with sensations much softened. The condescension of her efforts to quiet me, and the elegance of her receiving me, thus, as a visiter, without naming to me a single direction, without even the most distant hint of business, struck me to show so much delicacy, as well as graciousness, that I quitted her with a very deep sense of her goodness, and a strong conviction that she merited every exertion on my part to deserve it.

"Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at the room door, where my dear father was still waiting for me, too anxious to depart till he again saw me."

After having passed a week in her new situation, she gives the following account of her manner of spending the day.

"Monday, July 24.—I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half hour between them.

"The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well.

"Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in the morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them

on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neckerchief.

"By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses, and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably.

"I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. My present book is Gilpin's description of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Mrs. Delany has lent it me. It is the most picturesque reading I ever met with: it shows me landscapes of every sort, with tints so bright and lively, I forget I am but reading, and fancy I see them before me, coloured by the hand of Nature.

"At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of every thing I have upon my hands in the way of business; in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the Royal Family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable.

"That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter be-

"My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninterruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears; and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking.

"These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a week.

"A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hair dresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation.

"When she observes that I have run to her but half dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud.

"When I return, I finish, if any thing is undone, my dress, and then take Baretti's Dialogues, my dearest Fredy's Tablet of Memory, or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned.

"I find her then always removed to her state dressing room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I see and hear no more of her till bed-time.

"It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal: but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after! These dear and quiet two hours, my only quite sure and undisturbed time in the whole day, after breakfast is over, I shall henceforward devote to thus talking with my beloved Susan, my Fredy, my other sister, my dear father, or Miss Cambridge; with my brothers, cousins, Mrs. Ord, and other friends, in such terms as these two hours will occasionally allow me. Henceforward, I say; for hitherto dejection of spirits, with uncertainty how long my time might last, have made me waste moment after moment as sadly as unprofitably.

"At five we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating room. We are commonly *tete-a-tete:* when there is any body added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally.

"When we have dined, we go up stairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tete-a-tete* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself, to the concert room.

"This is commonly about nine o'clock.

"From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven.

"Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally.

Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen: half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

"I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed —and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.

"Such is the day to your F. B. in her new situation at Windsor; such, I mean, is its usual destination, and its intended course. I make it take now and then another channel, but never stray far enough not to return to the original stream after a little meandering about and about it.

An alarming accident occurred to the King, of which Miss Burney gives the annexed thrilling account.

* * * * * * * *

"I went into my own room for my cloak, and, as usual, found Madame La Fite waiting for me. She was all emotion,—she seized my hand,—'Have you heard!—*O mon Dieu! O le bon Roi! O Miss Burney! what an horreur!*'

"I was very much startled, but soon ceased to wonder at her perturbation;—she had been in the room with the Princess Elizabeth, and there heard, from Miss Goldsworthy, that an attempt had just been made upon the life of the King!

"I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this King is not safe,—good, pious, beneficent as he is,—if his life is in danger, from his own subjects, what is to guard the Throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure?

"Miss Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return

of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

"Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner,—namely, how they were related to the Queen.

"The Queen had two elder Princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Caroline Bertie, with her when the King came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said, 'Here am I! safe and well,—as you see!—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!'

"His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally showing it to the Queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The Queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupified her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the Duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears—'I envy you!—I can't cry!'

"The two Princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the Duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

"The King, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had anyone but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

"You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden-door at St. James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently-dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual subscription—'For the King's most Excellent Majesty.'

She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the King bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

"The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand, made her design perceived before it could be executed;—the King started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her;—and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

"'Has she cut my waistcoat?' cried he, in telling it,—'Look! for I have had no time to examine.'

"Thank heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far.

"'Though nothing,' added the King, in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen, and fat.'

"While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murtherous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, 'The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!'

"He then came forward, and showed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

"There is something in the whole of his behaviour upon this occasion, that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity—to feel no apprehension of private plot or

latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life,—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

"If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St. James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined,—who would have dared to murmur, or even blame such measures?

"The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved: but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

"Nor did he rest here; notwithstanding the excess of terror for his safety, and doubt of further mischief, with which all his family and all his household were seized, he still maintained the most cheerful composure, and insisted upon walking on the terrace, with no other attendant than his single equerry.

"The poor Queen went with him, pale and silent,—the Princesses followed, scarce yet commanding their tears. In the evening, just as usual, the King had his concert: but it was an evening of grief and horror to his family; nothing was listened to, scarce a word was spoken; the Princesses wept continually; the Queen, still more deeply struck, could only, from time, hold out her hand to the King, and say, 'I have you yet!'

"The affection for the King, felt by all his household has been at once pleasant and affecting to me to observe: there has not been a dry eye in either of the Lodges on the recital of his danger, and not a face

but his own that has not worn marks of care ever since."

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Burney's unfortunate timidity—Reading to the Queen—Madame de Genlis—Mrs. Delany's advice—The Queen's opinion on the subject of an intimacy with Madame de Genlis—The "great coat"—Miss Burney's Stanzas—Singular mode of presenting them—The Queen's acknowledgments—Condescension mingled with humility.

Miss Burney's uncontrollable timidity often made her appear to great disadvantage, if we may judge from her own account of the situations in which she was sometimes placed, and of which the following anecdote will give some idea.

"Wednesday, August 17th.—From the time that the Queen condescended to desire to place me in immediate attendance upon her own person, I had always secretly concluded she meant me for her English reader; since the real duties of my office would have had a far greater promise of being fulfilled by thousands of others than by myself. This idea had made the prospect of reading to her extremely awful to me: an exhibition, at any rate, is painful to me, but one in which I considered Her Majesty as a judge, interested for herself in the sentence she should pronounce, and gratified or disappointed according to its tenor—this was an exhibition formidable indeed, and must have been considered as such by any body in similar circumstances.

"Not a book, not a pamphlet, not a newspaper, had I ever seen near the Queen, for the first week, without feeling a panic; I always expected to be called upon. She frequently bid me give her the papers; I felt that

they would be the worst reading I could have, because full of danger, in matter as well as manner: however, she always read them herself.

"To-day, after she was dressed, Mrs. Schwellenberg went to her own room; and the Queen, instead of leaving me to go to mine, desired me to follow her to her sitting dressing-room. She then employed me in helping to arrange her work, which is chair-covers done in riband; and then told me to fetch her a volume of the Spectator. I obeyed with perfect tranquillity. She let me stand by her a little while without speaking, and then, suddenly, but very gently, said 'Will you read a paper while I work?'

"I was quite 'consternated!' I had not then the smallest expectation of such a request. I said nothing, and held the book unopened.

"She took it from me, and pointed out the place where I should begin. She is reading them regularly through for the first time. I had no choice: I was forced to obey; but my voice was less obedient than my will, and it became so husky, and so unmanageable, that nothing more unpleasant could be heard. The paper was a curious one enough—all concerning a court favourite. I could hardly rejoice when my task was over, from my consciousness how ill it was performed. The Queen talked of the paper, but forebore saying anything of any sort about the reader. I am sorry, however, to have done so ill."

At this period, Madame de Genlis made several attempts, through Madame La Fite, to renew her acquaintance with Miss Burney. Mrs. Delany thought it advisable for Miss Burney to consult the Queen on the matter, and with much diffidence, hesitation, and continual pauses, Miss Burney at length requested her Majesty's opinion on the subject of an intimacy with the renowned French authoress. Queen Charlotte listened with great attention, and then with

much frankness avowed that, although she had herself been tormented into granting Madame de Genlis a private audience, she was now displeased with herself for having done so, and strongly advised Miss Burney to avoid entering into a correspondence with Madame G——, or in any manner renewing the acquaintance.

Miss Burney seldom wrote in verse, but she appears to have possessed a facility in versifying, which was worthy of cultivation.

The Queen was one day remarking on the comfort of a morning-gown, or "great-coat," as it was called in that day, and laughingly requested Miss Burney to bid her muse sing the praises of this invaluable article of dress. Miss Burney, on returning to her room, immediately complied with the Queen's wishes, and wrote a few stanzas, which she had not the courage to present, although she kept them in her pocket. Her mode of presenting them, when she did at last summon resolution, was particularly characteristic.

"In the morning," says she, "I had the honour of a conversation with the Queen, the most delightful on her part, I had ever yet been indulged with. It was all upon dress, and she said so nearly what I had just imputed to her in my little stanzas, that I could scarce refrain producing them; yet could not muster courage. She told me with the sweetest grace imaginable, how well she had liked at first her jewels and ornaments as Queen,—'But how soon,' cried she, 'was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week,—a fortnight, at most,—and to return no more! I thought, at first, I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them,—believe me, ma'am, in a fortnight's time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more!'

* * * * * *

Just as she was quitting her dressing-room, I got behind her and suddenly blurted out—

"'Your Majesty's goodness to me, ma'am, makes me venture to own that there is a command which I received some time ago, and which I have made some attempt to execute.'

"She turned round with great quickness,—'The great coat?' she cried, 'is it that?'

"I was glad to be so soon understood, and took it from my pocket book—but holding it a little back, as she offered to take it.

"'For your Majesty alone!' I cried; 'I must entreat that it may meet no other eyes, and I hope it will not be looked at when any one else is even in sight!'

"She gave me a ready promise, and took it with alacrity, and walked off with a vivacity that assured me she would not be very long before she examined it; though, when I added another little request, almost a condition that it might not be read till I was far away, she put it into her pocket unopened, and, wishing me a pleasant ride, and that I might find my father well, she proceed towards the breakfast parlour."

The following is a copy of the verses, and an account of the manner in which the Queen acknowledged them :—

THE GREAT COAT.

Thrice honour'd Robe! couldst thou espy
The form that deigns to show thy worth;
Hear the mild voice, view the arch eye,
That call thy panegyric forth;

Wouldst thou not swell with vain delight?
With proud expansion sail along?
And deem thyself more grand and brigh
Than aught that lives in ancient song?

Than Venus' cestus, Dian's crest,
Minerva's helmet, fierce and bold,
Or all of emblem gay that dress'd
Capricious goddesses of old?

Thee higher honours yet await:—
Haste, then, thy triumphs quick prepare,
Thy trophies spread in haughty state,
Sweep o'er the earth, and scoff the air

Ah no!—retract!—retreat!—oh stay!
Learn, wiser, whence so well thou'st sped;
She whose behest produced this lay
By no false colours is misled.

Suffice it for the buskin'd race
Plaudits by pomp and show to win;
Those seek simplicity and grace
Whose dignity is from within.

The cares or joys she soars above
That to the toilette's duties cleave;
Far other cares her bosom move,
Far other joys those cares relieve.

The garb of state she inly scorn'd,
Glad from its trappings to be freed,
She saw the humble, unadorn'd,
Quick of attire,—a child of speed.

Still, then, thrice honour'd Robe! retain
Thy modest guise, thy decent ease;
Nor let thy favour prove thy bane
By turning from its fostering breeze.

She views thee with a mental eye,
And from thee draws this moral end:—
Since hours are register'd on high,
The friend of Time is Virtue's friend.

"You may easily believe I did not approach the Queen that night with much of a sleepy composure. She inquired very sweetly after my little excursion, and was quite disappointed for me when she heard I had not seen my father; and all the Princesses, afterwards, as I chanced to be in their way, expressed their concern for me. When Mrs. Thielky left

the room, the Queen, with a smile very expressive, half arch, half ashamed, thanked me for the little poem, adding, 'indeed, it is very pretty---only---don't deserve it.'"

CHAPTER IX.

Application from the publishers of "Cecilia"—Letter from Mrs. Lemman to the authoress of "Cecilia"—A threatened attempt at Suicide—Dr. Burney at Court—His singular non-observance of Court etiquette—The King's good-humour—Visit to Dr. Herschel—Comment of the Princess Amelia upon Dr. Burney's looks—The New Year—West's picture of the Resurrection—The King's offering—The Bishop of Worcester—Visit from Mr. West—His enthusiasm—Dr. Burney's poem on the Queen's birthday—His daughter's mode of presenting it—The Ball—An unexpected dilemma—The young Clergyman and the chairman.

In December, 1786, Miss Burney was very much annoyed by an application from the publishers of "Cecilia." "I had a letter," she writes, "from Mr. Foss, the attorney, written in the name of Messrs. Cadell & Payne, to inform me that 'Cecilia' was then printing in Ireland or Scotland, I forget which, illegally; and that they desired me to sign a letter, which Mr. Foss enclosed, in which I threatened, jointly with these booksellers, to prosecute to the utmost extent of the law, any person or persons who should dare thus pirate my work.

"Equally astonished and dissatisfied at such a demand, I wrote for answer that I had wholly done with the book—that I would enter into no prosecution for any consideration—and that I wished them well through a business that was entirely their own.

"To this refusal succeeded fresh applications. I was made so uneasy that I confided in Mr. Smelt, and begged his counsel. He happened to be present when one of the letters came to me. He advised me

by no means to give way to a request so big with consequences which I could not foresee, and, since the property and the profits were now alike made over to them, to persevere in leaving to their own sole conduct so disagreeable a contest.

"I did very thankfully follow this advice; but they next had recourse to my father, and offered to indemnify me of all costs, if I would only give them my name and sanction.

"My name and sanction were just what I most wished to keep to myself; but so importunate they continued, that my father asked the opinion of Mr. Batt. He said he conceived that they had actually a claim to my concurrence in prosecuting any false editors. A softer paper was drawn up than the first, and, little as I liked it, I was obliged to sign myself, with the utmost reluctance, their assistant in the proceedings.

"I know not when I have been more astonished than in finding myself in a situation so unlike any in which I had ever meant to place myself. I have heard nothing of the matter since: I flatter myself, therefore, that this signature, fierce as it was constrained, has frightened those who have received, as much as it did her who writ it. Otherwise, to be involved in a prosecution,—a lawsuit!—I know few things indeed that could more heartily have disturbed me.

"A most troublesome letter, also, arrived to me from Ireland. A Mrs. Lemman wrote me her whole history, which was very lamentable, if true, but which concluded with requesting me to pay her debts, amounting to about thirty or forty pounds, and to put her and her family into some creditable way of business: otherwise, as I was now her sole resource, she must inevitably put an end to her existence.

"I wrote an immediate answer, to assure her I had no power to comply with her demand, and frankly to

own that if my power were greater, my claims nearer home must first be satisfied: I was sorry for a reliance so misplaced, but as we were wholly strangers to each other, I could never suppose myself a resource on which she had placed much dependence. And I concluded with a severe—I thought it right— reprehension of her threat, assuring her that I held such an action in too much horror to suffer it to move my compassion at the expense of my prudence, and, indeed, ability; and I strongly advised her to take an opposite method in the next plan she formed, than that of using a menace which must rob her of pity by provoking displeasure. To this I added such counsel as her letter enabled me to draw out for her, and sent it off.

"Soon after, came another letter from the same person. She told me she had just read 'Cecilia,' and was satisfied whoever could write it must save and deliver her; and she added that she was then compiling her own memoirs, and would mention it to the world, in the highest terms, all I would do for her.

"Simple artifice! to suppose flattery so grossly promised could so dearly be bought!—vexed was I, however, to have written at all to a person who then was in the act of committing to the press probably whatever she could gather. I made no further answer,—I only wish, now, I had a copy of what she has already. Doubtless her threat originated in a scheme like that she supposes in Mr. Harrel. She thought where Cecilia had been frightened, I also must give way. She forgot that she was no wife of my earliest friend, no guardian to myself, that I saw not the instrument of death in her hand, and that I possessed not three thousand pounds a year, from which to borrow her release."

The following extracts from Miss Burney's Diary contain an account of many interesting events of her court life.

"Friday, December 29th.—This day, by long arrangement, I expected to receive a visit from my father. He had engaged himself to me for three days, and was to reside at Mrs. Delany's.

"I acquainted the Queen with my hopes, which she heard with the most pleased and pleasing expression of approbation. She told them to the King, who inquired, with an air of real satisfaction in my happiness, when he would come?

"Afterwards, while the Queen was at her toilette, and asking me kind questions of my father and all the family, the King entered. He inquired if my father was arrived. I was delighted to see, by their natural behaviour, how right, as well as sweet, was this parental visit.

"Before this, however, she had desired that my father should dine with me; and then asked me to invite, also, Mlle. Montmoullin, because she was wanted early in the afternoon; and she condescended to add, 'I would not else have her with you to-day; but she will not stay long, and I hope it won't be troublesome to you.'

"At three o'clock our dearest Padre arrived—well, gay, and sweet---and we spent near two hours wholly alone, and truly happy.

"At dinner the party was enlarged by the presence of Mrs. Delany and Mr. Smelt; to these were added the lovely and lively Miss P——, the gentle Mlle. Montmoullin, and the friendly Miss Planta.

"My dear father was the principal object to all, and he seemed to enjoy himself, and to be enjoyed throughout.

"We returned to my own apartment to our coffee, and the two governess ladies retired; and then came the King for Mrs. Delany; and not for that solely, though ostensibly, for his behaviour to my father proved his desire to see and converse with him.

"He began immediately upon musical matters, and entered into a discourse upon them with the most animated wish of both hearing and communicating his sentiments; and my dear father was perfectly ready to meet his advances. No one, at all used to the court etiquettes, could have seen him without smiling; he was so totally unacquainted with the forms usually observed in the royal presence, and so regardless or thoughtless of acquiring them, that he moved, spoke, acted, and debated, precisely with the same ease and freedom that he would have used to any other gentleman whom he had accidently met.

"A certain flutter of spirits, which always accompanies these interviews, even with those who are the least awed by them, put my dear father off the guard which is the customary assistant upon these occasions, of watching what is done by those already initiated in those royal ceremonies: highly gratified by the openness and good humour of the King, he was all energy and spirit, and pursued every topic that was started, till he had satisfied himself upon it, and started every topic that occurred to him, whether the King was ready for another or not.

"While the rest, retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle, in which the King alone moves, this dear father came forward into it himself, and wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, followed the King when he moved away, and came forward to meet his steps when he moved back; and while the rest waited his immediate address ere they ventured to speak a word, he began and finished, sustained or dropped, renewed or declined, every theme that he pleased, without consulting any thing but his feelings and understanding.

"This vivacity and this nature evidently pleased the King, whose good sense instantly distinguishes what is unconscious from what is disrespectful; and

his stay in the room, which I believe was an hour, and the perfect good-humour with which he received as well as returned the sprightly and informal sallies of my father, were proofs the most convincing of his approbation.

"DECEMBER 30TH.—This morning my dear father carried me to Dr. Herschel. That great and extraordinary man received us with almost open arms. He is very fond of my father, who is one of the Council of the Royal Society this year, as well as himself, and he has much invited me when we have met at the Lodge or at Mr. De Luc's.

"At this time of day there was nothing to see but his instruments: those, however, are curiosities sufficient. His immense new telescope, the largest ever constructed, will still, I fear, require a year or two more for finishing, but I hope it will then reward his labour and ingenuity by the new views of the heavenly bodies, and their motions, which he flatters himself will be procured by it. Already, with that he has now in use, he has discovered fifteen hundred universes! How many more he can find, who can conjecture? The moon, too, which seems his favourite object, has already afforded him two volcanoes; and his own planet, the Georgium Sidus, has now shown two satellites. From such a man, what may not astronomy expect, when an instrument superior in magnitude to any ever yet made, and constructed wholly by himself or under his own eye, is the vehicle of his observation?

"I wished very much to have seen his sister, whose knowledge in his own science, is so extraordinary, and who herself was the first discoverer of the last comet; but she had been up all night, and was then in bed.

"Mr. Smelt joined us, by appointment; and the Bishop of Worcester came afterwards, with Dr. Douglas, to whom I was then introduced. He is the fa-

mous editor, who has published, and revised, and corrected so many works: among them, the last voyage round the world.

"By the invitation of Mr. Herschel, I now took a walk which will sound to you rather strange: it was through his telescope! and it held me quite upright, and without the least inconvenience; so would it have done had I been dressed in feathers and a bell hoop—such is its circumference. Mr. Smelt led the way, walking also upright; and my father followed. After we were gone, the Bishop and Dr. Douglas were tempted, for its oddity, to make the same promenade.

"Again my dear father, by the Queen's command, dined with me; and Mr. Smelt and Miss Planta met him. Mrs. Delany could not come till the afternoon.

"After coffee, the sweet Princess Amelia was brought by the King himself, to fetch Mrs. Delany. The King showed her to my father, who could not but most unaffectedly admire so lovely a child.

"Then sportively pointing to my father, the King whispered to her, 'Do you know who that is, Emily?'

"'No.'

"'Is it Miss Burney's papa?'

"'No!'

"'Why not? is he too young?'

"'Yes.'

"This mightily entertained the King, who repeated it to my father, as a great compliment to his youthful looks.

"The little Princess then, taking Miss Delany by the hand, pulled her on, to go to her mamma, saying, 'Come, Mrs. Delany, come to mamma; *take care* Mrs. Delany!—Papa, come and take care of Mrs. Delany down the steps!—Don't you come alone, Mrs. Delany!'

"The King, though I believe he had meant to stay

and converse again with my father, was too much of the father himself to resist this bewitching little claimant; and away they all went; though he turned round first, and in answer to her 'Take care of Mrs. Delany!' said, 'And who shall we leave to take care of Miss Burney?'

"'Why—*That!*' cried she, comically, and pointing to my father.

"When Mrs. Delany came back to take my father to her hospitable house, she whispered to me that she had been requesting the Queen to allow her a copy of the verses on a Great Coat; and the Queen had referred her to me; saying at the same time,—

"'I would give you them, and I would show and produce them often, and to many, but I cannot, because of what belongs to myself in them.'

"Very true, my conscious Queen! thought conscious F. B., for on that very reliance did I compose and present them.

"Monday, January 1st.—I opened the new year with what composure I could acquire. I considered it the first year of my being settled in a permanent situation, and made anew the best resolutions I was equal to forming, that I would do what I could to curb all spirit of repining, and to content myself calmly—unresistingly, at least—with my destiny.

"For this end I kept myself more than ever employed, not suffering a moment to be wasted by meditation, save what, perforce, was borrowed from my sleep. This measure, indeed, I had pursued from my first settlement, and without it I had never, I am sure, been able to support myself. Even with it, for what a length of time must I have appeared to the Queen (all ignorant of the state of my mind) cold, shy, and inaccesible!

* * * * * *

"Mr. Smelt and Mr. De Luc called only to make

their congratulations on the new; and then Miss P—— went with me to St. George's Chapel, which was this morning opened, with West's picture of the Resurrection, on Jarvis's painted glass. I have already said my say upon it, and can only add, that this solemn old chapel is extremely beautified ('a vile phrase!') by this superb window.

"The King was to make an offering, as Sovereign of the Garter. He was seated in the Dean of Windsor's stall, and the Queen sat by his side. The Princesses were in the opposite seats, and all of them at the end of the church.

"When the service was over, the offering ceremony began. The Dean and the Senior Canon went first to the communion table; the Dean then read aloud, 'Let your light so shine before men,' &c. The organ began a slow and solemn movement, and the King came down from his stall, and proceeded, with a grave and majestic walk, towards the communion table. When he had proceeded about the third of the way, he stopped and bowed low to the altar: then he moved on, and again, at an equal distance, stopped for the same formality, which was a third and last time repeated as he reached the steps of the altar. Then he made the offering, which, according to the order of the original institution, was ten pounds in gold and silver, and delivered in a purse: he then knelt down, and made a silent prayer, after which, in the same measured steps, he returned to his stall, when the whole ceremony concluded by another slow movement of the organ.

"The air of piety, and the unaffected grace and dignity, with which the King performed this rite, surprised and moved me; Mr Smelt, the most affectionate of his many loyal subjects, even shed tears from emotion, in looking at him in this serious office. The King, I am told, always acquits himself with true ma-

jesty, where he is necessarily to appear in state as a monarch.

"Tuesday, January 2d. The Bishop of Worcester made me a visit this morning whilst I was at breakfast, but damped the pleasure I received from his company, by telling me he came to take leave, as he returned to town at noon. There is no chance of his again visiting Windsor till this time twelvemonth, and I felt very sorry to lose sight of him for such a length of time. Piety and goodness are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, 'the Beauty of Holiness.' Indeed, in face, manner, demeanour, and conversation, he seems precisely what a bishop should be, and what would make a looker on, were he not a bishop, and a see vacant, call out, Take Mr. Hurd! that is the man!

"He had not long left me when another visitor came to take leave also,---Mr. West. He has done for the present with Windsor, but returns to his great work in the summer. We talked over, of course, his window: and he spoke of it in the highest terms of praise and admiration. Another man would be totally ridiculous who held such language about his own performances; but there is in Mr. West, a something of simplicity in manner, that makes his self-commendation seem the result rather of an unaffected mind than of a vain or proud one. It may sometimes excite a smile, but can never, I think, offend or disgust.

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"I go back to the 16th, when I went to town, accompanied only by Mr. De Luc. I saw my dear father the next morning, who gave me a poem on the Queen's birthday, to present. It was very pretty; but I felt very awkward in offering it to her, as it was from so near a relation, and without any particular reason or motive. Mr. Smelt came and stayed

with me almost all the morning, and soothed and solaced me by his charming converse. The rest of the day was devoted to milliners, mantua-makers, and such artificers, and you may easily conjecture how great must be my fatigue. Nevertheless, when in the midst of these wasteful toils, the Princess Augusta entered my room, and asked me, from the Queen, if I should wish to see the ball the next day. I preferred running the risk of that new fatigue, to declining an honour so offered: especially as the Princess Augusta was herself to open the ball.

"A chance question this night from the Queen, whom I now again attended as usual, fortunately relieved me from my embarrassment about the poem. She inquired of me if my father was still writing. 'A little,' I answered, and the next morning,

"THURSDAY, JANUARY 18TH, when the birthday was kept, I found her all sweetness and serenity; mumbled out my own little compliment, which she received as graciously as if she had understood and heard it; and then, when she was dressed, I followed her through the great rooms, to get rid of the wardrobe woman, and there taking the poem from my pocket, I said, 'I told your Majesty yesterday that my father had written *a little!*---and here---the little is!'

"She took it from me with a smile and courtsey, and I ran off. She never has named it since; but she has spoken of my father with much sweetness and complacency. The modest dignity of the Queen, upon all subjects of panegyric, is truly royal and noble.

I had now, a second time, the ceremony of being entirely new dressed. I then went to St. James's, where the Queen gave a very gracious approbation of my gewgaws, and called upon the King to bestow the same; which his constant good-humour makes a matter of great ease to him.

"The Queen's dress, being for her own birthday, was extremely simple, the style of dress considered. The King was quite superb, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth were ornamented with much brilliancy.

"Not only the Princess Royal was missed at this exhibition, but also the Prince of Wales. He wrote, however, his congratulations to the Queen, though the coldness then subsisting between him and his Majesty occasioned his absence from court. I fear it was severely felt by his Royal mother, though she appeared composed and content.

"The two Princesses spoke very kind words, also about my frippery on this festival; and Princess Augusta laid her positive commands upon me that I should change my gown before I went to the Lord Chamberlain's box, where only my head could be seen. The counsel proved as useful as the consideration was amiable.

"When the Queen was attired, the Duchess of Ancaster was admitted to the dressing-room, where she stayed, in conversation with their Majesties and the Princesses, till it was time to summon the bedchamber women. During this, I had the office of holding the Queen's train. I knew, for me, it was a great honour, yet, it made me feel, once more, so like a mute upon the stage, that I could scarce believe myself only performing my own real character.

"Mrs. Stainforth and I had some time to stand upon the stairs before the opening of the doors. We joined Mrs. Fielding and her daughters, and all entered together, but the crowd parted us; they all ran on, and got in as they could, and I remained alone at the door. They soon found me out, and made signs to me, which I saw not, and then they sent me messages that they had kept room for me just by them. I had received orders from the Queen to go out at

the end of the second country dance ; I thought, therefore, that as I now was seated by the door, I had better be content, and stay where I could make my exit in a moment, and without trouble or disturbance. A queer-looking old lady sat next me, and I spoke to her now and then, by way of seeming to belong to somebody. She did not appear to know whether it were advisable for her to answer me or not, seeing me alone, and with high head ornaments ; but as I had no plan but to save appearances to the surrounders, I was perfectly satisfied that my very concise propositions should meet with yet more laconic replies.

"Before we parted, however, finding me quiet and inoffensive, she became voluntarily sociable, and I felt so much at home by being still in a part of the palace, that I needed nothing further than just so much notice as not to seem an object to be avoided.

" The sight which called me to that spot perfectly answered all my expectations : the air, manner, and countenance of the Queen, as she goes round the circle, are truly graceful and engaging : I thought I could understand, by the motion of her lips, and the expression of her face, even at the height and distance of the Chamberlain's box, the gracious and pleasant speeches she made to all whom she approached. With my glass, you know, I can see just as other people see with the naked eye.

" The Princesses looked extremely lovely, and the whole court was in the utmost splendour.

" At the appointed moment I slipped through the door, leaving my old lady utterly astonished at my sudden departure, and I passed, alone and quietly, to Mr. Rhamus's apartment, which was appropriated for the company to wait in. Here I desired a servant I met with to call my man ; he was not to be found. I went down the stairs, and made them call

him aloud, by my name; all to no purpose. Then the chairmen were called, but also in vain!

"What to do I knew not; though I was still in a part of the palace, it was separated by many courts, avenues, passages, and alleys, from the Queen's or my own apartments; and though I had so lately passed them, I could not remember the way, nor at that late hour could I have walked, dressed as I then was, and the ground wet with recent rain, even if I had had a servant; I had therefore ordered the chair allotted me for these days; but chair and chairmen and footmen were alike out of the way.

"My fright lest the Queen should wait for me was very serious. I believe there are state apartments through which she passes, and therefore I had no chance to know when she retired from the ball-room. Yet could I not stir, and was forced to return to the room whence I came, in order to wait for John, that I might be out of the way of the cold winds which infested the hall.

"I now found a young clergyman, standing by the fire. I suppose my anxiety was visible, for he instantly inquired if he could assist me. I declined his offer, but walked up and down, making frequent questions about my chair and John.

"He then very civilly said, 'You seem distressed, ma'am; would you permit me the honour to see for your chair, or, if it is not come, as you seem hurried, would you trust me to see you home?'

"I thanked him, but could not accept his services. He was sorry, he said, that I refused him, but could not wonder, as he was a stranger. I made some apologizing answer, and remained in that unpleasant situation till, at length, a hackney-chair was procured me. My new acquaintance would take no denial to handing me to the chair. When I got in, I told the men to carry me to the palace.

"'We are there now! cried they; what part of the palace?'

"I was now in a distress the most extraordinary: I had always gone to my apartment in a chair, and had been carried by chairmen officially appointed; and, except that it was in St. James's Palace, I knew nothing of my situation.

"'Near the park,' I told them, and saw my new esquire look utterly amazed at me.

"'Ma'am,' said he, 'half the palace is in the park!'

"'I don't know how to direct,' cried I, in the greatest embarrassment, 'but it is somewhere between Pall Mall and the Park.'

"'I know where the lady lives well enough,' cried one of the chairmen, 'tis in St. James's Street.'

"'No, no,' cried I, 'tis in St. James's Palace.'

"'Up with the chair!' cried the other man, 'I know best—'tis in South Audley Street; I know the lady well enough.'

"Think what a situation at the moment! I found they had both been drinking the Queen's health till they knew not what they said, and could with difficulty stand. Yet they lifted me up, and though I called in the most terrible fright to be let out, they carried me down the steps.

"I now actually screamed for help, believing they would carry me off to South Audley Street; and now my good genius, who had waited patiently in the crowd, forcibly stopped the chairmen, who abused him violently, and opened the door himself, and I ran back into the hall.

"You may imagine how earnestly I returned my thanks for this most seasonable assistance, without which I should almost have died with terror, for where they might have taken or dropped me, or how or where left me, who could say?

"He begged me to go again up stairs, but my ap-

prehension about the Queen prevented me. I knew she was to have nobody but me, and that her jewels, though few, were to be intrusted back to the Queen's house to no other hands. I must, I said, go, be it in what manner it might. All I could devise was to summon Mr. Rhamus, the page. I had never seen him, but my attendance upon the Queen would be an apology for the application, and I determined to put myself under his immediate protection.

"Mr. Rhamus was nowhere to be found; he was already supposed to be gone to the Queen's house, to wait the arrival of his Majesty. This news redoubled my fear; and now my new acquaintance desired me to employ him in making inquiries for me as to the direction I wanted.

"It was almost ridiculous, in the midst of my distress, to be thus at a loss for an address to myself! I felt adverse to speaking my name amongst so many listeners, and only told him he would much oblige me by finding out a direction to Mrs. Haggerdorn's rooms.

"He went up stairs; and returning, said he could now direct the chairmen, if I did not fear trusting them.

"I did fear----I even shook with fear; yet my horror of disappointing the Queen upon such a night prevailed over all reluctance, and I ventured once more into the chair, thanking this excellent Samaritan, and begging him to give the direction very particularly.

"Imagine, however, my gratitude and my relief, when, instead of hearing the direction, I heard only these words, 'Follow me.' And then did this truly benevolent young man himself play the footman, in walking by the side of the chair till we came to an alley, where he bid them turn; but they answered him with an oath, and ran out with me, till the poles ran against a wall, for they had entered a passage in which there was no outlet!

"I would have fain got out, but they would not

hear me; they would only pull the chair back, and go on another way. But my guardian angel told them to follow him, or not, at their peril; and then walked before the chair.

"We next came to a court, where we were stopped by the sentinels. They said they had orders not to admit any hackney chairs. The chairmen vowed they would make way; I called out aloud to be set down; the sentinels said they would run their bayonets through the first man that attempted to dispute their orders. I then screamed out again to be set down, and my new and good friend peremptorily forced them to stop, and opening the door with violence, offered me his arm, saying, 'You had better trust yourself with me, ma'am!'

"Most thankfully I now accepted what so fruitlessly I had declined, and I held by his arm, and we walked on together—but neither of us knew whither, nor the right way from the wrong! It was really a terrible situation.

"The chairmen followed us, clamorous for money, and full of abuse. They demanded half a crown; my companion refused to listen to such an imposition; my shaking hand could find no purse, and I begged him to pay them what they asked, that they might leave us. He did; and when they were gone, I shook less, and was able to pay that one part of the debt I was now contracting.

"We wandered about, heaven knows where, in a way the most alarming and horrible to myself imaginable: for I never knew where I was—It was midnight. I concluded the Queen was waiting for me.—It was wet. My head was full dressed. I was under the care of a total stranger; and I knew not which side to take, wherever we came. Inquiries were vain. The sentinels alone were in sight, and they are so continually changed that they knew no more of Mrs. Haggerdorn than if she had never resided here.

"At length I spied a door open, and I begged to enter it at a venture, for information. Fortunately a person stood in the passage, who instantly spoke to me by name; I never heard that sound with more glee: to me he was a stranger, but I suppose he had seen me in some of the apartments. I begged him to direct me straight to the Queen's rooms: he did; and I then took leave of my most humane new friend, with a thousand acknowledgments for his benevolence and services.

"Was it not a strange business? I can never say what an agony of fright it cost me at the time, nor ever be sufficiently grateful for the kind assistance so providentially afforded me.

"I found myself just in time; and I desired immediately to speak with Mr. Nicolay, the page, of whom I requested a direction to my own rooms.'

CHAPTER XI.

Travelling to Windsor with Mr. Turbulent—Discussion—Religion and Morality—The Queen's opinion of Mr. Turbulent—The young Clergyman again—Josephus—Mr. Turbulent and the Princess Augusta—*La Coquette Corrigee*—The Queen studying Botany—The Drama of "Seduction"—An allusion in the epilogue to the Author of "Cecilia"—The King's enjoyment of Miss Burney's Confusion—Sympathy of the Princesses—Mrs. Piozzi's return to England.

"Saturday, Jan. 20th.—To-day began our short weekly visits for the winter to Windsor. I travelled with Mr. Turbulent, and with him only.

"The journey was rather awkward. To be three hours and a half tête-à-tête with a person so little known to me, and of whom I had been unable to form any precise opinion, while still in a feeble state of health, and still feebler of spirits, was by no means

desirable; and yet the less, as there was something in the uncertainty of my notions that led me to fear him, though I knew not exactly why.

"The conversation that ensued did not remove these difficulties: wholly brought on and supported by himself, the subjects were such as I at least wished to discuss with *him*—religion and morality.

"With respect to morality, his opinions seemed upon rather too large a scale for that perfect measurement which suited my more circumscribed ideas. Nothing faulty fell from him, but much was thrown out that, though not positively censurable, had far better never be uttered. He again revived the subject of Madame de Genlis; again I defended her, and again, while he palliated all the wrong with which he charged her, he chose to disbelieve the seriousness of my assertions in her favour. True, however, it is, I do believe her innocent of all crime but indiscretion, and of that I know not how to clear her, since to nothing softer can I attribute the grounds upon which so much calumny has been raised. I imagine her, and so I told him, to have fallen at an early and inexperienced period into designing and depraved hands, and not to have been able, from cruel and distressed circumstances, to give up the unworthy protection of a profligate patron, though her continuing under it has stained her fame for evermore! Perhaps her husband, himself worthless, would not permit her—perhaps she feared the future ruin of her two children—perhaps, in a country such as France, she did not, in that first youth, dare even to think of relinquishing the protection of a Prince of the blood. She was only fifteen when she was married—she told me that herself. How hard do I think her lot, to fall into the hands she must have ever despised, and so to be entangled in them as not to dare show to the world, in the only way the world would believe her, the abhor-

rence of her mind to the character of her patron, by quitting a roof under which she could not live without censure!

"The subject, however, was so nice, it was difficult to discuss, and I wished much to avoid it, since there was so much that I could not explain without apparent concessions against my own case, which he instantly seized, and treated as actual occurrences. He praised her as much as I praised her myself, and I found he admired her with as sincere a warmth: but though we agreed thus far, and yet farther, in thinking all that might be wrong in her was venial, we differed most essentially in our opinion of what that wrong might be. He thought her positively fallen, yet with circumstances claiming every indulgence. I thought her positively saved, yet with circumstances authorizing suspicion.

"I tried what was possible to fly from this disquisition, but I found I had one to deal with not easy to control. He kept it up, forcibly and steadily, till I was compelled to be silent to his assertions, from want of proof beyond opinion for answering them.

"He then proceeded to a general vindication of the victims to such sort of situations, in which I could by no means concur; but when I resisted, he startled me by naming as individuals amongst them some characters of whom I had conceived far superior notions. I heard him quite with grief, and I will not write their names. I cannot look upon him as a detractor, and I saw him by no means severe in his exactions from female virtue: I gave, therefore, and give, implicit credit to his information, though I gave not, and give not, any to his inferences and general comments.

"'Depend upon it,' said he, 'with whatever prejudice, and just prejudice, you may look upon these fallen characters at large, and considered in a class, you will generally find them, individually, amongst the

most amiable of your sex: I had almost said amongst the most virtuous; but amongst those who possess the greatest virtues, though not every virtue, undoubtedly. Their own sweetness and sensibility will generally have been the sole source of their misconduct.'

"I could neither agree nor dispute upon such a subject with such an antagonist, and I took my usual resource, of letting the argument die away for want of food with which to nourish it.

"I did not fare the better, however, by the next theme, to which the death of this led us: Religion.

"There is no topic in the world upon which I am so careful how I speak seriously as this. By 'seriously,' I do not mean gravely, but with earnestness; mischief here is so easily done, so difficultly reformed. I have made it, therefore, a rule through my life never to talk in detail upon religious opinions, but with those of whose principles I have the fullest conviction and highest respect. It is therefore very, very rarely I have ever entered upon the subject but with female friends or acquaintances, whose hearts I have well known, and who would be as unlikely to give as to receive any perplexity from the discourse. But with regard to men, I have known none with whom I have willingly conferred upon them, except Dr. Johnson, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Smelt, and one more.

"My companion was urgent to enter into a controversy which I was equally urgent to avoid; and I knew not whether most to admire or to dread the skill and capacity with which he pursued his purpose, in defiance of my constant retreat. When, in order to escape, I made only light and slight answers to his queries and remarks, he gravely said I led him into 'strange suspicions' concerning my religious tenets: and when I made to this some rallying reply, he solemnly declared he feared I was a 'mere philosopher' on these subjects, and totally incredulous with regard to all revealed religion.

"This was an attack which even in pleasantry I liked not, as the very words gave me a secret shock. I therefore then spoke to the point, and frankly told him that subjects which I held to be so sacred, I made it an invariable rule never to discuss in casual conversations.

"'And how, ma'am,' said he, suddenly assuming the authoritative seriousness of his professional character and dignity, 'and how, ma'am, can you better discuss matters of this solemn nature than now, with a man to whom their consideration particularly belongs?—with a clergyman?'

"True, thought I; but I must better be apprised of your principles, ere I trust you with debating mine! Yet ashamed to decline so serious a call, I could only make a general answer, that as I was very well satisfied at present, I did not wish to make myself unnecessary difficulties by any discussions whatsoever.

"'And why unnecessary, ma'am? Do you fear to sift your opinions?'

"'No—but I want them not to be sifted by others.'

"'And upon what principle do you decline to have them examined?'

"'Because I see not any good in such an examination to others; and for myself, I am clear and satisfied—and what should I aim at more?'

"'Upon what grounds are you satisfied, ma'am?'

"'Fairly afraid of him, and conscious that one serious answer would draw on as many more as he pleased, I honestly told him I must beg to decline at once a subject in which no good could accrue to him, and none that I knew was likely to accrue to myself.

"A little affronted, he somewhat haughtily said, 'You disdain then, ma'am, to enter into this topic with me?'

"'No, sir, not with you particularly; but I love not to talk upon controversial points with any body.'

"'Are you a Catholic, ma'am?'

"'No, indeed!'

"'If you take your religion upon faith, and without venturing at any investigation, what else can you call yourself?'

"Again I made what slight answers I could suggest, struggling with all my might to fly from the theme entirely; and when at last I fairly assumed courage to declare I would say no more upon it, he raised his hands and eyes, and with an air of being greatly consternated, protested—

"'By all, then, that I can gather, I see and can infer but one of these two things—either that you are a Roman Catholic, or an *esprit fort!*'

"Even this, however, would not provoke me to the controversy—though it provoked me with the logician, I frankly confess; and nothing but predetermined steadiness upon this point could have guarded me, in such an attack, from any intricacy or labyrinth into which he might have amused himself by leading me.

"These were the principal features of our *tete-a-tete*, which left me as unsettled as ever in my notions of my companions.

"When, afterwards, I attended the Queen, she inquired of me particularly how the journey had passed, and if it was not very pleasant? I made some short and general answer; and she cried 'Did you read? Did Mr. Turbulent read to you?'

"'No, ma'am, we had no provision of that sort; I heartily wish I had thought of it; I should have liked it exceedingly.'

"'But surely you do not like reading better than conversation!'

"'No, ma'am—not better than some conversation.'

"'Surely not better than Mr. Turbulent's? Nobody converses better than Mr. Turbulent; nobody has more

general knowledge, nor a more pleasing and easy way of communicating it.

"Fearing to do mischief, I assented—but faintly, however, for indeed he had perplexed far more than he had pleased me. The Queen again made his panegyric, and in very warm terms, and seemed quite disappointed at the coldness of my concurrence.

"Good there must be, I was sure, in a man so honoured, who for many years has been tried in his present trying situation, of teacher to the elder Princesses, and occasionally to her Majesty herself. I resolved, therefore, to suspend the judgment which was inclining on the evil side, and to wait undecided till further opportunity gave me fairer reason for fixing my opinions.

"JANUARY 23D. A singular circumstance happened this evening, and one which I am sure will please you both to hear. While I was in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, with only Mrs. Planta and herself, Mr. Griffith was announced, and who should I see enter but the very clergyman to whom I had been so much obliged on the birthnight!

"I started, and so did he, and he could not make his bow to Mrs. Schwellenberg, till he received my compliments of thanks for his good offices, and of pleasure in this opportunity to make them to him.

The accident that brought him here will, I hope, turn out to his advantage. He has a sister in the household, as laundress to the Princesses; and she is a great favourite with Mrs. Schwellenberg. This brother has some small living, but greatly requires something more; and he came to-night to read to Mrs. Schwellenberg, that she might make some report of him,---to whom or how I know not, but surely my best wishes must accompany him. He had not at all, he said, known me, till he went up stairs to inquire Mrs. Haggerdorn's direction, and then he heard my own name, which had much surprised him.

"Mrs. Schwellenberg speedily desired him to read; and had a standing desk procured him, such as is used by the readers to the Queen, who are not, of course, allowed to sit down.

"'What book is it to be, ma'am,' cried he, 'something interesting, I hope!'

"'No,' cried she, 'I won't have nothing what you call novels, what you call romances, what you call histories---I might not read such what you call stuff, ---not I!'

"The good Mrs. Planta, who is an excellent old woman, a Swiss or Italian by birth, and cheerful, gay, social, and good humoured, evidently feared I should look upon this speech as a personal reflection; and therefore, to soften it, said 'O Miss Burney! what a pretty book you write! I cry it! I cry just like littel baby!---and then I laugh so!---O you would think me mad, for an old woman to laugh so!'

"I tried to stop her, but Mr. Griffith seized the moment to exclaim, 'How little did I think, the other night, that the lady I had the honour to attend to her chair was the Miss Burney from whom I had received such pleasure!'

"I begged him to read, and the book was brought: it was Josephus, which is the only book in favour at present, and serves for all occasions, and is quoted to solve all difficulties.

* * * * *

"March 1st.---With all the various humours in which I had seen Mr. Turbulent, he gave me this evening a surprise, by his conduct to one of the Princesses, nearly the same that I had experienced from him myself. The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While speaking to me, he stood behind and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, '*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*' And then, seeing her blush

extremely, he clasped his hands in high pretended confusion, and hiding his head, called out '*Que ferai je?* The Princess has heard me!'

"'Pray, Mr. Turbulent,' cried she, hastily, 'what play are you to read to-night?'

"'You shall choose, ma'am; either *La Coquette Corrigée* or---[he named another I have forgotten.]

"'O no!' cried she, 'that last is shocking! don't let me hear that!'

"'I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette? La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?'

"'No, I am sure I did not say that.'

"'Yes, ma'am, by implication. And certainly, therefore, I will read it to please your Royal Highness!'

"'No, pray don't; for I like none of them!'

"'None of them, ma'am?'

"'No, none;---no *French plays* at all!'

"And away she was running, with a droll air, that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him.

"'This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain!' cried he, gliding adroitly between the Princess and the door, and shutting it with his back.

"'No, no, I can't explain it; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door.'

"'Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleared upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling!'

"She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly.

"But he would hear her no more than he has heard me, protesting he was too much shocked for her to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit!

"He conquered at last, and thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, 'Well---if I must, then, I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays, that they are all so like

one to another, that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?'

"'Pray, then, madam,' cried he, 'if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *National* plays have the honour of your preference?'

"I saw he meant something that she understood better than me, for she blushed again, and called out 'Pray open the door at once! I can stay no longer; do let me go, Mr. Turbulent.

"'Not till you have answered that question ma'am! what *Country* has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?'

"'Miss Burney,' cried she impatiently, yet laughing, 'pray do you take him away!—Pull him!'

"He bowed to me very politely for the office; but I frankly answered her, 'Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him! I cannot manage him at all.'

"'The *Country!* the *Country!* Princess Augusta! name the happy *Country!*' was all that she could gain.

"'*Order* him away, Miss Burney,' cried she: 'tis your room: order him away from the door.'

"'Name it, ma'am, name it!' exclaimed he; 'name but the *chosen nation!*'

"And then, fixing her with the most provoking eyes, '*Est-ce la Danemarc?*' he cried.

"She coloured violently, and quite angry with him, called out, 'Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool?'

"And now I found . . . the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning and in her understanding!

"He bowed to the ground in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added, with pretended submission to her will, 'Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les comédies Danoises.*'

"'Do let me go!' cried she seriously; and then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying,

'Very well, ma'am, *La Coquette*, then? your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette Corrigée?*'

"'*Corrigée?* That never was done!' cried she, with all her sweet good humour, the moment she got out and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments.

"What say you to Mr. Turbulent now?

"For my part I was greatly surprised. I had not imagined any man, but the King or Prince of Wales, had ever ventured at a *badinage* of this sort with any of the Princesses; nor do I suppose any other man ever did. Mr. Turbulent is so great a favorite with all the Royal Family, that he safely ventures upon whatever he pleases, and doubtless they find, in his courage and his rhodomontading, a novelty extremely amusing to them, or they would not fail to bring about a change.

"For myself, I own, when I perceived in him this mode of conduct with the Princesses, I saw his flights, and his rattling, and his heroics, in a light of mere innocent play, from exuberance of high spirits; and I looked upon them, and upon him, in a fairer light.

"TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH.—I spent almost all this morning with Her Majesty, hearing her botanical lesson, and afterwards looking over some prints of Herculaneum, till the Princess Augusta brought a paper, and a message from Mr. Turbulent, with his humble request to explain it himself to Her Majesty: it was something he had been ordered to translate.

"O yes!' cried the Queen readily, 'let him come; I am always glad to see him.'

"He came immediately; and most glad was I when dismissed to make way for him: for he practices a thousand mischievous tricks, to confuse me, in the Royal presence; most particularly by certain signs which he knows I comprehend, made by his eyebrows; for he is continually assuring me he always

discovers my thoughts and opinions by the motion of mine, which it is his most favourite gambol to pretend constantly to examine, as well as his first theme of gallantry to compliment, though in a style too highflown and rhodomontading to be really embarrassing, or seriously offensive. Nevertheless, in the Royal presence, my terror lest he should be observed, and any questions should be asked of the meaning of his signs and tokens, makes it seriously disagreeable to me to continue there a moment when he is in the room."

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"And now for a few general anecdotes that belong to this month.

"I had the pleasure of two or three visits from Mr. Bryant, whose loyal regard for the King and Queen makes him eagerly accept every invitation, from the hope of seeing them in my room; and one of the days they both came in to speak to him, and were accompanied by the two eldest Princesses, who stood chatting with me by the door the whole time, and saying comical things upon royal personages in tragedies, particularly Princess Augusta, who has a great deal of sport in her disposition. She very gravely asserted she thought *some of those princes* on the stage looked really quite as well as some she knew off it.

"Once about this time I went to a play myself, which surely I may live long enough and never forget. It was 'Seduction,' a very clever piece, but containing a dreadful picture of vice and dissipation in high life, written by Mr. Miles Andrews, with an epilogue—O, such an epilogue; I was listening to it with uncommon attention, from a compliment paid in it to Mrs. Montague, among other female writers; but imagine what became of my attention when I suddenly was struck with these lines, or something like them:—

'Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
Whose every passion yields to Reason's laws.'

"To hear, wholly unprepared and unsuspicious, such Lines in a Theatre—seated in a Royal Box—and with the Royal Family and their suite immediately opposite me—was it not a singular circumstance? To describe my embarrassment would be impossible. My whole head was leaning forward, with my opera-glass in my hand, examining Miss Farren, who spoke the epilogue. Instantly I shrunk back, so astonished and so ashamed of my public situation, that I was almost ready to take to my heels and run, for it seemed as if I were there purposely in that conspicuous place—

'To list attentive to my own applause.'

"The King immediately raised his opera-glass to look at me, laughing heartily—the Queen's presently took the same direction—all the Princesses looked up, and all the attendants, and all the maids of honour!

"I protest I was never more at a loss what to do with myself: nobody was in the front row with me but Miss Goldsworthy, who instantly seeing how I was disconcerted, prudently and good-naturedly forbore taking any notice of me. I sat as far back as I could, and kept my fan against the exposed profile for the rest of the night, never once leaning forward, nor using my glass.

"None of the Royal Family spoke to me upon this matter till a few days after; but I heard from Mrs. Delany they had all declared themselves sorry for the confusion it had caused me. And some time after, the Queen could not forbear saying, 'I hope, Miss Burney, you minded the epilogue the other night?'

"And the King, very comically, said, 'I took a peep at you!—I could not help that. I wanted to see

how you looked when your father first discovered your writing—and now I think I know!'

"The Princesses all said something, and the kind Princess Elizabeth, in particular, declared she had pitied me with all her heart, in being so situated when such a compliment was made.

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"But what was most interesting, and, alas! most melancholy to me in this month, was news of the return of Mrs. Piozzi to England! I heard it first from Mr. Stanhope, but my dear Fredy will have told all that also, since she spent with me the same evening."

CHAPTER XII.

A visit from Dr. Beattie—Return of the Duke of York—Joy of the Royal Family—Mrs. Siddons engaged to read a play at the Palace—Miss Burney her entertainer—Her Opinion of Mrs. Siddons—Visit to Dr. Herschel—His sister—Her character and appearance—Their mode of working together—The Telescope.

Miss Burney gives the following description of Dr. Beattie, who had requested Mrs. Delany to procure him an interview with her.

"I kept my appointment with Dr. Beattie, and was much gratified by so doing. I found him pleasant, unaffected, unassuming, and full of conversable intelligence; with a round, thick, clunch figure, that promises nothing either of his works or his discourse; yet his eye, at intervals, and when something breaks from him pointed and sudden, shoots forth a ray of genius that instantly lights up his whole countenance. His voice and his manners are particularly and pleasingly mild, and seem to announce an urbanity of character both inviting and edifying.

"My very high admiration of his two principal productions, 'The Minstrel' and the 'Immutability of Truth,' made it a real satisfaction to me to see their author; and finding him such as I have described, I felt a desire to be acquainted with him that made me regret my little likelihood of meeting with him again."

The next day they again met, and the learned Doctor, made, if possible, even a more agreeable impression on Miss Burney than he had done before. In the course of the evening Mrs. Delany chanced to be called out of the room, and Dr. Beattie in a low voice but looking another way, very gently said—"I must now, madam, seize an opportunity for which I have long wished, to tell you of the equal amazement and pleasure I have received from you." This remark was followed by warm eulogiums upon Miss Burney's productions and many flattering acknowledgements of the pleasure he had derived from their perusal.

The ensuing extracts from Miss Burney's Diary of this year are not without interest.

"THURSDAY, AUGUST 2ND.—To-day, after a seven years' absence, arrived the Duke of York. I saw him alight from his carriage, with an eagerness, a vivacity, that assured me of the affectionate joy with which he returned to his country and family. But the joy of his excellent father?—O that there is no describing! It was the glee of the first youth—nay, of ardent and innocent infancy,—so pure it seemed, so warm, so open, so unmixed!

"Softer joy was the Queen's—mild, equal, and touching; while all the Princesses were in one universal rapture.

"It was a happy day throughout: no one could forbear the strongest hopes that the long-earned, long-due recompense of paternal kindness and goodness was now to be amply paid.

"To have the pleasure of seeing the Royal Family in this happy assemblage, I accompanied Miss P—— on the Terrace. It was indeed an affecting sight to view the general content; but that of the King went to my very heart, so delighted he looked---so proud of his son---so benevolently pleased that every one should witness his satisfaction.

"The Terrace was very full; all Windsor and its neighbourhood poured in upon it, to see the Prince, whose whole demeanour seemed promising to merit his flattering reception; gay, yet grateful---modest, yet unembarrassed.

"WEDNESDAY, 15TH.---I shall now have an adventure to relate that will much---and not disagreeably surprise both my dear readers.

"Mrs. Schwellenberg's illness occasioned my attending the Queen alone; and when my official business was ended, she graciously detained me, to read to me a new paper, called 'Olla Podrida,' which is now publishing periodically. Nothing very bright---nothing very deficient.

"In the afternoon, while I was drinking coffee with Mrs. Schwellenberg,---or, rather, looking at it, since I rarely swallow any,---her Majesty came into the room, and soon after a little German discourse with Mrs. Schwellenberg told me Mrs. Siddons had been ordered to the Lodge, to read a play, and desired I would receive her in my room.

"I felt a little queer in the office; I had only seen her twice or thrice, in large assemblies, at Miss Monckton's, and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and never had been introduced to her, nor spoken with her. However, in this dead and tame life I now lead, such an interview was by no means undesirable.

"I had just got to the bottom of the stairs, when she entered the passage gallery. I took her into the tea-room, and endeavoured to make amends for for-

mer distance and taciturnity, by an open and cheerful reception. I had heard from sundry people (in old days) that she wished to make the acquaintance; but I thought it, then, one of too conspicuous a sort for the quietness I had so much difficulty to preserve in my ever-increasing connexions. Here all was changed; I received her by the Queen's commands, and was perfectly well inclined to reap some pleasure from the meeting.

"But, now that we came so near, I was much disappointed in my expectations. I know not if my dear Fredy has met with her in private, but I fancy approximation is not highly in her favour. I found her the heroine of a tragedy, sublime, elevated, and solemn. In face and person, truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same.

"Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed.

"She was scarcely seated, and a little general discourse begun, before she told me—all at once—that 'There was no part she had ever so much wished to act as that of Cecilia.'

"I made some little acknowledgment, and hurried to ask when she had seen Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and others with whom I knew her acquainted.

"The play she was to read was 'The Provoked Husband.' She appeared neither alarmed nor elated by her summons, but calmly to look upon it as a thing of course, from her celebrity." * * * * * *

"SEPTEMBER.—My memorandums of this month are so scanty, that I shall not give them in their regular dates.

"To me the month must needs be sweet that brought to me friends dearest to my heart; and here again let me thank them for the reviving week bestowed upon me from the 10th to the 17th.

"On the evening they left me, my kind Mrs. Delany carried me to Dr. Herschel's. Madame la Fite said, afterwards, that, nothing remaining upon earth good enough to console me for *les* Lockes and Mrs. Phillips, I was fain to travel to the moon for comfort. I think it was very well said.

"And, indeed, I really found myself much pleased with the little excursion. Dr. Herschel is a delightful man; so unassuming, with his great knowledge, so willing to dispense it to the ignorant, and so cheerful and easy in his general manners, that were he no genius it would be impossible not to remark him as a pleasing and sensible man.

"I was equally pleased with his sister, whom I had wished to see very much, for her great celebrity in her brother's science. She is very little, very gentle, very modest, and very ingenuous; and her manners are those of a person unhackneyed and unawed by the world, yet desirous to meet and to return its smiles. I love not the philosophy that braves it. This brother and sister seem gratified with its favour, at the same time that their own pursuit is all-sufficient to them without it.

"I inquired of Miss Herschel if she was still comet-hunting, or content now with the moon? The brother answered that he had the charge of the moon, but he left to his sister to sweep the heavens for comets.

"Their manner of working together is most ingenious and curious. While he makes his observations without-doors, he has a method of communicating them to his sister so immediately, that she can instantly commit them to paper, with the precise moment in which they are made. By this means he loses not a minute, when there is any thing particularly worth observing, by writing it down, but can still proceed, yet still have his accounts and calculations exact. The methods he has contrived to facilitate this commerce I have not the terms to explain, though his simple manner of showing them made me fully, at the time, comprehend them.

"The night, unfortunately, was dark, and I could not see the moon with the famous new telescope. I mean not the great telescope through which I had taken a walk, for that is still incomplete, but another of uncommon powers. I saw Saturn, however, and his satelites, very distinctly, and their appearance was very beautiful.

CHAPTER XIII.

An eventful year—Death of Mrs. Delany—Her last words—Mrs Delany's niece—Trial of Hasting's—Decline of the King's health—Alarm of the Royal Family—Insanity of the King—Scene at Dinner—Confusion and Dismay of the Household—Desolate condition of the Queen.

The year 1778 was an eventful one for Miss Burney. "I began it," she writes, "as I ended the old one, by seizing the first moment it presented to my

own disposal, for flying to Mrs. Delany, and begging her annual benediction. She bestowed it with the sweetest affection, and I spent, as usual, all the time with her which I had to spare."

Four months afterwards Miss Burney had the misfortune to lose this revered friend, whom she styles "the most perfect of women." Miss Burney stood beside her couch a few moments before her death and heard the last words she uttered. She was resigned and cheerful to the last. She placed one hand in Miss Burney's and the other in that of her niece, after she could no longer see them, and in a holy voice blessed them both. They kissed her, and she smiled and said, "*Now I will go to sleep.*" These were her last words.

Shortly before her death, she told one of her friends that it was the presence, care, and affection of Miss Burney that had soothed her latter days.

Miss Burney looked upon her death as one of the most grievous afflictions with which she had ever been visited. She thus mentions Miss P—— the niece of her old friend, whose sorrow was even greater than her own.—"Poor, sweet, unfortunate girl! What deluges of tears did she shed over me! I promised her in that solemn moment my eternal regard, and she accepted this, my first protestation of any kind made to her, as some solace to her sufferings. Sacred shall I hold it! —sacred to my last hour. I believe, indeed, that angelic being had no other wish equally fervent."

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"I saw my poor lovely Miss P—— twice in every day, when in town, till after the last holy rites had been performed. I had no peace away from her. I thought myself fulfilling a wish of that sweet departed saint, in consigning all the time I had at my own disposal to solacing and advising with her beloved niece, who received this little offering with a sweetness that once again entwined her around my heart."

Shortly before Mrs. Delany's death, Miss Burney was informed that Mrs. Piozzi was publishing a memoir of Dr. Johnson, containing his letters to herself. In these letters Miss Burney was well aware that her own name was frequently mentioned, and this new publicity gave her great uneasiness. As soon as the work appeared, it was read by her Majesty, and lent to Miss Burney, whose fears were quieted as soon as she found that her name was not mentioned in an unpleasant manner. During the spring of this year, all London was thrown into a state of excitement by the trial of Hastings. Miss Burney regularly attended court during the trial, but not merely from her interest in the prisoner, or to hear the eloquent speeches of Pitt and Fox, but because the Queen preferred her accounts of the trial to those of any other person.

In the month of September and October, the King's health gradually declined, and the Royal family and court were alternately alarmed and rejoiced by accounts of his Majesty's illnesss and convalescence. In November, the dreadful nature of his illness became apparent. Miss Burney's journal becomes more thrillingly interesting at this time than during any previous period. From the extracts which we give, the reader can form a more correct idea of her excellence, loveliness, and strength of character, as well as her devotion to the Royal family, than by any other description however faithful and graphic.

"Wednesday, November 5th. O dreadful day! My very heart has so sickened in looking over my memorandums, that I was forced to go to other employments. I will not however omit its narration. —It is too interesting ever to escape my memory, and my dear friends have never yet had the beginning of the thread which led to all the terrible scenes of which they have variously heard.

"I found my poor royal mistress in the morning sad

and sadder still; something horrible seemed impending, and I saw her whole resource was in religion. We had talked lately much upon solemn subjects, and she appeared already preparing herself to be resigned to whatever might happen.

"I was still wholly unsuspicious of the greatness of the cause she had for dread. Illness, a breaking up of the constitution, the payment of sudden infirmity and premature old age, for the waste of unguarded health and strength—these seemed to me the threats awaiting her; and great and grievous enough, yet how short of the fact.

"I had given up my walks some days; I was too uneasy to quit the house while the Queen remained at home, and she now never left it.

"At noon the King went in his chaise with the Princess Royal for an airing. I looked from my window to see him; he was all smiling benignity; but gave so many orders to the postillions, and got in and out of the carriage twice with such agitation, that again my fear of a great fever hanging over him grew more and more powerful. Alas! how little did I imagine I should see him no more, for so long—so black a period!

"When I went to my Queen, still worse and worse I found her spirits.

* * * * * * * *

"The Princess Royal soon returned. She came in cheerfully, and gave in German a history of the airing, and one that seemed comforting.

"Soon after, suddenly arrived the Prince of Wales. He came into the room. He had just quitted Brighthelmstone? Something passing within seemed to render this meeting awfully distant on both sides. She asked if he should not return to Brighthelmstone? He answered yes, the next day. He desired to speak with her, they retired together. * * *

"Meanwhile, a stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house. Nobody stirred; not a voice was heard; not a step, not a motion. I could do nothing but watch, without knowing for what: there seemed a strangeness in the house most extraordinary.

"At seven o'clock Columb came to tell me that the music was all forbid, and the musicians ordered away!

"This was the last step to be expected, so fond as his Majesty is of his concert, and I thought it might have rather soothed him: I could not understand the prohibition; all seemed stranger and stranger.

"At eight o'clock, Madame la Fite came. She had just left the Princess Elizabeth, and left her very miserable, but knew not why. The Queen, too, she said, was ill. She was herself in the dark, or thought it necessary to seem so.

"Very late came General Bude. He looked extremely uncomfortable. I could have made enquiries of him with ease, as to the order about the court; but he loves not to open before poor Madame la Fite.

"Later still came Colonel Goldsworthy. Last of all Mr. Fairly. Various small speeches now dropped, by which I found the house was all in disturbance, and the King in some strange way worse, and the Queen taken ill!

"At length General Bude said he would go and see if any one was in the music room. Mr. Fairly said he thought he had better not accompany him, for as he had not yet been seen, his appearance might excite fresh emotion. The General agreed and went.

"We were now alone. But I could not speak; neither did Mr. Fairly; I worked—I had begun a hassock for my Fredy. A long and serious pause made me almost turn sick with anxious wonder and fear; an inward trembling totally disabled me from asking the actual situation of things; if I had not had

my work, to employ my eyes and hands, I must have left the room to quiet myself.

"I fancy he penetrated into all this, though at first, he had concluded me informed of everything; but he now, finding me silent, began an inquiry whether I was yet acquainted how bad all was become, and how ill the King?

"I really had no utterance for very alarm, but my look was probably sufficient: he kindly saved me any questions, and related to me the whole of the mysterious horror!

"O my dear friends, what a history! The King at dinner had broken forth with positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears. No one knew what was to follow—no one could conjecture the event.

"He spoke of the poor Queen in terms of the most tender compassion; he pitied her, he said, from the bottom of his soul; and all her sweet daughters—the lovely Princesses---there was no knowing to what we might look forward for them all!

"I was an almost silent listener; but having expressed himself very warmly for all the principal sufferers, he kindly and with interest examined me. 'How,' he cried, 'are you?' Are you strong? Are you stout? Can you go through such scenes as these? you do not look much fitted for them?'

"'I shall do very well;' I replied, 'for, at such a time as this I shall surely forget myself utterly. The Queen will be all to me, I shall hardly, I think, feel myself at liberty to be unhappy.'

"He stayed with me all the evening, during which we heard no voice, no sound! all was deadly still. At ten o'clock I said, 'I must go to my own room to be in waiting?

"If this beginning of the night was affecting, what did it not grow afterwards! Two long hours I waited alone—in silence—in ignorance—in dread!

"I thought they would never be over; at twelve o'clock I seemed to have spent two whole days in waiting. I then opened my door to listen in the passage, if anything seemed stirring. Not a sound could I hear. My apartment seemed wholly separated from life and motion. Whoever was in the house kept at the other end, and not even a servant crossed the stairs or passage by my rooms.

"I would fain have crept on myself, anywhere in the world, for some inquiry; or to see but a face, or hear a voice, but did not dare risk losing a sudden summons.

"I re-entered my room and there passed another endless hour in conjectures too horrible to relate.

"A little after one, I heard a step—my door opened, and a page said I must come to the Queen.

"I could hardly get along—hardly force myself into the room; dizzy I felt, almost to falling. But, the first shock passed, I became more collected. Useful, indeed, proved the previous lesson of the evening; it had stilled if not fortified my mind, which had else, in a scene like this, been all tumult and emotion.

"My poor Royal Mistress! never can I forget her countenance—pale, ghastly pale she looked; she was seated to be undressed, and attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldworthy; her whole frame was disordered, yet she was still and quiet.

"These two ladies assisted me to undress her, or rather I assisted them, for they were firmer, from being longer present; my shaking hands and blinded eyes could scarce be of any use.

"I gave her some camphor julep, which had been

ordered her by Sir George Baker. 'How cold I am!' she cried, and put her hand on mine—marble it felt! and went to my heart's core!

"The King, at the instance of Sir George Baker, had consented to sleep in the next apartment, as the Queen was ill. For himself, he would listen to nothing. Accordingly a bed was put up for him, by his own order, in the Queen's second dressing room, immediately adjoining to the bed-room. He would not be further removed. Miss Goldsworthy was to sit up with her by the King's direction.

"I would fain have remained in the little dressing room, on the other side of the bed-room, but she would not permit it. She ordered Sandys, her wardrobe-woman, in the place of Mrs. Thielky, to sit up there."

END OF VOL. I.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA," "CECILIA," ETC.

COMPILED FROM

HER VOLUMINOUS DIARIES AND LETTERS,

AND FROM OTHER SOURCES.

BY MRS. HELEN BERKELEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNE HUNTER," ETC.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

CHAPTER I.

Conduct of the Queen—Scene with the King in the Queen's Apartment—Piety of the Queen—Dr. Warren sent for—Arrival of the Prince of Wales—New mode of life at Windsor, consequent on the King's illness—A melancholy Birthday—The Prince assumes the government of the Palace.

"THURSDAY, NOV. 6TH.—I rose at six, dressed in haste by candle-light, and unable to wait for my summons in a suspense so awful, I stole along the passage in the dark, a thick fog intercepting all faint light, to see if I could meet with Sandys, or any one, to tell me how the night had passed.

"When I came to the little dressing-room, I stopped, irresolute what to do.

"I heard men's voices: I was seized with the most cruel alarm at such a sound in her Majesty's dressing-room. I waited some time, and then the door opened, and I saw Colonel Goldsworthy and Mr. Batterscomb. I was relieved from my first apprehension, yet shocked enough to see them there at this early hour. They had both sat up there all night, as well as Sandys. Every page, both of the King and Queen, had also sat up, dispersed in the passages and anterooms! and O what horror in every face I met!

"I waited here amongst them till Sandys was ordered by the Queen to carry her a pair of gloves. I could not resist the opportunity to venture myself before her. I glided into the room, but stopped at the door: she was in bed, sitting up; Miss Goldsworthy was on a stool by her side!

"I feared approaching without permission, yet could not prevail with myself to retreat. She was looking down, and did not see me. Miss Goldsworthy, turning round, said, 'Tis Miss Burney, ma'am.'

"She leaned her head forward, and in a most soft manner, said, 'Miss Burney, how are you?'

"Deeply affected, I hastened up to her, but, in trying to speak, burst into an irresistible torrent of tears.

"My dearest friends, I do it at this moment again, and can hardly write for them: yet I wish you all to know this piercing history right.

"She looked like death—colourless and wan; but nature is infectious; the tears gushed from her own eyes, and a perfect agony of weeping ensued, which, once begun, she could not stop; she did not, indeed, try; for when it subsided, and she wiped her eyes, she said, 'I thank you, Miss Burney—you have made me cry—it is a great relief to me—I had not been able to cry before, all this night long.'

"O what a scene followed! what a scene was related! The King, in the middle of the night, had insisted upon seeing if his Queen was not removed from the house; and he had come into her room, with a candle in his hand, opened the bed-curtains, and satisfied himself she was there, and Miss Goldsworthy by her side. This observance of his directions had much soothed him; but he stayed a full half hour, and the depth of terror during that time no words can paint. The fear of such another entrance was now so strongly upon the nerves of the poor Queen, that she could hardly support herself.

"The King—the Royal sufferer—was still in the next room, attended by Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden, and his pages, with Colonel Goldsworthy occasionally, and as he called for him. He kept talking unceasingly; his voice was so lost in hoarseness and weakness, it was rendered almost inarticulate; but its tone was still all benevolence—all kindness—all touching graciousness.

"It was thought advisable the Queen should not rise, lest the King should be offended that she did not go to him; at present he was content, because he conceived her to be nursing for her illness.

"But what a situation for her! She would not let me leave her now; she made me remain in the room, and ordered me to sit down. I was too trembling to refuse. Lady Elizabeth soon joined us. We all three stayed with her; she frequently bade me listen, to hear what the King was saying or doing. I did, and carried the best accounts I could manage, without deviating from truth, except by some omissions. Nothing could be so afflicting as this task; even now, it brings fresh to my ear his poor exhausted voice. 'I am nervous,' he cried; 'I am not ill, but I am nervous: if you would know what is the matter with me, I am nervous. But I love you both very well, if you would tell me truth: I love Dr. Heberden best, for he has not told me a lie: Sir George has told me a lie—a white lie, he says, but I hate a white lie! If you will tell me a lie, let it be a black lie!'

"This was what he kept saying almost constantly, mixed in with other matter, but always returning, and in a voice that truly will never cease vibrating in my recollection.

"The Queen permitted me to make her breakfast, and attend her, and was so affectingly kind and gentle in her distress, that I felt a tenderness of sorrow for her that almost devoted my whole mind to her alone!

"Miss Goldsworthy was a fixture at her side; I therefore provided her breakfast also.

"Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries of Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Batterscomb, and the pages, every ten minutes: while I, at the same intervals, was ordered to listen to what passed in the room, and give warning if anything seemed to threaten another entrance.

"The behaviour of Lady Elizabeth was a pattern of propriety for her situation. She was quiet, gentle, serene, full of respect and attention, and kind concern.

"She got some breakfast, standing, in the little dressing-room, while waiting for an answer to one of her messages; she wished me to do the same, but I could not eat. She afterwards told the Queen I had had nothing, and I was then ordered to go and make reparation in my room.

"The Queen bid me bring the Prayer Book and read the morning service to her. I could hardly do it, the poor voice from the next room was so perpetually in my ears.

"You may suppose a thousand things to be said and to pass that I never could write; all I have put down was known to other witnesses."

* * * * * * * *

"Dr. Warren had been sent for express, in the middle of the night, at the desire of Sir George Baker, because he had been taken ill himself, and felt unequal to the whole toil.

"I returned speedily to the room of wo. The arrival of the physicians was there grievously awaited, for Dr. Heberden and Sir George would now decide upon nothing till Dr. Warren came. The poor Queen wanted something very positive to pass, relative to her keeping away, which seemed thought essential at this time, though the courage to assert it was wanting in every body.

"The Princesses sent to ask leave to come to their mother. She burst into tears, and declared she could neither see them, nor pray, while in this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be broken in upon, yet quite uncertain in what manner, yet determined not to desert her apartment, except by express direction from the physicians. Who could tell to what height the delirium might rise? There was no constraint, no power: all feared the worst, yet none dared take any measures for security.

"The Princes also sent word they were at her Majesty's command, but she shrunk still more from this interview: it filled her with a thousand dreadful sensations, too obvious to be wholly hid.

"At length news was brought that Dr. Warren was arrived. I never felt so rejoiced; I could have run out to welcome him with rapture.

"With what cruel impatience did we then wait to hear his sentence! An impatience how fruitless! It ended in information that he had not seen the King, who refused him admittance.

"This was terrible. But the King was never so despotic; no one dared oppose him. He would not listen to a word, though, when unopposed, he was still all gentleness and benignity to every one around him.

"Dr. Warren was then planted where he could hear his voice, and all that passed, and receive intelligence concerning his pulse, &c., from Sir George Baker.

"We now expected every moment Dr. Warren would bring her Majesty his opinion; but he neither came nor sent. She waited in dread incessant. She sent for Sir George—he would not speak alone: she sent for Mr. Hawkins, the household surgeon; but all referred to Dr. Warren.

"Lady Elizabeth and Miss Goldsworthy earnestly

pressed her to remove to a more distant apartment, where she might not hear the unceasing voice of the unhappy King; but she would only rise and go to the little dressing-room, there to wait in her night-clothes Dr. Warren's determination what steps she should take.

"At length Lady Elizabeth learnt among the pages that Dr. Warren had quitted his post of watching.

"The poor Queen now, in a torrent of tears, prepared herself for seeing him.

"He came not.

"All astonished, and impatient, Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries.

"She returned, and said Dr. Warren was gone.

"'Run! stop him!' was the Queen's next order. 'Let him but let me know what I am to do.'

"Poor, poor Queen! how I wept to hear those words!

"Abashed and distressed, poor Lady Elizabeth returned. She had seen Colonel Goldsworthy, and heard Dr. Warren, with the other two physicians, had left the house too far to be recalled; they were gone over to the Castle, to the Prince of Wales.

"I think a deeper blow I have never witnessed. Already to become but second, even for the King! The tears were now wiped; indignation arose, with pain, the severest pain, of every species.

"In about a quarter of an hour, Colonel Goldsworthy sent in to beg an audience. It was granted, a long cloak only being thrown over the Queen.

"He now brought the opinion of all the physicians in consultation, 'That her Majesty would remove to a more distant apartment, since the King would undoubtedly be worse from the agitation of seeing her, and there could be no possibility to prevent it while she remained so near.'

"She instantly agreed, but with what bitter an-

guish! Lady Elizabeth, Miss Goldsworthy, and myself attended her; she went to an apartment in the same row, but to which there was no entrance except by its own door. It consisted of only two rooms, a bed-chamber and a dressing-room. They are appropriated to the lady-in-waiting, when she is there.

"At the entrance into this new habitation, the poor wretched Queen once more gave way to a perfect agony of grief and affliction; while the words, 'What will become of me! What will become of me!' uttered with the most piercing lamentation, struck deep and hard into all our hearts. Never can I forget their desponding sound; they implied such complicated apprehensions.

"Instantly now the Princesses were sent for. The three elder hastened down. O, what a meeting! They all, from a habit that has become a second nature, struggled to repress all outward grief, though the Queen herself, wholly overcome, wept even aloud.

"They all went into the bed-room, and the Queen made a slight dressing, but only wore a close gauze cap, and her long dressing-gown, which is a dimity chemise.

"I was then sent back to the little dressing-room, for something that was left; as I opened the door, I almost ran against a gentleman close to it in the passage.

"'Is the Queen here?' he cried, and I then saw the Prince of Wales.

"'Yes,' I answered, shuddering at this new scene for her; 'should I tell her Majesty your Royal Highness is here?'

"This I said lest he should surprise her. But he did not intend that: he was profoundly respectful, and consented to wait at the door while I went in, but called me back as I turned away, to say, 'You will be so good to say I am come by her orders.'

"She wept a deluge of tears when I delivered my commission, but instantly admitted him.

"I then retreated. The two other ladies went to Lady Elizabeth's room, which is next the Queen's new apartments."

* * * * * * *

"The Prince of Wales and Duke of York stayed here all the day, and were so often in and out of the Queen's rooms that no one could enter them but by order. The same etiquette is observed when the Princes are with the Queen as when the King is there—no interruption whatever is made. I now, therefore, lost my only consolation at this calamitous time, that of attending my poor Royal Mistress.

"Alone wholly, without seeing a human being, or gathering any the smallest intelligence of what was going forward, I remained till tea-time.

"Impatient then for information, I planted myself in the eating-parlour; but no one came. Every minute seemed an hour. I grew as anxious for the tea-society as heretofore I had been anxious to escape it; but so late it came, and so hopeless, that Columb came to propose bringing the water.

"No; for I could swallow nothing voluntarily.

"In a few minutes he came again, and with the compliments of Mr. Fairly, who desired him to tell me he would wait upon me to tea whenever I pleased.

"A little surprised at this single message, but most truly rejoiced, I returned my compliments, with an assurance that all time was the same to me.

"He came directly, and indeed his very sight, at this season of still horror and silent suspense, was a repose to my poor aching eyes.

"'You will see,' he said, 'nobody else. The physicians being now here, Colonel Goldsworthy thought it right to order tea for the whole party in the music-room, which we have now agreed to make the general

waiting-room for us all. It is near the King, and we always ought to be at hand.'

"Our tea was very sad. He gave me no hope of a short seizure; he saw it, in perspective, as long as it was dreadful: perhaps even worse than long, he thought it—but that he said not. He related to me the whole of the day's transactions, but my most dear and most honourable friends will be the first to forgive me when I promise that I shall commit nothing to paper on this terrible event that is told me in confidence.

"He did not stay long; he did not thing it right to leave his waiting friends for any time, nor could I wish it, valued as I know he is by them all, and much they need his able counsel.

"He left me plunged in a deep gloom, yet he was not gloomy himself; he sees evils as things of course, and bears them, therefore, as things expected. But he was tenderly touched for the poor Queen and the young Princesses.

"Not till one in the morning did I see another face, and then I attended my poor unhappy Queen. She was now fixed in her new apartments, bed-room and dressing-room, and stirred not a step but from one to the other."

* * * * * * *

"Friday, November 7th.—I was now arrived at a settled regularity of life, more melancholy than can possibly be described. I rose at six, dressed, and hastened to the Queen's apartments, uncalled, and there waited in silence in the dark till I heard her move or speak with Miss Goldsworthy, and then presented myself to the sad bed-side of the unhappy Queen. She sent Miss Goldsworthy early every morning to make inquiry what sort of a night his Majesty had passed; and in the middle of the night she commonly also sent for news by the wardrobe-woman, or Miss Macenton, whichever sat up.

"She dismissed Miss Goldsworthy, on my arrival to dress herself. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave accommodated her with her own room for that purpose.

"I had then a long conference with this most patient sufferer; and equal forbearance and quietness during a period of suspensive unhappiness never have I seen—never could I have imagined.

"At noon I never saw her, which I greatly regretted; but she kept on her dressing-gown all day, and the Princes were continually about the passages, so that no one unsummoned dared approach the Queen's apartments.

"It was only therefore at night and morning I could see her; but my heart was with her the live-long day. And how long, good Heaven! how long that day became! Endless, I used to think it, for nothing could I do—to wait and to watch—starting at every sound, yet revived by every noise.

"While I was yet with my poor Royal sufferer this morning, the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologized for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night. It had been indeed most affectingly dreadful! The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned: amazed and in consternation, he demanded what they did there? Much followed that I have heard since, particularly the elogé on his dear son Frederick, his favourite, his friend. 'Yes,' he cried, 'Frederick is my friend!'—and this son was then present among the rest, but not seen!

"Sir George Baker was there, and was privately exhorted by the gentlemen to lead the King back to his room; but he had not courage: he attempted only to speak, and the King penned him in a corner, told him he was a mere old woman—that he wondered he

had ever followed his advice, for he knew nothing of his complaint, which was only nervous!

"The Prince of Wales, by signs and whispers, would have urged others to have drawn him away, but no one dared approach him, and he remained there a considerable time: 'Nor do I know when he would have got back,' continued the Prince, 'if, at last, Mr. Fairly had not undertaken him. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Fairly, indeed. He came boldly up to him, and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then he said he would not, and cried, 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Fairly, sir,' he answered, 'and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, sir: it is necessary to your life.' And then he was so surprised, that he let himself be drawn along, just like a child; and so they got him to bed. I believe else he would have stayed all night!'

"Mr. Fairly has had some melancholy experience in a case of this sort, with a very near connexion of his own. How fortunate he was present!"

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"SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH.—This was, if possible, the saddest day yet passed: it was the birthday of Princess Augusta, and Mrs. Siddons had been invited to read a play, and a large company to form the audience. What a contrast from such an intention was the event!

"When I went, before seven o'clock in the morning, to my most unhappy Royal Mistress, the Princes were both in the room. I retreated to the next apartment till they had finished their conference. The Prince of Wales upon these occasions has always been extremely well-bred and condescending in his manner, which, in a situation such as mine, is no immaterial circumstance.

"The poor Queen then spoke to me of the birthday present she had designed for her most amiable daughter. She hesitated whether or not to produce it, but at length meekly said, 'Yes, go to Miss Planta and bring it. Do you think there can be any harm in giving it now?'

"'O, no!' I said, happy to encourage whatever was a little less gloomy, and upstairs I flew. I was met by all the poor Princes, and the Duke of York, who inquired if he might go again to the Queen. I begged leave first to execute my commission. I did; but so engrossed was my mind with the whole of this living tragedy, that I so little noticed what I carried as to be now unable to recollect it. I gave it, however, to the Queen, who then sent for the Princesses, and carried her gift to her daughter, weeping, who received it with a silent courtesy, kissing and wetting with her gentle tears the hand of her afflicted mother."

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"From this time, as the King grew worse, general hope seemed universally to abate; and the Prince of Wales now took the government of the house into his own hands. Nothing was done but by his orders, and he was applied to in every difficulty. The Queen interfered not in any thing; she lived entirely in her two new rooms, and spent the day in patient sorrow and retirement with her daughters."

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CHAPTER II.

Sir Lucas Pepys—Excitement of the People during the King's Illness—Threatning Letters to the Physicians—Sir George Baker stopped by the Mob—The King's dread of being removed to Kew—The Physicians before the Privy Council—The Queen's departure for Kew—Dreadful Suspense—Removal of the King to Kew—His Conduct—Prospect of a Regency—The New Year—A Gleam of Hope—A Singular Present sent to Miss Burney from Germany—Extraordinary scene between the King and Miss Burney in Kew Gardens—Miss Burney relates her adventure to the Queen—Court Curiosity—Improvement of the King.

"FRIDAY 28TH.—How woful—how bitter a day, in every part was this!

"My early account was from the King's page, Mr. Stillingfleet, and the night had been extremely bad.

"I dared not sink the truth to my poor Queen, though I mixed in it whatever I could devise of cheer and hope; and she bore it with the most wonderful calmness, and kept me with her a full half hour after breakfast was called, talking over 'Hunter's Lectures,' and other religious books, with some other more confidential matters.

"Dr. Addington was now called in: a very old physician, but peculiarly experienced in disorders such as afflicted our poor King, though not professedly a practitioner in them.

"Sir Lucas made me a visit, and informed me of all the medical proceedings; and told me, in confidence, we were to go to Kew to-morrow, though the Queen herself has not yet concurred in the measure; but the physicians joined to desire it, and they were supported by the Princes. The difficulty how to get the King away from his favourite abode was all that rested. If they even attempted force they had not a doubt but his smallest resistance would call up the whole country to his fancied rescue! Yet how, at such a time, prevail by persuasion?

"He moved me even to tears, by telling me that none of their own lives would be safe if the King did not recover, so prodigiously high ran the tide of affection and loyalty. All the physicians received threatning letters daily, to answer for the safety of their monarch with their lives! Sir George Baker had already been stopped in his carriage by the mob, to give an account of the King; and when he said it was a bad one, they had furiously exclaimed 'The more shame for you!'

"After he left me, a privy council was held at the Castle, with the Prince of Wales; the Chancellor, Mr. Pitt, and all the officers of state were summoned, to sign a permission for the King's removal. The poor Queen gave an audience to the Chancellor—it was necessary to sanctify their proceedings. The Princess Royal and Lady Courtoun attended her. It was a tragedy the most dismal!

"The Queen's knowledge of the King's aversion to Kew made her consent to this measure with the extremest reluctance; yet it was not to be opposed: it was stated as much the best for him, on account of the garden: as here there is none but what is public to spectators from the terrace or tops of houses. I believe they were perfectly right, though the removal was so tremendous.

"The physicians were summoned to the Privy Council, to give their opinions, upon oath, that this step was necessary.

"Inexpressible was the alarm of every one, lest the King, if he recovered, should bear a lasting resentment against the authors and promoters of this journey. To give it, therefore, every possible sanction, it was decreed that he should be seen, both by the Chancellor and Mr. Pitt.

"The Chancellor went into his presence with a tremor such as, before, he had been only accustomed

to inspire; and when he came out, he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his Royal Master and Patron that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his feet had difficulty to support him."

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"SATURDAY Nov. 29TH.—Shall I ever forget the varied emotions of this dreadful day!

"I rose with the heaviest of hearts, and found my poor Royal Mistress in the deepest dejection; she told me now of our intended expedition to Kew. Lady Elizabeth hastened away to dress, and I was alone with her for some time.

"Her mind, she said, quite misgave her about Kew: the King's dislike was terrible to think of, and she could not foresee in what it might end. She would have resisted the measure herself, but that she had determined not to have upon her own mind any opposition to the opinion of the physicians.

"The account of the night was still more and more discouraging: it was related to me by one of the pages, Mr. Brawan; and though a little I softened or omitted particulars, I yet most sorrowfully conveyed it to the Queen.

"Terrible was the morning!—uninterruptedly terrible! all spent in hasty packing up, preparing for we knew not what, nor for how long, nor with what circumstances, nor scarcely with what view! We seemed preparing for captivity, without having committed any offence; and for banishment without the least conjecture when we might be recalled from it.

"The poor Queen was to get off in private: the plan settled, between the Princes and physicians, was, that her Majesty and the Princesses should go away quietly, and then that the King should be told that they were gone, which was the sole method they could devise to prevail with him to follow. He was then to be allured by a promise of seeing them at

Kew; and, as they knew he would doubt their assertion, he was to go through the rooms and examine the house himself."

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"When we arrived at Kew, we found the suspense with which the King was awaited truly terrible. Her Majesty had determined to return to Windsor at night, if he came not. We were all to forbear unpacking in the meanwhile.

"The house was all now regulated by express order of the Prince of Wales, who rode over first, and arranged all the apartments, and writ, with chalk, the names of the destined inhabitants on each door."

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"Dinner went on, and still no King. We now began to grow very anxious, when Miss Planta exclaimed that she thought she heard a carriage. We all listened. 'I hope!' I cried. 'I see you do!' cried he; 'you have a very face of hope at this moment!'—and it was not disappointed. The sound came nearer, and presently a carriage drove into the front court. I could see nothing, it was so dark; but I presently heard the much-respected voice of the dear unhappy King, speaking rapidly to the porter, as he alighted from the coach. Mr. Fairly instantly flew up stairs, to acquaint the Queen with the welcome tidings.

"The poor King had been prevailed upon to quit Windsor with the utmost difficulty: he was accompanied by General Harcourt, his aide-de-camp, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred—no one else! He had passed all the rest with apparent composure, to come to his carriage, for they lined the passage, eager to see him once more! and almost all Windsor was collected round the rails, &c. to witness the mournful spectacle of his departure, which left them in the deepest despondence, with scarce a ray of hope ever to see him again.

"The bribery, however, which brought, was denied him!—he was by no means to see the Queen!

"When I went to her at night she was all graciousness, and kept me till very late. I had not seen her alone so long, except for a few minutes in the morning, that I had a thousand things I wished to say to her. You may be sure they were all, as far as they went, consolatory."

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"I could not sleep all night—I thought I heard the poor King. He was under the same range of apartments, though far distant, but his indignant disappointment haunted me. The Queen, too, was very angry at having promises made in her name which could not be kept. What a day altogether was this!

"SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.—Here, in all its dread colours, dark as its darkest prognostics, began the Kew campaign. I went to my poor Queen at seven o'clock; the Princess Augusta arose and went away to dress, and I received her Majesty's commands to go down for inquiries. She had herself passed a wretched night, and already lamented leaving Windsor.

"I waited very long in the cold dark passages below, before I could find any one of whom to ask intelligence. The parlours were without fires, and washing. I gave directions afterwards to have a fire in one of them by seven o'clock every morning.

"At length I procured the speech of one of the pages, and heard that the night had been the most violently bad of any yet passed!—and no wonder!

"I hardly knew how to creep up stairs, frozen both within and without, to tell such news; but it was not received as if unexpected, and I omitted whatever was not essential to be known."

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"THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.—To-day we have had

the fairest hopes; the King took his first walk in Kew garden! There have been impediments to this trial hitherto, that have been thought insurmountable, though in fact, they were most frivolous. The walk seemed to do him good, and we are all in better spirits about him than for this many and many a long day past."

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"MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.—This whole day was passed in great internal agitation throughout the house, as the great and important business of the Regency was to be discussed to-morrow in Parliament. All is now too painful and intricate for writing a word. I begin to confine my memorandums almost wholly to my own personal proceedings."

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"MONDAY, DECEMBER 22D.—With what joy did I carry, this morning, an exceeding good account of the King to my Royal Mistress! It was trebly welcome, as much might depend upon it in the resolutions of the House concerning the Regency, which was of to-day's discussion."

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"KEW PALACE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST.—The year opened with an account the most promising of our beloved King. I saw Dr. Willis, and he told me the night had been very tranquil; and he sent for his son, Dr. John Willis, to give a history of the morning. Dr John's narration was in many parts very affecting: the dear and excellent King had been praying for his own restoration! Both the doctors told me that such symptoms of true piety had scarce ever been discernible through so dreadful a malady.

"How I hastened to my Queen!—and with what alacrity I besought permission to run next to the Princesses! It was so sweet, so soothing, to open a new year with the solace of anticipated good!"

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"I have not mentioned a singular present which has been sent me from Germany this month: it is an almanac, in German, containing for its recreative part an abridgment of 'Cecilia,' in that language; and every month opens with a cut from some part of her history. It is sent by H. Henouvre, a gentleman in some office in the King's establishment at Hanover. I wish I could read it—but I have only written it!"

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"Kew Palace, Monday, February 2d.—What an adventure had I this morning! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

"Sir Lucas Pepys still persisting that exercise and air were absolutely necessary to save me from illness, I have continued my walks, varying my gardens from Richmond to Kew, according to the accounts I received of the movements of the King. For this I had her Majesty's permission, on the representation of Sir Lucas.

"This morning, when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety? 'In Kew Gardens,' he said, 'as the King would be in Richmond.'

"'Should any unfortunate circumstance,' I cried, 'at any time, occasion my being seen by his Majesty, do not mention my name, but let me run off without call or notice.'

"This he promised. Every body, indeed, is ordered to keep out of sight.

"Taking, therefore, the time I had most at command, I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty!

"Alarmed past all expression, I waited not to know more, but turning my back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, 'Miss Burney! Miss Burney!'

"I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove of any unauthorized meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

"The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears:—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me,---the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Dr. Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

"Heavens, how I ran! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius---at least not the hot cinders---had I ran so during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

"Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out 'Stop! stop! stop!'

"I could by no means consent: I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named.

"My own fears and repugnance, also, after a flight and disobedience like this, were doubled in the thought of not escaping; I knew not to what I might be exposed, should the malady then be high, and take the turn of resentment. Still, therefore, on I flew; and

such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants, had not reached me, 'Doctor Willis begs you to stop!'

"'I cannot! I cannot!' I answered, still flying on, when he called out 'You must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run.'

"Then, indeed, I stopped---in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time would have required an hour's recruit.

"As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command: it occurred to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence: I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

"When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, 'Why did you run away?'

"Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward, to meet him, though the internal sensation which satisfied me this was a step the most proper to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremour of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

"The effort answered: I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek!

"I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright, when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me: but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation!

"I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who can wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder!

"He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded, in my conviction of his recovery, made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

"What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and even the Willises themselves, who to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could not entertain no more.

"Every thing that came uppermost in his mind, he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

"What did he not say!---He opened his whole heart to me, expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence

what a man says in such a state of physical intoxication.

"He assured me he was quite well---as well as he ever had been in his life; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on? and whether I was more comfortable?

"If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing and saying, 'Never mind her!---don't be oppressed, I am your friend! don't let her cast you down!---I know you have a hard time of it---but don't mind her!'

"Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely courtesied to his kind 'I am your friend,' and said nothing.

"Then presently he added, 'Stick to your father---stick to your own family---let them be your objects.'

"How readily I assented!

"Again he repeated all that I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously: he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, 'I will protect you!—I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me!'

"I thanked him; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. 'No, no, no!' he cried, a hundred times in a breath; and their good humour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion.

"He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly Mr. Ernst, who, he told me, had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady.

"Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he suspected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect: yet it was most dangerous to set any thing right, as I was not aware what might be the views of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief; but this was the worst part of the dialogue.

"He next talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his 'History of Music.' This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told me innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, 'While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector.' And this, he said, I might relate to my father.

"Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and chorusses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible.

"Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation. 'No! no! no!' he exclaimed, 'not yet; I have something I must just mention first.'

"Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way.

"The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my revered old friend, Mrs. Delany, and he spoke of her with such warmth---such kindness! 'She was my friend!' he cried! 'and I loved her as a friend! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you.'

"He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time but to no purpose.

"The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious. 'Come, sir,'

he cried, 'now do you come in, and let the lady go on her walk,—come, now you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in,—if your Majesty pleases.'

"'No, no!' he cried, 'I want to ask her a few questions;—I have lived so long out of the world I know nothing!'

"This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boscawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend! Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montague, of whom he kindly said, 'I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition.' Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others, followed.

"He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state officers, and meant to form an entire new establishment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and showed me his new list.

"This was the wildest thing that passed; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating; but he would not consent; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conquered.

"He now spoke of my father with still more kindness, and he told me he ought to have had the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons, who was not fit for it: 'But Lord Salisbury,' he cried, 'used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me! However, I have dashed out his name, and shall put your father's in,—as soon as I get loose again!'

"This again—how affecting was this!

"'And what,' cried he, 'has your father got at last? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea? O fie! fie! fie! But never mind! I will take care of him! I will do it myself!'

"Then presently he added, 'As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you,

and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when I once get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!'

"This was very unlike himself, and startled the two good doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility.

"Finding we must now part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix. 'Never mind her!' he cried, 'depend upon me! I will be your friend as long as I live!—I here pledge myself to be your friend!' And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on.

"What a scene! how variously affected was I by it! but, upon the whole, how inexpressibly thankful to see him so nearly himself---so little removed from recovery!

"I went very soon after to the Queen, to whom I was most eager to avow the meeting, and how little I could help it. Her astonishment and her earnestness to hear every particular were very great. I told her almost all.

"Some few things relating to the distressing questions, I could not repeat; nor many things said of Mrs. Schwellenberg, which would much, and very needlessly, have hurt her.

"This interview, and the circumstances belonging to it, excited general curiosity, and all the house watched for opportunities to beg a relation of it. How delighted was I to tell them all my happy prognostics!"

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"Tuesday, 3d.---I had the great happiness to be assured this morning, by both the Dr. Willises, that his Majesty was by no means the worse for our long conference. Those good men are inexpressibly happy

themselves in the delightful conviction given me, and by me spread about, of the near recovery of their royal patient."

CHAPTER III.

Recovery of the King—The Queen's "Prayer of Thanksgiving"—Demonstrations of Joy on the King's Recovery—Poem presented by the Princess Amelia—Miss Burney's interview with Mrs. Piozzi—Miss Burney's Tragedy—Mr. Boswell's solicitation—Grave Sam and Gay Sam—Decline of Miss Burney's health—She purposes to resign her situation—The Memorial—The King's grief at Miss Burney's determination—The Queen delays Miss Burney's departure—Mademoiselle Jacobi—Munificence of the Queen—Affecting parting with the Royal Family.

At the King's earnest desire, he was permitted to see the Queen and to walk with her in Kew Gardens. From this time his reason gradually returned, and before the close of that month he was entirely restored. The joy throughout the Palace was unbounded; but few experienced more heartfelt gratitude and delight than Miss Burney. The following extracts will give some conception of her emotion and happiness:

"Kew Palace.

"Sunday, March 1st.—What a pleasure was mine this morning! how solemn, but how grateful! The Queen gave me the 'Prayer of Thanksgiving' upon the King's recovery. It was this morning read in all the churches throughout the metropolis, and by this day week it will reach every church in the kingdom. It kept me in tears all the morning,—that such a moment should actually arrive! after fears so dreadful, scenes so terrible.

"The Queen gave me a dozen, to distribute among the female servants; but I reserved one of them for dear Mr. Smelt, who took it from me in speechless ex-

tacy—his fine and feeling eyes swimming in tears of joy.

"There is no describing—and I will not attempt it—the fullness, the almost overwhelming fullness of this morning's thankful feelings!

"I had the great gratification to see the honoured object of this joy, for a few minutes, in the Queen's dressing-room. He was all calmness and benevolent graciousness. I fancied my strong emotion had disfigured me; or perhaps the whole of this long confinement and most affecting winter may have somewhat marked my countenance; for the King presently said to me,

"'Pray, are you quite well to-day?"

"'I think not quite, sir,' I answered.

"'She does not *look* well,' said he to the Queen; 'she looks a little—*yellow*, I think.'"

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"TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—This was a day of happiness indeed! a day of such heartfelt public delight as could not but suppress all private disturbance.

"The King sent to open the House of Lords by Commission.

"The general illumination of all London proved the universal joy of a thankful and most affectionate people, who have shown so largely, on this trying occasion, how well they merited the monarch thus benignantly preserved.

"The Queen, from her privy purse, gave private orders for a splendid illumination at this palace: Rebecca painted a beautiful transparency; and Mr. Smelt had the regulation of the whole.

"The King—Providence—Health—and Britannia, were displayed with elegant devices: the Queen and Princesses, all but the youngest, went to town to see the illumination there; and Mr. Smelt was to conduct the surprise. It was magnificently beautiful.

"When it was lighted and prepared, the Princess Amelia went to lead her Papa to the front window: but first she dropped on her knees, and presented him a paper with these lines—which, at the Queen's desire, I had scribbled in her name, for the happy occasion:

TO THE KING.

Amid a rapt'rous nation's praise
That sees Thee to their prayers restor'd,
Turn gently from the gen'ral blaze,
Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
Depictur'd with transparent art,
The emblems of her thoughts appear,
The tribute of a grateful heart.

O! small the tribute, were it weigh'd
With all she feels—or half she owes!
But noble minds are best repaid
From the pure spring whence bounty flows.

P. S. The little bearer begs a kiss
From dear Papa, for bringing this.

"I need not, I think tell you the little bearer begged not in vain. The King was extremely pleased. He came into a room belonging to the Princesses, in which we had a party to look at the illuminations, and there he stayed above an hour; cheerful, composed, and gracious! all that could merit the great national testimony to his worth this day paid him."

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During this spring Miss Burney had an interview with Mrs. Piozzi, of which she gives no description. A month afterwards they again met. Miss Burney gives an accurate account of the manner in which they greeted each other.

"SUNDAY, MAY 2ND.—This morning, in my way to church, just as I arrived at the iron gate of our

court-yard, a well-known voice called out, 'Ah, there's Miss Burney!'

"I started, looked round—and saw—Mrs. Piozzi!

"I hastened up to her; she met my held-out hand with both hers: Mr. Piozzi and Cecilia were with her—all smiling and good-humoured.

"'You are going,' she cried, 'to church?—so am I. I must run first to the inn: I suppose one may sit---anywhere one pleases?'

"'Yes,' I cried, 'but you must be quick, or you will sit nowhere, there will be such a throng.'

"This was all;---she hurried on,---so did I.

"I received exceeding great satisfaction in this little and unexpected meeting. She had been upon the Terrace, and was going to change her hat; and haste on both sides prevented awkwardness on either.

"Yet I saw she had taken in good part my concluding *hand-presentation* at my dear Mr. Lock's: she met me no more with that *fierté* of defiance: it was not---nor can it ever be---with her old cordiality, but it was with some degree of pleasure, and that species of readiness which evinces a consciousness of meeting with a good reception."

* * * * * * *

In the summer of 1790, Miss Burney completed a Tragedy, upon which she had been engaged at intervals for upwards of a year. She thus playfully communicates the intelligence to her friends:

"Know then, fair ladies, about the middle of this August, 1790, the author finished the first rough draught and copy of her first tragedy. What species of a composition it may prove, she is very unable to tell; she only knows it was an almost spontaneous work, and soothed the melancholy of imagination for a while, though afterwards it impressed it with a secret sensation of horror, so like real woe, that she believes it contributed to the injury her sleep received about this period."

About this time, Mr. Boswell solicited her to furnish him with some of Dr. Johnson's notes to herself, which he might use in publication. "Yes, Madam," says he, "you must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's; we have seen him long enough upon stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and Great Sam, and Solemn Sam, and Learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow; I want to show him as Gay Sam, Agreeable Sam, Pleasant Sam; so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself."

Miss Burney refused to grant this request; and, in spite of Mr. Boswell's earnest entreaties, remained inexorable.

The fatigues and anxieties of her life at Court had gradually undermined Miss Burney's health; her mode of living was distasteful to her—she was shut out from all private comfort, and dead to all domestic endearment—worn with want of rest, and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. She communicated her dissatisfaction to her father, who, with open arms, begged her to return to her parental roof. She joyfully accepted his offer, and drew up a memorial to present to the Queen, acquainting her Majesty with her proposed resignation.

This memorial she kept about her person for several months, but the Queen's kindness, condescension, and even affection towards her was so great, that she never had the courage to present it. At length she was seized with a severe illness, and found herself so feeble on recovering, that her duties became more irksome than ever. She enclosed her memorial in a second one, and, after much deliberation and many fears, it was presented to her Majesty by Mrs. Schwellenberg.

The Queen perused these memorials with emotion,

expressing the deepest regret at so great a loss. It was then proposed to Miss Burney that she should have leave of absence for six weeks, to travel about and change the air until she was quite well, and that then she should return to the Palace, retaining her situation. This proposition she would not have declined had her health been less feeble, but she was too weak and ill to have any choice. The Queen still delayed the hour of Miss Burney's departure, in hopes that she might change her mind, and could only be prevailed upon to name her successor when Miss Burney's illness rendered her perfectly incapable of discharging her duties.

Mademoiselle Jacobi, the daughter of a celebrated clergyman of Hanover, was her successor, and Miss Burney took great pains in giving this young lady all the information necessary in her new situation.

The Queen, in spite of Miss Burney's expostulations, insisted on settling upon her one half of the salary which she received while in office.* This mark of her Majesty's favour Miss Burney could not, without appearing ungracious, refuse.

Her parting with the Royal Family was deeply affecting. She begged that she might occasionally be permitted to assist Mademoiselle Jacobi, or to read to the Queen, and that she should still be considered as a servant of her Majesty's.

The Queen granted her request with tears in her eyes, wishing her all happiness, and Miss Burney sobbed aloud.

She had lived five years in the service of the Queen, and looked upon her not only as a protectress, but a dear friend.

* This Salary was £200.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Burney's return home—Congratulations—Travelling—Health partially restored—New mode of Life—The Library—A third Tragedy commenced—Interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds—His Loss of Sight—Miss Burney's meeting with Miss Garrick—A summons from the Queen—The Royal Family—Miss Burney becomes a temporary attendant upon her Majesty—Disappointment—A second visit to the Queen—Flattering reception.

Miss Burney was welcomed on her return home by the warmest and dearest friends, who thronged around her, rendered almost unable by strong emotions to speak their congratulations. Her own feelings may be imagined from the following paragraph, which commences her Journal after her return.

"Once more I have the blessing to address my beloved friends from the natal home!—with a satisfaction, a serenity of heart immeasurable. All smaller evils shall now give way to one great good; and I shall not, I hope, be forgetful, when the world wags ill, that scarce any misfortune, scarce misery itself, can so wastefully desolate the very soul of my existence, as a banishment, even the most honorable, from those I love.

After several months passed in travelling through the West of England, Miss Burney returned home much improved in health, but not perfectly restored. "My health," she writes, "gains ground gradually, but very perceptibly, and a weakness that makes me too soon exhausted in whatever I undertake, is all of illness now remaining."

"I have never been so pleasantly situated at home since I lost the sister of my heart and my most affectionate Charlotte. My father is almost constantly within. Indeed, I now live with him wholly; he has himself appropriated me a place, a seat, a desk, a

table, and every convenience and comfort, and he never seemed yet so earnest to keep me about him. We read together, write together, chat, compare notes, communicate projects, and diversify each other's employments. He is all goodness, gaiety, and affection; and his society and kindness are more precious to me than ever.

"Fortunately, in this season of leisure and comfort, the spirit of composition proves active. The day is never long enough, and I could employ two pens almost incessantly, in merely scribbling what will not be repressed. This is a delight to my dear father inexpressibly great: and though I have gone no further than to let him know, from time to time, the species of matter that occupies me, he is perfectly contented, and patiently waits till something is quite finished, before he insists upon reading a word. This 'suits my humour well,' as my own industry is all gone when once its intent is produced.

"For the rest, I have been going on with my third tragedy. I have two written, but never yet have had opportunity to read them; which, of course, prevents their being corrected to the best of my power, and fitted for the perusal of less indulgent eyes; or rather of eyes less prejudiced.

"Believe me, my dear friends, in the present composed and happy state of my mind, I could never have suggested these tales of woe; but, having only to connect, combine, contract, and finish, I will not leave them undone. Not, however, to sadden myself to the same point in which I began them, I read more than I write, and call for happier themes from others, to enliven my mind from the dolorous sketches I now draw of my own.

"The library or study, in which we constantly sit, supplies such delightful variety of food, that I have

nothing to wish. Thus, my beloved sisters and friends, you see me, at length, enjoying all that peace, ease, and chosen recreation and employment, for which so long I sighed in vain, and which, till very lately, I had reason to believe, even since attained, had been allowed me too late. I am more and more thankful every night, every morning, for the change in my destiny, and present blessings of my lot; and you, my beloved Susan and Fredy, for whose prayers I have so often applied in my sadness, suffering, and despondence, afford me now the same community of thanks and acknowledgments."

The ensuing description of Miss Burney's first interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated painter, after her resignation, will be highly acceptable to the many who revere his genius and virtues.

"Another evening, after visiting our Esther, my father took me to Sir Joshua Reynolds. I had long languished to see that kindly zealous friend, but his ill health had intimidated me from making the attempt; and now my dear father went up stairs alone, and inquired of Miss Palmer if her uncle was well enough to admit me. He returned for me immediately. I felt the utmost pleasure in again mounting his staircase.

"Miss Palmer hastened forward and embraced me most cordially. I then shook hands with Sir Joshua. He had a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. 'I am very glad,' he said, in a meek voice and dejected accent, 'to see you again, and I wish I could see you better! but I have only one eye now,—and hardly that.'

"I was really quite touched. The expectation of total blindness depresses him inexpressibly; not, however, inconceivably. I hardly knew how to express, either my concern for his altered situation since our

meeting, or my joy in again being with him: but my difficulty was short; Miss Palmer eagerly drew me to herself, and recommended to Sir Joshua to go on with his cards. He had no spirit to oppose; probably, indeed, no inclination."

Her meeting with Mrs. Garrick is hardly less interesting.

"We went to dinner, my father and I, and met Mrs. Montage, in good spirits, and very unaffectedly agreeable. No one was there to awaken ostentation, no new acquaintance to require any surprise from her powers, she was therefore natural and easy, as well as informing and entertaining.

"Mrs. Garrick embraced me again and again, to express a satisfaction in meeting me once more in this social way, that she would have thought it indecorous to express by words. I thanked her exactly in the same language; and, without a syllable being uttered, she said, 'I rejoice you are no longer a courtier;' and I answered, 'I love you dearly for preferring me in my old state!'"

In the commencement of the ensuing year, Miss Burney received a summons from the Queen. The following is her account of the two days she passed at the palace:

"January.—I had a very civil note from Mrs. Schwellenberg, telling me that Miss Goldsworthy was ill, which made Miss Gomme necessary to the Princesses, and therefore, as Mlle. Jacobi was still lame, Her Majesty wished for my attendance on Wednesday noon.

"I received this little summons with very sincere pleasure, and sent a warm acknowledgment for its honour. I was engaged for the evening to Mr. Walpole, now Lord Orford, by my father, who promised to call for me at the Queen's house.

"At noon, I went thither, and saw, by the carriages,

their Majesties were just arrived from Windsor. In my way up stairs I encountered the Princess Sophia. I really felt a pleasure at her sight, so great that I believe I saluted her; I hardly know; but she came forward, with her hands held out, so good humored and so sweetly, I was not much on my guard. How do I wish I had gone that moment to my Royal Mistress, while my mind was fully and honestly occupied with the most warm satisfaction in being called again into her presence!

"The Princess Sophia desired me to send her Miss Gomme, whom she said I should find in my own room. Thither I went, and we embraced very cordially; but she a little made me stare by saying 'Do you sleep in your old bed?' 'No,' I answered, 'I go home after dinner;' and she said no more, but told me she must have two hours' conference alone with me, from the multiplicity of things she had to discuss with me.

"We parted then, and I proceeded to Mrs. Schwellenberg. There I was most courteously received, and told I was to go at night to the play.

"I replied I was extremely sorry, but I was engaged.

"She looked deeply displeased, and I was forced to offer to send an excuse. Nothing, however, was settled; she went to the Queen, whither I was most eager to follow, but I depended upon her arrangement, and could not go uncalled.

"I returned to my own room, as they all still call it, and Miss Gomme and Miss Planta both came to me. We had a long discourse upon matters and things.

"By and by Miss Gomme was called out to Princesses Mary and Amelia; she told them who was in the old apartment, and they instantly entered it. Princess Mary took my hand, and said repeatedly,

'My dear Miss Burney, how glad I am to see you again!' and the lovely little Princess Amelia kissed me twice, with the sweetest air of affection. This was a very charming meeting to me, and I expressed my real delight in being thus allowed to come amongst them again, in the strongest and truest terms.

"I had been but a short time alone, when Westerhaults came to ask me if I had ordered my father's carriage to bring me from the play.

"I told him I was engaged, but would give up that engagement, and endeavour to secure being fetched home after the play.

"Mrs. Schwellenberg then desired to see me.

"'What you mean by going home?' cried she, somewhat deridingly: 'know you not you might sleep here?'

"I was really thunderstruck; so weak still, and so unequal as I feel to undertake night and morning attendance, which I now saw expected. I was obliged, however, to comply; and I wrote a note to Sarah, and another note to be given to my father, when he called to take me to Lord Orford. But I desired we might go in chairs, and not trouble him for the carriage.

"This arrangement, and my dread of an old attendance I was so little refitted for renewing, had so much disturbed me before I was summoned to the Queen, that I appeared before her without any of the glee and spirits with which I had originally obeyed her commands. I am still grieved at this circumstance, as it must have made me seem cold and insensible to herself, when I was merely chagrined at the peremptory mismanagement of her agent. Mr. De Luc was with her. She was gracious, but by no means lively or cordial. She was offended, probably,—and there was no reason to wonder, and yet no

means to clear away the cause. This gave me much vexation, and the more I felt it the less I must have appeared to merit her condescension.

"Nevertheless, after she was dressed she honoured me with a summons to the White Closet, where I presently felt as much at home as if I had never quitted the Royal residence. She inquired into my proceedings, and I began a little history of my south-west tour; which she listened to till word was brought the King was come from the Levee: dinner was then ordered, and I was dismissed.

"At our dinner, the party, in the old style, was Mr. De Luc, Miss Planta, Mrs. Stainforth, and Miss Gomme; Mrs. Schwellenberg was not well enough to leave her own apartment, except to attend the Queen.

"We were gay enough, I own; my spirits were not very low in finding myself a guest at that table, where I was so totally unfit to be at home, and whence, nevertheless, I should have been very much and deeply concerned to have found myself excluded, since the displeasure of the Queen could alone have procured such a banishment. Besides, to visit, I like the whole establishment, however inadequate I found them for supplying the place of all I quitted to live with them. O, who could succeed there?

"During the dessert the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. I was very glad, by this means, to see all this lovely female tribe.

"As soon as she was gone I made off to prepare for the play, with fan, cloak, and gloves. At the door of my new old room who should I encounter but Mr. Stanhope! He was all rapture, in his old way, at the meeting, and concluded me, I believe, reinstated. I got off as fast as possible, and had just shut myself in, and him out, when I heard the voice of the King, who passed my door to go to the dining-room.

"I was quite chagrined to have left it so unseasonably, as my whole heart yearned to see him. He stayed but a minute, and I heard him stop close to my door, and speak with Mr. De Luc. The loudness of his voice assuring me he was saying nothing he meant to be unheard, I could not resist softly opening my door. I fancy he expected this, for he came up to me immediately, and with a look of goodness almost amounting to pleasure—I believe I may say quite—he inquired after my health, and its restoration, and said he was very glad to see me again. Then turning gaily to Mr. De Luc, 'And you, Mr. De Luc,' he cried, 'are not you, too, very glad to see Miss Beurni again?'

"I told him, very truly, the pleasure with which I had re-entered his roof.—He made me stand near a lamp, to examine me, and pronounced upon my amended looks with great benevolence: and, when he was walking away, said aloud to Mr. De Luc, who attended him, 'I dare say she was very willing to come!'

"I heard afterwards from Miss Gomme that the King came to the eating-room purposely to see me, as he told the Princesses. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for such condescending goodness; and how invariably I experienced it during my whole residence under his roof.

"Our party in the box for the Queen's attendants consisted of Lady Catherine Stanhope, Miss Planta, Major Price, Greville Upton, and Mr. Frank Upton.

"The King and Queen and six Princesses sat opposite. It was to me a lovely and most charming sight. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York and his bride, with the Duke of Clarence, sat immediately under us. I saw the Duchess now and then, and saw that she has a very sensible and marked countenance, but no beauty. She was extremely

well received by the people, and smiled at in the most pleasing manner by her opposite new relations.

"The play was 'Cymon,' with alterations, &c.

"At night I once more attended the Queen, and it seemed as strange to me as if I had never done it before.

"The next day, Thursday, the Queen gave up the drawing-room, on account of a hurt on her foot. I had the honour of another very long conference in the White Closet, in which I finished the account of my late travels, and during which, though she was very gracious, she was far less communicative than heretofore, saying little herself, and making me talk almost all.

"When I attended the Queen again to-night, the strangeness was so entirely worn away, that it seemed to me as if I had never left my office! And so again on Friday morning.

"At noon the Royal Family set off for Windsor.

"The Queen graciously sent for me before she went, to bid me good by, and condescended to thank me for my little services. I would have offered repetition with all my heart, but I felt my frame unequal to such business. Indeed I was half dead with only two days' and nights' exertion. 'Tis amazing how I ever went through all that is passed."

A few months after this interview Miss Burney again visited the Queen, and this time she was not disappointed in seeing his Majesty.

"I attended Mlle Jacobi to the Queen's house, where I dined; and great indeed was my pleasure, during coffee, to see the Princess Elizabeth, who, in the most pleasing manner and the highest spirits, came to summon me to the Queen.

"I found Her Majesty again with all her sweet daughters but the youngest. She was gracious and disposed to converse.

"We had a great deal of talk upon public concerns, and she told me a friend of mine had spoken very well the day before, and so had Mr. Burke.

"Soon after, to my infinite joy, the King entered. O, he spoke to me so kindly!—he congratulated me on the better looks which his own presence and goodness gave me, repeatedly declaring he had never seen me in such health. He asked after my father, and listened with interest when I mentioned his depression, and told him that all he had done of late to soothe his retirement and pain had been making canons to solemn words, and with such difficulties of composition as, in better health and spirits, would have rather proved oppressive and perplexing than a relief to his feelings.

"'I, too,' said the king, after a very serious pause, 'have myself sometimes found, when ill or disturbed, that some grave and even difficult employment for my thoughts has tended more to compose me than any of the supposed usual relaxations.'

"He also condescended to ask after little Norbury, taking off the eager little fellow while he spoke, and his earnest manner of delivery. He then inquired about my friends Mr. and Mrs. Lock, and their expectations of the return of Mr. William.

"He inquired how I lived, whom I saw, what sort of neighbours I had in the college, and many other particulars, that seemed to desire to know how I went on, and whether I was comfortable. His looks, I am sure, said so, and most sweetly and kindly.

"They kept me till they went to the Japan Room, where they meet the officers and ladies who attend them in public. They were going to the Ancient Music.

"This dear King, nobly unsuspicious where left to himself, and where he has met no doubleness, spoke also very freely of some political matters before me

—of the new association in particular. It gratified me highly."

CHAPTER V.

Madame de Genlis's strange establishment at Bury—Pamela—Birthday of the King—Miss Burney again pays her devoirs to the Royal Family---The Queen's Graciousness---Recal of the English Ambassador from France---Arrival of French Emigrant Noblesse ---The Reign of Terror---A meeting with old friends---Early Incident of the French Revolution---Anecdotes of the Duc de Liancourt—His perils and Escape from France---The Duc de la Rochefoucault.

In May, 1792, Miss Burney received some very distressing intelligence concerning her former friend Madame de Genlis.

"I got home to dinner to meet Mrs. and Miss Mary Young, who are in town for a few weeks. Miss Mary is sensible, and quick, and agreeable."

"They give a very unpleasant account of Madame De Genlis, or De Sillery, or Brulard, as she is now called. They say she has established herself at Bury, in their neighbourhood, with Mlle. la Princesses d'-Orleans and Pamela, and a *Circe*, another young girl under her care. They have taken a house, the master of which always dines with them, though Mrs. Young says he is such a low man he should not dine with her daughter. They form twenty with themselves and household. They keep a botanist, a chemist, and a natural historian always with them. These are supposed to have been common servants of the Duke of Orleans in former days, as they always walk behind the ladies when abroad; but, to make amends in the new equalizing style, they all dine together at home. They visit at no house but Sir Thomas Gage's, where they carry their harps, and frequently have music. They have been to a Bury ball, and danced

all night; Mlle. d'Orleans with anybody, known or unknown to Madame Brulard.

"What a woful change from that elegant, amiable, high-bred Madame De Genlis I knew six years ago! the apparent pattern of female perfection in manners, conversation, and delicacy."

On the birth-day of the King which occurred in June, Miss Burney again paid her devoirs to their Majesties.

"JUNE 4TH.—The birthday of our truly good King.

"As His Majesty had himself given me, when I saw him after the Queen's birthday, an implied reproach for not presenting myself at the place that day, I determined not to incur a similar censure on this, especially as I hold my admission on such a national festival as a real happiness, as well as honour, when it is to see themselves.

"How different was my attire from every other such occasion the five preceding years! It was a mere simple dressed undress, without feathers, flowers, hoop, or furbelows.

"When I alighted at the porter's lodge I was stopped from crossing the court-yard, by seeing the King, with his three sons, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence, who were standing there after alighting from their horses, to gratify the people who encircled the iron rails. It was a pleasant and goodly sight, and I rejoiced in such a detention.

"I had a terrible difficulty to find a friend who would make known to Her Majesty that I was come to pay my devoirs.

"At length, while watching in the passages to and fro, I heard a step upon the Princesses' stairs, and, venturing forward, I encountered the Princess Elizabeth; I paid my respectful congratulation on the day, which she most pleasantly received, and I intimated my great desire to see Her Majesty. I am

sure the amiable Princesses communicated my petition, for Mr. De Luc came out in a few minutes and ushered me into the Royal presence.

"The Queen was in her State Dressing-room, her head attired for the Drawing-room, superbly; but her Court-dress, as usual, remaining to be put on at St. James's. She had already received all her early complimenters, and was prepared to go to St. James's: the Princess Royal was seated by her side, and all the other Princesses, except the Princess Amelia, were in the room, with the Duchess of York. Mr. De Luc, Mrs. Schwellenberg, Madame de la Fite, and Miss Goldsworthy were in the background.

"The Queen smiled upon me most graciously, and every Princess came up separately to speak with me. I thanked Her Majesty warmly for admitting me upon such an occasion. "O!" cried she, 'I resolved to see you the moment I knew you were here.'

"She then inquired when I went into Norfolk, and conversed upon my summer plans, &c., with more of her original sweetness of manner than I have seen since my resignation. What pleasure this gave me! and what pleasure did I feel in being kept by her till the further door opened, and the King entered, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence!

"I motioned to retreat, but, calling out, 'What, Miss Burney?' the King came up to me, and inquired how I did; and began talking to me so pleasantly, so gaily, so kindly, even, that I had the satisfaction of remaining and of gathering courage to utter my good wishes and warm fervent prayers for this day. He deigned to hear me very benignly; or make believe he did, for I did not make my harangue very audibly; but he must be sure of its purport.

"He said I was grown 'quite fat,' since he had seen me, and appealed to the Duke of York: he protested my arm was half as big again as heretofore,

and then he measured it with his spread thumbs and forefingers; and the whole of his manner showed his perfect approbation of the step I had taken, of presenting myself in the Royal presence on this auspicious day.

"The Queen soon after walked up to me, and asked if I should like to see the ball at night. I certainly should much like to have seen them 'in all their glory,' after seeing them thus in all their kindness, as well as to have been present at the first public appearance at Court of the Princess Sophia: but I had no means to get from and to Chelsea so late at night, and was, therefore, forced to excuse myself, and decline her gracious proposition of giving me tickets.

"Princess Mary came to shake hands with me, and Princess Augusta spoke to me for some time with extreme sweetness; in short, I was gratified in every possible way by the united goodness and condescension of all the family.

"Two days after, I went again to Westminster Hall with Miss Ord. Her good mother has a ticket for the Duke of Newcastle's box, in which she was seated. This day's business consisted of examining witnesses: it was meant for the last meeting during this session; but when it was over, Mr. Hastings arose and addressed the Lords in a most noble and pathetic speech, praying them to continue their attendance till his defence was heard throughout, or, at least, not to deny him the finishing his answer to the first charge.

He spoke, I believe, to the hearts of everybody, except his persecutors: the whole assembly seemed evidently affected by what he urged, upon the unexampled delay of justice in his trial: silence was never more profound than that which his voice instantly commanded. Poor unhappy, injured gentleman! How, how can such men practise cruelty so glaring as is manifested in the whole conduct of his trial!

"From hence, as usual, I went to dine at the Queen's house: Mrs. Schwellenberg took me to the Queen after coffee.

"She was writing to Lady Cremorne: she talked with me while she finished her letter, and then read it to me, exactly as in old times. She writes with admirable facility, and peculiar elegance of expression, as well as of hand-writing.

"She asked me, somewhat curiously, if I had seen any of my old friends? I found she meant oppositionists. I told her only at the trial. She kept me in converse till the dear King came into the room: he had a grandson of Lord Howe's with him, a little boy in petticoats, with whom he was playing, and who he thought remembered me. I had seen him frequently at Weymouth, and the innocent little fellow insisted upon making me his bows and reverences, when told to make them to the Queen.

"The King asked me what had been doing at Westminster Hall? I repeated poor Mr. Hastings's remonstrance, particularly a part of it in which he had mentioned that he had already 'appealed to his Majesty, whose justice he could not doubt.' The King looked a little queer, but I was glad of the opportunity of putting in a word for poor Mr. Hastings."

Towards the close of 1792, Miss Burney's diary acquires even more than its former interest. Our extracts both from her journal and correspondence at this period though longer than any former ones, could not be abbreviated without injury.

"Our ambassador is recalled from France; Russia has declared war against that wretched kingdom. But it may defy all outward enemies to prove in any degree destructive in comparison with its lawless and barbarous inmates. We shall soon have no authentic accounts from Paris, as no English are expected to remain after the Ambassador, and no French will dare

to write, in such times of pillage, what may carry them '*a la lanterne.*'

"MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH.—We set out for Halstead, in Essex,—our Etty, her lovely Marianne, and I; and there we were most affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Hawkins, and by *il caro sposo.* Sophia skipped with joy, and Cecilia was all smiles, grace, and enchantment.

"Our time was almost all corroded by the general alarm for the political safety of all manner of people; the successes of the fiends of France filled us with incessant horror, and the necessity of guarding against the contagion of plunder and equality, amongst the poor and the wicked, or the duped and the dupers, occupied us perpetually.

MRS. PHILIPS TO MISS BURNEY.

"Mickleham, September, 1792.

"WE shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or rather, fortunate, since here they are safe) French noblesse in our neighborhood. Sunday evening Ravely informed Mr. Lock that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house, Juniper Hall, and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble, which the people very reluctantly let, upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French papishes, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Lock, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent; however, before this message arrived, the family were admitted. The man said, they had pleaded very hard indeed, and said if he did but know the distress they had been in, he would not hesitate.

"This house is taken by Madame de Broglie, daughter of the Mareschal, who is in the army with the French Princess; or, rather, wife to his son, Vic-

tor Broglie, till very lately General of one of the French armies, and at present disgraced, and fled nobody knows where. This poor lady came over in an open boat, with a son younger than my Norbury, and was fourteen hours at sea. She has other ladies with her, and gentlemen, and two little girls, who had been sent to England some weeks ago; they are all to lodge in a sort of cottage, containing only a kitchen and parlour on the ground floor.

"I long to offer them my house, and have been much gratified by finding Mr. Lock immediately determined to visit them; his taking this step will secure them the civilities, at least, of the other neighbours.

"At Jenkinson's are — la Marquise de la Chatre, whose husband is with the emigrants; her son; M. de Narbonne, lately Ministre de la Guerre; M. de Montmorency; Charles or Theodore Lameth; Jaucourt; and one or two more, whose names I have forgotten, are either arrived to-day, or expected. I feel infinitely interested for all these persecuted persons. Pray tell me whatever you hear of M. de Liancourt, &c. Heaven bless you!

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY.

"Halstead, October 2nd, '92.

"My dearest Padre,—I have just got your direction, in a letter from my mother, and an account that you seem to be in health and spirits; so now I think it high time to let you know a little about some of your daughters, lest you should forget you have any such incumbrances.

"In the first place, two of them, Esher and F. B., had a safe and commodious journey hither, in the midst of pattering showers and cloudy skies, making up as well as they could for the deficiencies of the elements by the dulcet recreation of the concord of

sweet sounds; not from tabrets and harps, but from the harmony of hearts with tongues.

"In the second place, a third of them, Charlotte F., writes word her *caro sposo* has continued very tolerably well this last fortnight, and that she still desires to receive my visit according to the first appointment.

"In the third place, a fourth of them, Sarah, is living upon French politics and with French fugitives, at Bradfield, where she seems perfectly satisfied with foreign forage.

"In the fourth place, Susanna, another of them, sends cheering histories of herself and her tribe, though she concludes them with a sighing ejaculation of, 'I wish I did not know there was such a country as France!'

"So much for your daughters.

"Mr. Hawkins's house is pleasantly situated, and all that belongs to its mistress is nearly perfect. Even its master is more to my *gusto* than I have ever known him before, for he is engaged in writing notes for answers to Paine, Mackintosh, Rouse, Priestley, Price, and a score more of Mr. Burke's incendiary antagonists. I wish to spirit him on to collect them into a pamphlet and give them to the public, but he is doubtful if it would not involve him in some heavy expense. I rather think the contrary, for he has really written well, and with an animation that his style of conversation had not made me expect. It is impossible to be under the roof of an English clergyman, and to witness his powers of making leisure useful, elegant, and happy, without continual internal reference to the miserable contrast of the unhappy clergy of France.

"To-day's papers teem with the promise of great and decisive victories to the arms of the Duke of Brunswick. I tremble for the dastardly revenge

menaced to the most injured King of France and his family. I dare hardly wish the advance and success of the combined armies, in the terror of such consequences. Yet the fate and future tranquillity of all Europe seem inevitably involved in the prosperity or the failure of this expedition. The depression or encouragement it must give to political adventurers, who, at all times, can stimulate the rabble to what they please, will surely spread far, deep, and wide, according to the event of French experiments upon the minds, manners, and powers of men; and the feasibility of expunging all past experience, for the purpose of treating the world as if it were created yesterday, and every man, woman, and child were let loose to act from their immediate suggestion, without reference to what is past, or sympathy in anything that is present, or precaution for whatever is to come. It seems, in truth no longer the cause of nations alone, but of individuals, not a dispute for a form of government, but for a condition of safety.

* * * * * *

Ever and ever most dutifully and
affectionately, your
F. B."

"Friday, October 5th.—I left Halstead, and set off, alone, for Bradfield Hall, which was but one stage of nineteen miles distant.

"Sarah who was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Young, expected me, and came running out before the chaise stopped at the door, and Mr. Young following, with both hands full of French newspapers. He welcomed me with all his old spirit and impetuosity, exclaiming his house never had been so honoured since its foundation, nor ever could be again, unless I re-visited it in my way back, even though all England came in the mean time!

"Do you not know him well, my Susan, by this opening rhodomontade?

"'But where,' cried he, 'is Hetty? O that Hetty! Why did you not bring her with you? That wonderful creature! I have half a mind to mount horse, and gallop to Halstead to claim her! What is there there to merit her? What kind of animals have you left her with? Anything capable of understanding her?'

"During this we mounted up-stairs, into the dining-room. Here all looked cold and comfortless, and no Mrs. Young appeared. I inquired for her, and heard that her youngest daughter, Miss Patty, had just had a fall from her horse, which had bruised her face, and occasioned much alarm.

"The rest of the day we spoke only of French politics. Mr. Young is a severe penitent of his democratic principles, and has lost even all pity for the *Constituant Révolutionnaires*, who had 'taken him in' by their doctrines, but cured him by their practice, and who 'ought better to have known what they were about before they presumed to enter into action.'

"Even the Duc de Liancourt, who was then in a small house at Bury, merited, he said, all the personal misfortunes that had befallen him. 'I have real obligations to him,' he added, 'and therefore I am anxious to show him any respect, and do him any service, in his present reverse of fortune; but he has brought it all on himself, and, what is worse, on his country.'

"He wrote him, however, a note to invite him to dinner the next day. The Duke wrote an answer, that he lamented excessively being engaged to meet Lord Euston, and dine with the Bury aldermen.

"I must now tell you the history of this poor Duke's arriving in England, for it involves a revival of loy-

alty—an effort to make some amends to his unhappy sovereign for the misery into which he had largely contributed to plunge him—which, with me, has made his peace for ever.

"But first, I should tell, he was the man who almost compelled the every-way-deluded Louis to sanction the National Assembly by his presence when first it resisted his orders. The Queen and all her party were strongly against the measure, and prophesied it would be the ruin of his authority; but the Duke, highly ambitious of fame, as Mr. Young describes him, and willing to sacrifice everything to the new systems then pervading all France, suddenly rushed into his closet, upon the privilege of being one of the five or seven Pairs de France, who have that licence, and, with a strong and forcible eloquence, declared nothing but his concession would save the nation from a civil war; while his entering, unarmed, into the National Assembly, would make him regarded for ever as the father and saviour of his people, and secure him the powerful sovereignty of the grateful hearts of all his subjects.

"He succeeded, and the rest is public.

"Certainly, he can never recollect this incident, with whatever good or even noble sentiments he had been wrought up to it, without the severest pain. What might have been the event of an opposite conduct, no one can tell; but it is difficult to figure to the most terrible imagination anything so dreadful, anything indeed not better than what happened. Mr. Young is persuaded that, but for this manœuvre of the Duke, and some similar acts of his first associates, none of these evils would have come to pass: M. de Calonne's conciliatory articles would have been agreed to by the King and the people, and the government gradually have been amended, and blood and villany have looked another way.

"This incident, which I have here mentioned, has set all the Coblentz party utterly and for ever against the Duke. He had been some time in extreme anguish for the unhappy King, whose ill treatment on the 20th of June, 1792, reached him while commandant at Rouen. He then first began to see that the Monarch or the Jacobins must inevitably fall, and he could scarce support the prospect of ultimate danger threatening the former. I have since been told, by a gentleman then at Rouen, that he was never surprised in his room, at that period, but he was found *mordant* his fist, and in action of desperation. Ah!—well he might!

"When the news reached him of the bloody 10th of August, a plan which for some time he had been forming, of gaining over his regiment to the service of the King, was rendered abortive. Yet all his officers except one had promised to join in any enterprise for their insulted master. He had hoped to get the King to Rouen under this protection, as I gather, though this matter has never wholly transpired. But the King could not be persuaded to trust any one. How should he?—especially a Révolutionnaire?

"No time now was to be lost, and, in his first impetuosity of rage and despair, he instantly summoned his officers and his troops; and, in the midst of them all, upon the parade or place of assembling, he took off his hat, and called out aloud 'Vive le Roi!'

"His officers echoed the sound, all but one!—yet not a soldier joined. Again he waved his hat, and louder and louder called out 'Vive le Roi!' And then every soldier repeated it after him.

"Enchanted with hope, he felt one exulting moment, when this single dissentient officer called out aloud, as soon as the loyal cry was over, 'As an officer of the Nation I forbid this!—Vive la Nation!'

"The Duke instantly had the man arrested, and

retired to his apartment to compose his excess of agitation, and consider how to turn this promise of loyalty to the service of his now imprisoned King; but in a short time, an officer strongly attached to him entered the room hastily, and cried, '*Sauvez vous, M. de Liancourt!*—be speedy—the Jacobin party of Rouen have heard of your indiscretion, and a price is this moment set upon your head!'

"The Duke knew too well with whom he had to act, for a moment's hesitation. To serve the King was now impossible, as he had but to appear in order to be massacred. He could only save his own life by flight.

"In what manner he effected his escape out of Rouen, he has never mentioned. I believe he was assisted by those who, remaining behind, could only be named to be torn in pieces for their humanity. The same French gentleman whom I have just mentioned, M. Jamard, a French priest, tells me no human being knows when or how he got away, and none suspected him to be gone for two days. He went first to Abbeville; there, for two days, he appeared everywhere, walking about in his regimentals, and assuming an air of having nothing to apprehend. This succeeded, as his indiscretion had not yet spread at Abbeville; but, meanwhile, a youth whom he had brought up from a child, and on whose fond regard and respect he could rely, was employed in seeking him the means of passing over to England. This was infinitely difficult, as he was to leave France without any passport.

"How he quitted Abbeville, I know not; but he was in another town, near the coast, three days, still waiting for a safe conveyance; and here, finding his danger increased greatly by delay, he went to some common house, without dress or equipage or servants that could betray him, and spent his whole time in

bed, under pretence of indisposition, to avoid being seen.

"At length his faithful young groom succeeded; and he got, at midnight, into a small boat, with only two men. He had been taken for the King of France by one, who had refused to convey him; and some friend, who assisted his escape, was forced to get him off, at last, by holding a pistol to the head of his conductor, and protesting he would shoot him through and through, if he made further demur, or spoke aloud. It was dark, and midnight.

"Both he and his groom planted themselves in the bottom of the boat, and were covered with fagots, lest any pursuit should ensue: and thus wretchedly they were suffocated till they thought themselves at a safe distance from France. The poor youth then, first looking up, exclaimed, '*Ah! nous sommes perdus!* they are carrying us back to our own country!' The Duke started up; he had the same opinion, but thought opposition vain; he charged him to keep silent and quiet; and after another league, they found this, at least, a false alarm, owing merely to a thick fog or mist.

"At length they landed—at Hastings, I think. The boatman had his money, and they walked on to the nearest public-house. The Duke, to seem English, called for '*Pot Portere.*' It was brought him, and he drank it off in two draughts, his drought being extreme; and he called for another instantly. That also, without any suspicion or recollection of consequences, was as hastily swallowed; and what ensued he knows not. He was intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep.

"His groom helped the people of the house to carry him up stairs and put him to bed.

"How long he slept, he knows not, but he woke in the middle of the night without the smallest con-

sciousness of where he was, or what had happened. France alone was in his head—France and its horrors, which nothing—not even English porter and intoxication and sleep—could drive away.

"He looked round the room with amaze at first, and soon after with consternation. It was so unfurnished, so miserable, so lighted with only one small bit of a candle, that it occurred to him he was in a *maison de force*—thither conveyed in his sleep.

"The stillness of everything confirmed this dreadful idea. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and listened at the door. He heard no sound. He was scarce yet, I suppose, quite awake, for he took the candle, and determined to make an attempt to escape.

"Down-stairs he crept, neither hearing nor making any noise; and he found himself in a kitchen: he looked round, and the brightness of a shelf of pewter plates struck his eye; under them were pots and kettles shining and polished. "*Ah!*" cried he to himself, "*je suis en Angleterre!*" The recollection came all at once at sight of a cleanliness which, in these articles, he says, is never met with in France.

"He did not escape too soon, for his first cousin, the good Duc de la Rochefoucault, another of the first Révolutionnaires, was massacred the next month. The character he has given of this murdered relation is the most affecting, in praise and virtues, that can possibly be heard. Sarah has heard him till she could not keep the tears from her eyes. They had been *élèves* together, and loved each other as the tenderest brothers.

"You will be all sorry as I was myself to hear that every ill story of la Comtesse de Genlis was confirmed by the Duke. She was resident at Bury, when he arrived, with Mlle. Egalité, Pamela, Henrietta Circe, and several others, who appeared in various ways, as artists, gentlemen, domestics, and equals, on various

occasions. The history of their way of life is extraordinary, and not very comprehensible; probably owing to the many necessary difficulties which the new system of equality produces.

"The Duke accuses Madame Brulard of being a principal instrument of French misery. The Duke d'Orleans, he says, is indisputably the primary cause of the long and dreadful anarchy of this country, and Madame Brulard had an influence which as indisputably carried him on, since it did not stop him. The Duke adores the Duchess of Orleans, whom he describes as one of the most amiable and exemplary of women; and he declares she has not a friend who forbears detesting Madame Brulard, who is a woman of the first abilities, but of inexhaustible intrigue and ambition. The Duc d'Orleans he has had some personal pique with, I believe, as he had no scruple to say that if he met him in London he should instantly cane him. He calls him a villain and a coward.

"A lady of Bury, a sister of Sir Thomas Gage, had been very much caught by Madame Brulard, who had almost lived at the house of Sir Thomas. Upon the arrival of the Duke he was invited to Sir Thomas Gage's immediately; and Miss G——, calling upon Madame Brulard, mentioned him, and asked if she knew him?—No, she answered, but she had seen him. This was innocently repeated to the Duke, who then, in a transport of rage, broke out with, '*Elle m'a vu!* and is that all?—Does she forget that she has spoke to me? that she has heard me too?' And then he related what I have written, and added, that when all was wearing the menacing aspect of anarchy, before it broke out, and before he was ordered to his regiment at Rouen, he had desired an audience of Madame Brulard, for the first time, having been always a friend of Madame d'Orleans, and consequently *her* enemy. She was unwilling to see him,

but he would not be refused. He then told her that France was upon the point of ruin, and that the Duc d'Orleans, who had been its destruction, and 'the disgrace of the Revolution,' could alone now prevent the impending havoc. He charged her therefore, forcibly and peremptorily, to take in charge a change of measures, and left her with an exhortation, which he then flattered himself would have some chance of averting the coming dangers. But quickly after, she quitted France voluntarily, and settled in England. 'And can she have forgotten all this?' cried he.

"I know not if this was repeated to Madame de Brulard; but certain it is she quitted Bury with the utmost expedition. She did not even wait to pay her debts, and left the poor Henrietta Circe behind, as a sort of hostage, to prevent alarm. The creditors, however, finding her actually gone, entered the house, and poor Henrietta was terrified into hysterics. Probably she knew not but they were Jacobins, or would act upon Jacobin principles.

"Madame Brulard then sent for her, and remitted money, and proclaimed her intention of returning to Suffolk no more.

"The Duke is now actually in her house. There was no other vacant that suited him so well.

"I am much interested in Susan's account of poor Madame de Broglie. How terribly, I fear, all is proceeding in France! I tremble at such apparent triumphs to such atrocious cruelty; and though I doubt not these wretches will destroy one another while combating for superiority, they will not set about that crying for retribution for which justice seems to sicken, till they have first utterly annihilated all manner of people, better, softer, or more human than themselves.

"The Duke accepted the invitation for to-day, and came early on horseback. He had just been able to

get over some two or three of his horses from France. He has since, I hear, been forced to sell them.

"Mrs. Young was not able to appear; Mr. Young came to my room-door to beg I would waste no time; Sarah and I, therefore, proceeded to the drawing-room.

"The Duke was playing with a favourite dog—the thing probably the most dear to him in England; for it was just brought him over by his faithful groom, whom he had sent back upon business to his son.

"He is very tall, and, were his figure less, would be too fat, but all is in proportion. His face, which is very handsome, though not critically so, has rather a haughty expression when left to itself, but becomes soft and spirited in turn, according to whom he speaks, and has great play and variety. His deportment is quite noble, and in a style to announce conscious rank even to the most sedulous equaliser. His carriage is peculiarly upright, and his person uncommonly well made. His manners are such as only admit of comparison with what we have read, not what we have seen; for he has all the air of a man who could wish to lord over men, but to cast himself at the feet of women.

"He was in mourning for his barbarously-murdered cousin, the Duc de la Rochefoucault. His first address was of the highest style. I shall not attempt to recollect his words, but they were most elegantly expressive of his satisfaction in a meeting he had long, he said, desired.

"With Sarah he then shook hands. She had been his interpretess here on his arrival, and he seems to have conceived a real kindness for her; an honour of which she is extremely sensible, and with reason.

"A little general talk ensued, and he made a point of curing Sarah of being afraid of his dog. He made no secret of thinking it affectation, and never rested

till he had conquered it completely. I saw here, in the midst of all that at first so powerfully struck me, of dignity, importance, and high-breeding, a true French *polisson;* for he called the dog round her, made it jump on her shoulder, and amused himself as in England only a school-boy or a professed fox-hunter would have dreamt of doing.

"This, however, recovered me to a little ease, which his compliment had rather overset. Mr. Young hung back, nearly quite silent. Sarah was quiet when reconciled to the dog, or, rather, subdued by the Duke; and then, when I thought it completely out of his head, he tranquilly drew a chair next mine, and began a sort of separate conversation, which he suffered nothing to interrupt till we were summoned to dinner.

"His subject was 'Cecilia;' and he seemed not to have the smallest idea I could object to discussing it, any more than if it had been the work of another person.

"I answered all his demands and interrogatories with a degree of openness I have never answered any other upon this topic; but the least hope of beguiling the misery of an *emigré* tames me.

"Mr. Young listened with amaze, and all his ears, to the many particulars and elucidations which the Duke drew from me; he repeatedly called out he had heard nothing of them before, and rejoiced he was at least present when they were communicated.

"This proved, at length, an explanation to the Duke himself, that, the moment he understood, made him draw back, saying, 'Peut-être que je suis indiscret?' However, he soon returned to the charge; and when Mr. Young made any more exclamations, he heeded them not: he smiled, indeed, when Sarah also affirmed he had procured accounts she had never heard before; but he has all the air of a man not new to any mark of more than common favour.

"At length we were called to dinner, during which he spoke of general things.

The French of Mr. Young, at table, was very comic; he never hesitates for a word, but puts English wherever he is at a loss, with a mock French pronunciation. *Monsieur Duc*, as he calls him, laughed once or twice, but clapped him on the back, called him *un brave homme*, and gave him instruction as well as encouragement in all his blunders.

"When the servants were gone, the Duke asked me if any body might write a letter to the King? I fancy he had some personal idea of this kind. I told him yes, but through the hands of a Lord of the Bed-chamber, or some state officer, or a Minister. He seemed pensive, but said no more.

"He inquired, however, if I had not read to the Queen; and seemed to wish to understand my office; but here he was far more circumspect than about 'Cecilia.' He has lived so much in a Court, that he knew exactly how far he might inquire with the most scrupulous punctilio.

"I found, however, he had imbibed the Jacobin notion that our beloved King was still disordered; for, after some talk upon his illness, and very grave and proper expressions concerning the affliction and terror it produced in the kingdom, he looked at me very fixedly, and, with an arching brow, said, 'Mais, Mademoiselle — après tout — le Roi — est il bien guéri?'

"I gave him such assurances as he could not doubt, from their simplicity, which resulted from their truth.

"Mr. Young would hardly let Sarah and me retreat; however, we promised to meet soon to coffee.

"I went away full of concern for his injuries, and fuller of amazement at the vivacity with which he bore them.

"When at last we met in the drawing-room, I found

the Duke all altered. Mr. Young had been forced away by business, and was but just returned, and he had therefore been left a few minutes by himself; the effect was visible, and extremely touching. Recollections and sorrow had retaken possession of his mind; and his spirit, his vivacity, his power of rallying, were all at an end. He was strolling about the room with an air the most gloomy, and a face that looked enveloped in clouds of sadness and moroseness. There was a *fierte* almost even fierce in his air and look, as, wrapped in himself, he continued his walk.

"I felt now an increasing compassion:—what must he not suffer when he ceases to fight with his calamities! Not to disturb him we talked with one another, but he soon shook himself and joined us; though he could not bear to sit down, or stand a moment in a place.

"Sarah spoke of Madame Brulard, and, in a little malice, to draw him out, said her sister knew her very well.

"The Duke, with eyes of fire at the sound, came up to me: 'Comment, Mademoiselle! vous avez connu cette coquine de Brulard?' And then he asked me what I had thought of her.

"I frankly answered that I had thought her charming; gay, intelligent, well-bred, well-informed, and amiable.

"He instantly drew back, as if sorry he had named her so roughly, and looked at Sally for thus surprising him; but I immediately continued that I could now no longer think the same of her, as I could no longer esteem her; but I confessed my surprise had been inexpressible at her duplicity.

"He allowed that, some years ago, she might have a better chance than now of captivation; for the deeper she immersed in politics, the more she had forfeited of feminine attraction. 'Ah!' he cried, 'with her

talents—her knowledge—her parts—had she been modest, reserved, gentle, what a blessing might she have proved to her country! but she is devoted to intrigue and cabal, and proves its curse.'

"He then spoke with great asperity against all the *femmes de lettres* now known; he said they were commonly the most disgusting of their sex, in France, by their arrogance, boldness, and *mauvaises mœurs*.

"I inquired if Mr. Young had shown him a letter from the Duke of Grafton, which he had let me read in the morning. It was to desire Mr. Young would acquaint him if the Duc de Liancourt was still in Bury, and, if so, to wait upon him, in the Duke of Grafton's name, to solicit him to make Euston his abode while in England, and to tell him that he should have his apartments wholly unmolested, and his time wholly unbroken; that he was sensible, in such a situation of mind, he must covet much quiet and freedom from interruption and impertinence; and he therefore promised that, if he would honour his house with his residence, it should be upon the same terms as if he were in an hotel—that he would never know if he were at home or abroad, or even in town or in the country; and he hoped the Duc de Liancourt would make no more scruple of accepting such an asylum and retreat at his house than he would himself have done of accepting a similar one from the Duke in France, if the misfortunes of his own country had driven him to exile.

"I was quite in love with the Duke of Grafton for this kindness. The Duc de Liancourt bowed to my question, and seemed much gratified with the invitation; but I see he cannot brook obligation; he would rather live in a garret, and call it his own.

"He told me, however, with an air of some little pleasure, that he had received just such another letter from Lord Sheffield. I believe both these noble-

men had been entertained at Liancourt some years ago.

"I inquired after Madame la Duchesse, and I had the satisfaction to hear she was safe in Switzerland.—The Duke told me she had purchased an estate there.

"He inquired very particularly after your Juniper colony, and M. de Narbonne, but said he most wished to meet with M. d'Arblay, who was a friend and favourite of his eldest son."

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CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney, describing the French Colony at Mickleham—The Chevalier d'Arblay—His Anecdotes of Lafayette—Madame de Staël—Her conduct during the Reign of Terror—A Romance of Real Life—Treatment of Lafayette in Prison—Movement of the Emigrants—M. Talleyrand—Progress of the Revolution—M. de la Châtre—His adventures and escapes.

Mrs Phillips's journalizing letters to her sister Miss Burney, written at this period, as they give particulars concerning several distinguished actors and sufferers in the French Revolution, and also contain the earliest description of M. d'Arblay, will be acceptable to the reader.

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MISS BURNEY.

"Mickleham, November, 1792.

"It gratifies me very much that I have been able to interest you for our amiable and charming neighbours.

"Mrs. Lock had been so kind as to pave the way for my introduction to Madame de la Châtre, and carried me on Friday to Juniper Hall, where we found M. de Montmorency, a *ci-devant duc*, and one who

gave some of the first great examples of sacrificing personal interest to what was then considered the public good. I know not whether you will like him the better when I tell you, that from him proceeded the motion for the abolition of titles in France; but if you do not, let me, in his excuse, tell you he was scarcely one-and-twenty when an enthusiastic spirit impelled him to this, I believe, ill-judged and mischievous act. My curiosity was greatest to see M. de Jaucourt, because I remembered many lively and spirited speeches made by him during the time of the *Assemblée Législative*, and that he was a warm defender of my favourite hero, M. Lafayette.

"Of M. de Narbonne's abilities we could have no doubt from his speeches and letters whilst Ministre de la Guerre, which post he did not quit till last May. By his own desire he then joined Lafayette's army, and acted under him; but, on the 10th of August, he was involved, with perhaps nearly all the most honourable and worthy of the French nobility, accused as a traitor by the Jacobins, and obliged to fly from his country.

"M. d'Argenson was already returned to France, and Madame de Broglie had set out the same day, November 2nd, hoping to escape the decree against the emigrants.

"Madame de la Châtre received us with great politeness. She is about thirty-three; an elegant figure, not pretty, but with an animated and expressive countenance; very well read, *pleine d'esprit*, and, I think, very lively and charming.

"A gentleman was with her whom Mrs. Lock had not yet seen, M. d'Arblay. She introduced him, and, when he had quitted the room, told us he was adjutant-general to M. Lafayette, *maréchal de camp*, and in short the first in military rank of those who had accompanied that general when he so unfortunately fell

into the hands of the Prussians; but, not having been one of the *Assemblée Constituante*, he was allowed, with four others, to proceed into Holland, and there M. de Narbonne wrote to him. 'Et comme il l'aime infiniment,' said Madame de la Châtre, 'il l'a prié de venir vivre avec lui.' He had arrived only two days before. He is tall, and a good figure, with an open and manly countenance; about forty, I imagine.

"It was past twelve. However, Madame de la Châtre owned she had not breakfasted—*ces messieurs* were not yet ready. A little man, who looked very *triste* indeed, in an old-fashioned suit of clothes, with long flaps to a waistcoat embroidered in silks no longer very brilliant, sat in a corner of the room. I could not imagine who he was, but when he spoke was immediately convinced he was no Frenchman. I afterwards heard he had been engaged by M. de Narbonne for a year, to teach him and all the party English. He had had a place in some college in France at the beginning of the Revolution, but was now driven out and destitute. His name is Clarke. He speaks English with an accent *tant soit peu* Scotch.

"Madame de la Châtre, with great *franchise*, entered into details of her situation and embarrassment, whether she might venture, like Madame de Broglie, to go ever to France, in which case she was *dans le cas où elle pouvoit toucher sa fortune* immediately. She said she could then settle in England, and settle comfortably. M. de la Châtre, it seems, previous to his joining the King's brothers, had settled upon her her whole fortune. She and all her family were great favourers of the original Revolution; and even at this moment she declares herself unable to wish the restoration of the old *régime*, with its tyranny and corruptions—persecuted and ruined as she and thousands more have been by the unhappy consequences of the Revolution.

"M. de Narbonne now came in. He seems forty, rather fat, but would be handsome, were it not for a slight cast of one eye. He was this morning in great spirits. Poor man! It was the only time I have ever seen him so. He came up very courteously to me, and begged leave *de me faire sa cour* at Mickleham, to which I graciously assented.

"Then came M. de Jaucourt, whom I instantly knew by Mr. Lock's description. He is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth, and expressive eyes. I scarce heard a word from him, but liked his appearance exceedingly, and not the less for perceiving his respectful and affectionate manner of attending to Mr. Lock; but when Mr. Lock reminded us that Madame de la Châtre had not breakfasted, we took leave, after spending an hour, in a manner so pleasant and so interesting that it scarcely appeared ten minutes.

"WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH.—Phillips was at work in the parlour, and I had just stepped into the next room for some papers I wanted, when I heard a man's voice, and presently distinguished these words: 'Je ne parle pas trop bien l'Anglois, monsieur.' I came forth immediately to relieve Phillips, and then found it was M. d'Arblay.

"I received him *de bien bon cœur*, as courteously as I could. The adjutant of M. Lafayette, and one of those who proved faithful to that excellent general, could not but be interesting to me. I was extremely pleased at his coming, and more and more pleased with himself every moment that passed. He seems to me a true *militaire, franc et loyal*—open as the day—warmly affectionate to his friends—intelligent, ready, and amusing in conversation, with a great share of *gaieté de cœur*, and, at the same time, of *naïveté* and *bonne foi*. He was no less flattering to little Fanny than M. de Narbonne had been.

"We went up into the drawing-room with him, and met Willy on the stairs, and Norbury capered before us 'Ah, Madame!' cried M. d'Arblay, 'la jolie petite maison que vous avez, et les jolis petits hôtes!' looking at the children, the drawings, &c. &c. He took Norbury on his lap and played with him. I asked him if he was he was not proud of being so kindly noticed by the adjutant-general of M. Lafayette? 'Est-ce qu'il sait le nom de M. Lafayette?' said he smiling. I said he was our hero. 'Ah! nous voilà donc bons amis! Il n'y a pas de plus brave homme sur la terre!' 'Et comme on l'a traité!' cried I. A little shrug and his eyes cast up was the answer. I said I was thankful to see at least one of his faithful friends here. I asked if M. Lafayette was allowed to write and receive letters. He said yes, but they were always given to him open.

"Norbury now (still seated on his lap) took courage to whisper him, 'Were you, sir, put in prison with M. Lafayette?' 'Oui, mon ami.' 'And—was it quite dark?' I was obliged, laughing, to translate this curious question. M. d'Arblay laughed too: 'Non, mon ami,' said he, 'on nous a mis d'abord dans une assez jolie chambre—c'étoit à Nivelle.' 'Vous y étiez avec M. Lafayette, monsieur?' 'Oui, madame, pour quelques jours, et puis on nous a séparés.'

"I lamented the hard fate of the former, and the rapid and wonderful *revers* he met with, after having been, as he well merited to be the most popular man in France. This led M. d'Arblay to speak of M. de Narbonne, to whom I found him passionately attached. Upon my mentioning the sacrifices made by the French nobility, and by a great number of them voluntarily, he said no one had made more than M. de Narbonne; that, previous to the Revolution, he had more wealth and more power than almost any, except the Princes of the Blood.

"For himself, he mentioned his fortune and his income from his appointments as something immense, but I never remember the number of hundred thousand livres, nor can tell what their amount is without some consideration. 'Et me voilà, madame, réduit à rien, hormis un peu d'argent comptant, et encore très peu. Je ne sais encore ce que Narbonne pourra retirer des débris de sa fortune; mais, quoique ce soit, nous le partagerons ensemble. Je ne m'en fais pas le moindre scrupule, puisque nous n'avons eu qu'un intérêt commun, et nous nous sommes toujours aimés comme frères.'

"I wish I could paint to you the manly *franchise* with which these words were spoken; but you will not find it difficult to believe that they raised MM. de Narbonne and d'Arblay very high in my estimation.

"The next day Madame de la Châtre was so kind as to send me the French papers, by her son, who made a silent visit of about five minutes.

"Friday Morning.—I sent Norbury with the French papers, desiring him to give them to M. d'Arblay. He stayed a prodigious while, and at last came back attended by M. de Narbonne, M. de Jaucourt, and M. d'Arblay. M. de Jaucourt is a delightful man—as comic, entertaining, unaffected, unpretending, and good-humoured as dear Mr. Twining, only younger, and not quite so black. He is a man likewise of first-rate abilities—M. de Narbonne says, perhaps superior to Vaublanc—and of very uncommon firmness and integrity of character.

"The account Mr. Batt gave of the National Assembly last summer agrees perfectly with that of M. de Jaucourt, who had the misfortune to be one of the deputies, and who, upon some great occasion in support of the King and Constitution, found only twenty-four members who had courage to support him, though a far more considerable number gave him

secretly their good wishes and prayers. It was on this that he regarded all hope of justice and order as lost, and that he gave in *sa démission* from the Assembly. In a few days he was seized, and, *sans forme de procès*, having lost his inviolability as a member, thrown into the prison of the *Abbaye*, where, had it not been for the very extraordinary and admirable exertions of Madame de Stäel (M. Necker's daughter, and the Swedish ambassador's wife), he would infallibly have been massacred.

"I must here tell you that this lady, who was at that time seven months gone with child, was indefatigable in her efforts to save every one she knew from this dreadful massacre. She walked daily (for carriages were not allowed to pass in the streets) to the Hôtel de Ville, and was frequently shut up for five hours together with the horrible wretches that composed the *Comité de Surveillance*, by whom these murders were directed; and by her eloquence, and the consideration demanded by her rank and her talents, she obtained the deliverance of above twenty unfortunate prisoners, some of whom she knew but slightly."

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"M. de Narbonne brought me two volumes of new 'Contes Moraux,' by Marmontel, who is yet living: they are printed at Liège, and in this year, 1792. He was in very depressed spirits, I saw, and entered into some details of his late situation with great openness. Though honoured by the Jacobins with the title of traitor, all his friends here concur in saying he has ever been truly *constitutionnaire*, that is, of the same party as Lafayette. Last May *il donna sa démission* of the place of *Ministre de la Guerre*, being annoyed in all his proceedings by the Jacobins, and prevented from serving his country effectually by the instability of the King, for whom he nevertheless professes a sincere personal attachment. 'Mais il m'a

été impossible de le servir—il l'a été à tous ses meilleurs amis, et par ses vertus et par ses défauts; car—il le faut avouer—il ne pouvait se fier à lui-même, et il était en conséquence défiant de tout le monde.'

"Madame de la Châtre and M. de Jaucourt have since told me that M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay have been treated with singular ingratitude by the King, whom they nevertheless still loved as well as forgave. They likewise say he wished to get rid of M. de Narbonne from the Ministry, because he could not trust him with his projects of *contre* revolution.

"M. d'Arblay was the officer on guard at the Tuileries the night on which the King, &c., escaped to Varennes, and ran great risk of being denounced, and perhaps massacred, though he had been kept in the most perfect ignorance of the King's intention."

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"The next Sunday, November 18th, Augusta and Amelia came to me after church, very much grieved at the inhuman decrees just passed in the Convention, including as emigrants, with those who have taken arms against their country, all who have quitted it since last July; and adjudging their estates to confiscation, and their persons to death, should they return to France.

"'Ma'am,' said Mr. Clarke, 'it reduces this family to nothing: all they can hope is, by the help of their parents and friends, to get together wherewithal to purchase a cottage in America, and live as they can.'

"I was more shocked and affected by this account than I could very easily tell you. To complete the tragedy, M. de Narbonne had determined to write an offer—a request rather—to be allowed to appear as a witness in behalf of the King, upon his trial; and M. d'Arblay had declared he would do the same, and share the fate of his friend whatever it might be.

"On Tuesday, the 20th, I called to condole with

our friends on these new misfortunes. Madame de la Châtre received me with politeness, and even cordiality: she told me she was a little recovered from the first shock—that she should have to gather together a small *débris* of her fortune, but never enough to settle in England—that, in short, her *parti était pris*—that she must go to America. It went to my heart to hear her say so. Presently came in M. Girardin. He is son to the Marquis de Girardin d'Ermenonville, the friend of Rousseau, whose last days were passed, and whose remains are deposited, in his domain. This M. Girardin was a pupil of Rousseau; he was a member of the Legislative Assembly, and an able opponent of the Jacobins.

"It was to him that M. Merlin, *après bien de gestes menaçans* had held a pistol, in the midst of the Assembly. His father was a mad republican, and never satisfied with the rational spirit of patriotism that animated M. Girardin; who, witnessing the distress of all the friends he most esteemed and honoured, and being himself in personal danger from the enmity of the Jacobins, had, as soon as the *Assemblée Législative* broke up, quitted Paris, I believe, firmly determined never to re-enter it under the present *régime*.

"I was prepossessed very much in favour of this gentleman, from his conduct in the late Assembly and all we had heard of him. I confess I had not represented him to myself as a great, fat, heavy-looking man, with the manners of a somewhat hard and morose Englishman: he is between thirty and forty, I imagine; he had been riding as far as to the cottage Mr. Malthouse had mentioned to him—*l'asile de Jean Jaques*—and said it was very near this place (it is at the foot of Leith Hill, Mr. Lock has since told me.)

"They then talked over the newspapers which were come that morning. M. de St. Just, who made a most fierce speech for the trial and condemnation

of the King, they said had before only been known by little madrigals, romances, and *épîtres tendres*, published in the 'Almanac des Muses.' 'A cette heure,' said M. de Jaucourt, laughing, 'c'est un fier républicain. Enfin voilà l'Abbé Fouché qui prend la parole. Ah, mais il ne s'en tire pas mal.' 'Oui, en vérité,' said Madame de la Châtre; 'il montre de l'esprit;—ses raisonnmens sont tous justes ce qu'il faut pour persuader la Convention.'

"For Condorcet, in despite of his abilities, they feel a sovereign contempt. They spoke of his ingratitude to the Duc de la Rochefoucault with great disgust, and of the terrible end of that most respectable man, with a mixture of concern and indignation, that left them and us for a few minutes silent and in a kind of consternation.

"It appears that there is an exception in the detestable law concerning the emigrants, in favour of such persons as are established in other countries in any trade. M. de Jaucourt said, 'Il me parait que j'ai un peu vocation pour la cuisine: je me ferai cuisinier. Savez-vous ce que m'a dit ce matin notre cuisinier? Il me consultait sur les dangers qu'il courrerait, lui, en retournant en France.' 'Pourtant, monsieur,' il m'a dit, 'il y a une exception pour les *artistes*.' 'Moi, je serai cuisinier artiste aussi.'

"Speaking of the hard-bought liberty his country had gained, 'Bah!' cried M. Girardin; 'peut-on appeler cela la liberté?' 'Mais ils l'auront,' said M. de Jaucourt energetically, 'et ce qui me fâche le plus c'est qu'ils ne veulent pas me permettre d'en dire du bien; ils ont gâté la cause.'

"M. de Narbonne delighted me by his accounts of M. de Lafayette, who is, I am now certain, precisely the character I took him to be—one whom prosperity could never have corrupted, and that misfortune will never subdue. 'An excess of *bonté de cœur*,' M.

d'Arblay said, 'was almost the only fault he knew him to have.' This made him so unwilling to suspect of treachery some of those who called themselves his friends, that it was almost impossible to put him on his guard. 'Il caressait ceux qui cherchaient a l'égorger.'

"TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH.—Philips and I determined, at about half-past one, to walk to *Junipère* together.

"M. d'Arblay received us at the door, and showed the most flattering degree of pleasure at our arrival.

"We found with Madame de la Châtre another French gentleman, M. Sicar, who was also an officer of M. de Lafayette's.

"M. de Narbonne said he hoped we would be sociable, and dine with them now and then. Madame de la Châtre made a speech to the same effect. 'Et quel jour, par exemple,' said M. de Narbonne, 'feroit mieux qu'aujourd'hui?' Madame de la Chtâre took my hand instantly, to press in the most pleasing and gratifying manner imaginable this proposal; and before I had time to answer, M. d'Arblay, snatching up his hat, declared he would run and fetch the children.

"I was obliged to entreat Phillips to bring him back, and entreated him to *entendre raison.*

"'Mais, mais, madame,' cried M. de Narbonne, 'ne soyez pas disgracieuse.'

"'Je ne suis pas disgracieuse,' answered I, *assez naivement*, which occasioned a general comical but not affronting laugh: 'sur ce sujet au moins,' I had the modesty to add. I pleaded their late hour of dinner, our having no carriage, and my disuse to the night air at this time of the year; but M. de Narbonne said their cabriolet (they have no other carriage) should take us home,' and that there was a top to it, and Madame de la Châtre declared she would cover me well with shawls, &c.

"'Allons, allons,' cried M. d'Arblay; 'voilà qui est fait, car je parie que Monsieur Phillips n'aura pas le courage de nous refuser.'

"*Effectivement*, Monsieur Phillips was perfectly agreeable; so that all my efforts were vain, and I was obliged to submit, in spite of various worldly scruples, to pass a most charmingly pleasant day.

M. d'Arblay scampered off for the little ones, whom all insisted upon having, and Philips accompanied him, as it wanted I believe almost four hours to their dinner-time.

"J'eus beau dire que ce seroit une visite comme on n'en fait jamais. 'Ce sera,' said Madame de la Châtre, 'ce qu'il nous faut; ce sera une journée.'

"Then my dress: Oh, it was *parfaite*, and would give them all the courage to remain as they were, *sans toilette:* in short, nothing was omitted to render us comfortable and at our ease, and I have seldom passed a more pleasant day—never, I may fairly say, with such new acquaintance. I was only sorry M. de Jaucourt did not make one of the party.

Whilst M. d'Arblay and Phillips were gone, Madame de la Châtre told me they had that morning received M. Necker's *Défense du Roi*, and if I liked it that M. de Narbonne would read it out to us. You may conceive my answer. It is a most eloquent production, and was read by M. de Narbonne with *beaucoup d'âme*. Towards the end it is excessively touching, and his emotion was very evident, and would have struck and interested me had I felt no respect for his character before.

I must now tell you the secret of his birth, which, however is, I conceive, no great secret even in London, as Phillips heard it at Sir Joseph Banks's. Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., was in her youth known to be attached to the Compte de Narbonne, father of our M. de Narbonne. The conse-

quence of this attachment was such as to oblige her to a temporary retirement, under the pretence of indisposition; during which time la Comtesse de Narbonne, who was one of her attendants, not only concealed her own chagrin, but was the means of preserving her husband from a dangerous situation, and the Princess from disgrace. She declared *herself* with child, and, in short, arranged all so well as to *seem* the mother of her husband's son; though the truth was immediately suspected, and rumoured about the Court, and Madame de la Châtre told me, was known and familiarly spoken of by all her friends, except in the presence of M. de Narbonne, to whom no one would certainly venture to hint it. His father is dead, but la Comtesse de Narbonne, his reputed mother, lives, and is still an attendant on Madame Victoire, at Rome. M. de Narbonne's wife is likewise with her, and he himself was the person fixed on by Mesdames to accompany them when they quitted France for Italy. An infant daughter was left by him at Paris, who is still there with some of his family, and whom he expressed an earnest wish to bring over, though the late decree may perhaps render his doing so impossible. He has another daughter, of six years old, who is with her mother at Rome, and whom he told me the Pope had condescended to embrace. He mentioned his mother once (meaning la Comtesse de Narbonne) with great respect and affection.

"How sorry I was to find that M. Sicard and M. d'Arblay believed the account given in the newspapers, of the very severe treatment of M. de Lafayette and his companions! They added that the Prussians themselves were *indignés* at the treatment these gentlemen had received. M. Sicard, who is but just arrived from Holland, gave the same account. Would you believe it?—a corporal is appointed to call to

them and insist on an answer every fifteen minutes, day and night, so that they can never have more than ten minutes of undisturbed sleep! What a barbarity!—added to this, depriving them of books, pen and ink, pencils, or anything whatever which might tend to while away their melancholy moments. I have been haunted by this sad account ever since.

* * * *

S. P.

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MISS BURNEY.

"December 16th '92.

"Everything that is most shocking may, I fear, be expected for the unfortunate King of France, his Queen, and perhaps all that belong to him. M. d'Arblay said it would indeed scarce have been possible to hope that M. de Narbonne could have escaped with life, had the *sauf-conduit* requested been granted him, for attending as a witness at the King's trial.

"'Mais,' said M. d'Arblay, 'il désiroit vivement de servir le Roi; il y croyoit même son honneur intéressé; et pour lors—ma foi! l'on ne craint pas la mort. Si j'avois espéré de pouvoir être utile au Roi, je vous jure que rien ne m'auroit retenû; mais puisque l'on ne veut pas qu'il ait des défenseurs, et qu'enfin on a poussé l'atrocité jusqu'à un tel excès, jamais je ne retournerai en France.'

"'Mais si fait,' said Mr. Lock, 'si les choses viennent à changer?'

"'Pardonnez moi, monsieur; je ne vois point d'espérance de tranquillité dans ma malheureuse patrie pendant mes jours: le peuple est tellement vitié par l'impunité du crime, par les désordres de tout espèce, par le'habitude de voir couler le sang, qu'enfin, selon toutes les apparences, il n'y aura ni paix ni sureté de

trente ou quarante ans à venir en France. Heureusement pour nous,' he added more cheerfully, 'vous nous avez adopté, et j'espère que nous ne vous quitterons plus.'

"Speaking of M. Lafayette, and of the diatribes that have been published against him, he expressed warmly his concern and indignation, saying, his judgment, perhaps, had not been always infallible; 'mais pour ses vues, pour ses intentions, j'ôse en repondre: il n'y a pas d'homme plus brave, ni plus véritablement honnête homme. Il y a des personnes qui m'ont dit, et repété jusqu'à ce que j'en ai été impatienté, qu'il avoit perdu toutes les occasions de faire de grands coups, lorsqu'il avoit dans tout le royaume autant de pouvoir que Cromwell en avait de son tems. A la bonneheure—s'il avoit voulu être Cromwell; car il est très vrai que, pour faire le mal, il en avait tout le pouvoir; mais, pour faire le bien (et tout ce qu'il désiroit faire c'étoit le bien), c'était, je vous jure, une toute autre difficulté. Les tems d'ailleurs sont infiniment changés depuis l'époque de Cromwell. On ne peut plus méner des milliers d'hommes comme autant de troupeaux. Dans l'armée de M. Lafayette il y avait des volontaires innombrables,—auteurs distingués, hommes de lettres, artistes; (David, par exemple, le premier de nos artistes),—tous voulant juger de toutes choses par euxmêmes; tirant de cent manières différentes; ayant tous leur parties à eux, et presque tous des fous absolument, criant pour la liberté et la patriotisme avec encore plus de fureur que les gueux et les Sans-culottes. Et pourtant on persiste à dire que M. Lafayette aurait pû les tourner de telle manière qu'il l'aurait jugé à propos! Voilà comme on affirme, et comme on décide, dans ce monde!'

"Yesterday, Saturday, December 15th, at about noon, I was very pleasantly surprised by a visit from

M. de Narbonne, who was as gracious and as pleasant as ever he could be. We talked over Marmontel's new tales, which I believe I mentioned his having been so good as to lend me; he told me the author of them was in Paris, unhappy enough in seeing the state of public affairs. 'Mais pour l'intérieur de sa maison, on ne peut guère voir de bonheur plus parfait: à soixante ans il a su trouver une femme amiable de trente, qui a bien voulu l'épouser. Elle lui est fort attachée; et lui—il semble toujours amant, et toujours pénétré d'une reconnaissance sans bornes de ce qu'elle veut bien lui permettre de respirer l'air de la même chambre qu'elle. C'est un homme rempli de sentiment et de douceur.'

"He had heard nothing new from France, but mentioned, with great concern, the indiscretion of the King, in having kept all his letters since the Revolution; that the papers lately discovered in the Tuileries would bring ruin and death on hundreds of his friends; and that almost every one in that number 's'y trouvoient compliqués' some way or other. A decree of accusation had been *lancé* against M. Talleyrand, not for anything found from himself, but because M. de la Porte, long since executed, and from whom, of course, no *renseignemens* or explanations of any kind could be gained, had written to the King that l'Evêque d'Autun was well disposed to serve him. Can there be injustice more flagrant?

"M. Talleyrand, it seems, had purposed returning, and hoped to settle his affairs in France in person, but now he must be content with life; and as for his property (save what he may chance to have in other countries), he must certainly lose all.

"Monday, December 17th, in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lock called, and with them came Madame de la Châtre, to take leave.

"She now told us, perfectly in confidence, that Ma-

dame de Broglie had found a friend in the Mayor of Boulogne, that she was lodged at his house, and that she could answer for her (Madame de la Châtre) being received by him as well as she could desire (all this must be secret, as this good Mayor, if accused of harbouring or befriending *des émigres*, would no doubt pay for it with his life.) Madame de la Châtre said, all her friends who had ventured upon writing to her entreated her not to lose the present moment to return, as, the three months allowed for the return of those excepted in the decree once past, all hope would be lost for ever. Madame de Broglie, who is her cousin, was most excessively urgent to her to lose not an instant in returning. 'Vous croyez donc, madame,' said I, rather *tristement*, 'y aller?' 'Oui, sûrement, je l'espère; car, sans cela, tous mes projets sont anéanties. Si enfin je n'y pouvois aller, je serais réduite à presque rien!'

"Madame de Broglie, she said, had declared there would be no danger. Madame de la Châtre was put in spirits by this account, and the hope of becoming not destitute of everything; and I tried to hope without fearing for her, and, indeed, most sincerely offer up my petitions for her safety.

"Heaven prosper her! Her courage and spirits are wonderful. M. de Narbonne seemed, however, full of apprehensions for her. M. de Jaucourt seemed to have better hopes; he, even he, has now thoughts of returning, or rather his generosity compels him to think of it. His father has represented to him that his sister's fortune must suffer unless he appears in France again; and although he had resisted every other consideration, on this he has given way.

"In France they are now printing, by order of the Convention, all the letters to the King's brothers which had been seized at Verdun and in other places; amongst them were some from 'le traître Narbonne,'

in which he professed his firm and unalterable attachment to royalty, and made offers of his services to the Princes.

"But the M. de Narbonne whose letters are published is not our M. de Narbonne, but a relation of his, a man of true honour, but a decided aristocrat from the beginning of the Revolution, who had consequently devoted himself to the party of the Princes. The Convention knew this perfectly, M. de Narbonne said, but it suited their purpose best to enter into no explanations, but to let all who were not so well informed conclude that 'ce traître de Narbonne,' and 'ce scélérat de Narbonne,' was the Minister, in whom such conduct would really have been a treachery, though in the real author of the letters it was the simple result of his principles—principles which he had never sought to conceal. He spoke with considerable emotion on the subject, and said that, after all his losses and all that he had undergone, that which he felt most severely was the expectation of being 'confondu avec tous les scélérats de sa malheurese patrie,' not only 'de son vivant,' but by posterity.'

"Friday, December 21st, we dined at Norbury Park, and met our French friends: M. d'Arblay came in to coffee before the other gentlemen. We had been talking of Madame de la Châtre, and *conjecturing conjectures* about her *sposo:* we were all curious, and all inclined to imagine him old, ugly, proud, aristocratic,—a kind of ancient and formal courtier; so we questioned M. d'Arblay, acknowledging our curiosity, and that we wished to know, *enfin*, if M. de la Châtre was 'digne d'être l'époux d'une personne si aimable et si charmante que Madame de la Châtre.' He looked very drolly, scarce able to meet our eyes; but at last, as he is *la franchise meme*, he answered, 'M. de la Châtre est un bon homme—parfaitement bon homme: au reste, il est brusque comme un cheval de carrosse.'

"We were in the midst of our coffee when St. Jean came forward to M. de Narbonne, and said somebody wanted to speak to him. He went out of the room; in two minutes he returned, followed by a gentleman in a great-coat, whom we had never seen, and whom he introduced immediately to Lock by the name of M. de la Châtre. The appearance of M. de la Châtre was something like a *coup de theatre;* for, despite our curiosity, I had no idea we should ever see him, thinking that nothing could detach him from the service of the French Princes.

"His *abord* and behaviour answered extremely well the idea M. d'Arblay had given us of him, who in the word *brusque* rather meant unpolished in manners than harsh in character.

"He is quite old enough to be father to Madame de la Châtre, and, had he been presented to us as such, all our wonder would have been to see so little elegance in the parent of such a woman.

"After the first introduction was over, he turned his back to the fire, and began, *sans façon*, a most confidential discourse with M. de Narbonne. They had not met since the beginning of the revolution, and having been of very different parties, it was curious and pleasant to see them now, in their mutual misfortunes, meet *en bons amis*. They rallied each other *sur leurs disgraces* very good-humouredly and comically; and though poor M. de la Châtre had missed his wife by only one day, and his son by a few hours, nothing seemed to give him *de l'humeur*. He gave the account of his disastrous journey since he had quitted the Princes, who are themselves reduced to great distress, and were unable to pay him his arrears: he said he could not get a *sous* from France, nor had done for two years. All the money he had, with his papers and clothes, were contained in a little box, with which he had embarked in a small boat—I could

not hear whence; but the weather was tempestuous, and he, with nearly all the passengers, landed, and walked to the nearest town, leaving his box and two faithful servants (who had never, he said, quitted him since he had left France) in the boat: he had scarce been an hour at the *auberge* when news was brought that the boat had sunk.

"At this, M. de Narbonne threw himself back on his seat, exclaiming against the hard fate which pursued all *ses malheureux amis!* 'Mais attendez donc,' cried the good-humoured M. de la Châtre, 'je n'ai pas encore fini: on nous a assurés que personne n'a péri, et que même tout ce qu'il y avait sur le bâteaux a été sauvé.' He said, however, that, being now in danger of falling into the hands of the French, he dared not stop for his box or servants; but, leaving a note of directions behind him, he proceeded *incognito*, and at length got on board a packet-boat for England, in which, though he found several of his countrymen and old acquaintance, he dared not discover himself till they were *en pleine mer*. 'Et vous voyez bien qu'il n'y a pas de fin â mes malheureuses aventures, puisqu'en arrivant on m'apprend tout de suite que ma femme est partie hier pour la France, et Alfonse aujourd'hui; et Dieu sait si je le verrai, lui, d'ici â quarante ans!'

"How very, very unfortunate! We were all truly sorry for him; however, he went on gaily enough, laughing at *ses amis les constitutionnaires*, and M. de Narbonne, with much more wit, and not less good humour, retorting back his raillery on the *parti de Brunswick*.

"'Eh bien,' said de M. la Châtre; 'chacun à son tour!—Vous avez été ruinés les premiers—chacun à son tour!—Vous avez faits une constitution qui ne pouvoit tenir.'

"'Pardon!' cried M. d'Arblay, with quickness: 'on ne l'a pas essayée.'

"'Eh bien, elle est tombée toutefois—il n'en est plus question,' said M. de la Châtre; 'et nous n'avons plus qu'à mourir de faim gaiement ensemble.'

"M. de Narbonne said he had yet a few bottles of wine, and that he should not drink beer whilst he stayed with him.

"M. de la Châtre mentioned the *quinzaine* in which the Princes' army had been paid up, as the most wretched he had ever known. 'C'étoit un désespoir, une douleur, une détresse de tous côtés, dont vous ne pouvez vous former une idée.' Of 22,000 men who formed the army of the emigrants, 16,000 were gentlemen,—men of family and fortune: all of whom were now, with their families, destitute. He mentioned two of these who had engaged themselves lately in some orchestra, where they played first and second flute.—'Ils sont, je vous jure, l'envie de toute l'armée,' said he; 'car en général nous ne pouvons rien faire que nous battre quand on nous en donne l'occasion.'

"The Princes, he said, had been twice arrested for debt in different places—that they were now so reduced that they dined, themselves, the Comte d'Artois, children, tutors, &c.—eight or nine persons in all—upon one single dish; and that they burnt *de la chandelle*, 'parceque les bougies coutoient trop cher.'

"'Et les dames,' said M. de Narbonne, *a demievoix*, 'que font elles?—Madame de Balby et les autres?'

"'Elles n'y sont plus,' said M. de la Châtres; adding, laughing, 'C'est une reforme en tout.'

"I don't know whether I need tell you the ladies meant were the two Princes' mistresses, who have hitherto accompanied them everywhere.

"M. de Narbonne asked how he had been able to travel on, since his money and clothes had been left behind.

"'J'avois,' said he, 'ma bourse, bien heureusement; au reste, j'ai été obligé, en arrivant à Londres, de m'adresser à un tailleur, car on m'a assuré à l'auberge où

jêtois, que dans l'habit que je portois on me montreroit au doigt. Eh bien, il m'a fait le gilet que tu vois, ces culottes' (in a low voice, but laughing, to M. de Narbonne)——They were, I must tell, you of the most common and cheap materials: but M. de Narbonne, interrupting him, gravely, but very good-naturedly said,

"'Eh bien; vous pouvez aller partout comme cela—ici on peut aller où l'on veut comme cela.'

"'Cette redingote," replied M. de la Châtre, who continued the whole evening in it, 'il me l'a fait aussi. Mais pour l'habit, il n'y avoit pas moyen, puisque je ne voulois pas m'arrêter. Il m'a donc—*prete le sien.*'

"'Quoi? le tailleur?'

"'Oui, lui-même: tu vois il ne va pas mal.'

"There was something so frank and so good humoured in all this, that, added to the deplorable situation to which he was reduced, I could almost have cried, though it was impossible to forbear laughing.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Burney's opinion of M. d'Arblay's speech—Execution of the French King—Despair of M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay—Saint-like end of Louis—Madame de Stael at Mickleham—The last moments of the French King—His last words on the Scaffold—Three English letters from Madame de Stael to Miss Burney—Account of Madame de Stael—Her escape from massacre—Conversation of Talleyrand.

We continue the extracts from Miss Burney's correspondence and Diary.

"The accounts from France are thrilling. Poor M. d'Arblay's speech should be translated and read to all English imitators of French reformers. What a picture of the *now reformed!*

"Poor M. d'Arblay's belief in perpetual banishment is dreadful: but Chabot's horrible denunciation of M. de Narbonne made me stop for breath as I read it in the papers.

"I had fancied the letters brought for the King of France's trial were forgeries. One of them, certainly, to M. Boullé, had its answer dated before it was written. If any have been found, others will be added, to serve any evil purposes. Still, however, I hope the King and his family will be saved. I cannot but believe it, from all I can put together. If the worst of the Jacobins hear that Fox has called him an 'unfortunate Monarch,'—that Sheridan has said 'his execution would be an act of injustice,'—and Grey, 'that we ought to have spared that *one blast to their glories* by earlier negotiation and an ambassador,'—surely the worst of these wretches will not risk losing their only abettors and palliators in this kingdom? I mean publicly; they have privately and individually their abetters and palliators in abundance still, wonderful as that is.

"I am glad M. d'Arblay has joined the set at *Junipère*. What miserable work is this duelling, which I hear of among the emigrants, after such hair-breadth 'scapes for life and existence!—to attack one another on the very spot they seek for refuge from attacks! It seems a sort of profanation of safety.

"I can assure you people of *all* descriptions are a little alarmed here, at the successes so unbounded of the whole Jacobin tribe, which seem now spreading contagion over the whole surface of the earth. The strongest original favourers of revolutions abroad, and reforms at home, I see, are a little scared: they will not say it; but they say they are *not*, uncalled upon; which is a constant result of secret and involuntary consciousness.

F. B."

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. LOCK.

"January 8th, 1793.

"It is quite out of my power, my dearest friends, to leave town before the birthday, as I must then present myself at the Queen's house.

"Your French colonies are truly attractive—I am sure they must be so to have caught me, so substantially, fundamentally, the foe of all their proceedings while in power. But the Duc de Liancourt taught me how little we can resist distress, even where self-incurred. M. de la Châtre, however, has my whole heart. I am his friend, not only upon the pleas of compassion due to all, but upon the firm basis of principle. My heart ached to read of his 22,000 fellow-sufferers for loyalty, original sense of duty, and a captive and injured master.

"I like, too, his *brusque* and *franc* character. I have read the declaration of M. de Narbonne. It is certainly written with feeling and energy, and a good design; but I do not think it becoming, nor *bien honnête*, in a late minister and servant, at a time of such barbarous humiliation, to speak of the French King's weakness, and let him down so low, at the moment he is pleading in his favour. Yet something there is, hinting at regret for having possibly contributed to his disgrace by not helping to avert it, which touched me very much, from its candour, though it is a passage unfinished.

"In short, what of misery can equal the misery of such a Revolution?—I am daily more and more in charity with all fixed governments. 'Let every one mend one,' as Will Chip says; and then states, as well as families, may be safely reformed. I hope you like 'Village Politics?' It makes much noise in London, and is suspected to be written by some capital author.* F. B."

* The execution of Louis XVI.

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY.

"Norbury Park, Monday, January 28th, '93.

"My dearest Padre.—I have been wholly without spirit for writing, reading, working, or even walking or conversing, ever since the first day of my arrival. The dreadful tragedy* acted in France has entirely absorbed me. Except the period of the illness of our own inestimable King, I have never been so overcome with grief and dismay, for any but personal and family calamities. O what a tragedy! how implacable its villany, and how severe its sorrows! You know, my dearest father, how little I had believed such a catastrophe possible: with all the guilt and all the daring already shown, I have still thought this a height of enormity impracticable. And, indeed, without military law throughout the wretched city, it had still not been perpetrated. Good Heaven!—what must have been the sufferings of the few unhardened in crimes who inhabit that city of horrors!—if I, an English person, have been so deeply afflicted, that even this sweet house and society—even my Susan and her lovely children—have been incapable to give me any species of pleasure, or keep me from a desponding low-spiritedness, what must be the feelings of all but the culprits in France?

"M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay have been almost annihilated: they are for ever repining that they are French, and, though two of the most accomplished and elegant men I ever saw, they break our hearts with the humiliation they feel for their guiltless birth in that guilty country!—'Est-ce vrai,' cries M. de

* "Will Chip, or Village Politics," was written by Mrs. Hannah More.

Narbonne, 'que vous conservez encore quelque amitié, M. Lock, pour ceux qui ont la honte et le malheur d'être nés François ?'— Poor man !—he has all the symptoms upon him of the jaundice ; and M. d'Arblay, from a very fine figure and good face, was changed, as if by magic, in one night, by the receipt of this inexpiable news, into an appearance as black, as meagre, and as miserable as M. de la Blancherie.

"We are all here expecting war every day. This dear family has deferred its town journey till next Wednesday. I have not been at all at Mickleham, nor yet settled whether to return to town with the Locks, or to pay my promised visit there first. All has been so dismal, so wretched, that I have scarce ceased to regret our living at such times, and not either sooner or later.

"These immediate French sufferers here interest us, and these alone have been able to interest me at all. We hear of a very bad tumult in Ireland, and near Captain Phillips's property: Mr. Brabazon writes word it is very serious. Heaven guard us from insurrections! What must be the feelings at the Queen's house ? how acute, and how indignant !

"Adieu, most dear sir; I am sure we sympathise but too completely on this subject,—

And am ever your
F. B."

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY.

"Norbury Park, Monday, February 4th, '93.

"How exactly do I sympathise in all you say and feel, my most dear sir, upon these truly calamitous times! I hear daily of more and more affecting accounts of the saint-like end of the martyred Louis. Madame de Stael, daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French noblesse, established near

Mickleham. She is one of the first women I ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. She has just received, by a private letter, many particulars not yet made public, and which the Commune and Commissaries of the Temple had ordered should be suppressed. It has been exacted by those cautious men of blood that nothing should be printed that could *attendrir le peuple.*

"Among other circumstances, this letter relates that the poor little Dauphin supplicated the monsters who came with the decree of death to his unhappy father, that they would carry him to the Convention, and the forty-eight Sections of Paris, and suffer him to beg his father's life.

"This touching request was probably suggested to him by his miserable mother or aunt. When the King left the Temple to go to the place of sacrifice, the cries of his wretched family were heard loud and shrill, through the courts without!—Good Heaven! what distress and horror equalled ever what they must then experience?

"When he arrived at the scaffold, his Confessor, as if with the courage of inspiration, called out to him aloud, after his last benediction, 'Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!'—The King ascended with firmness, and meant to harangue his guilty subjects; but the wretch Santerre said he was not there to speak, and the drums drowned the words, except to those nearest the terrible spot. To those he was heard to say, 'Citoyens, je meurs innocent! Je pardonne à mes assassins; et je souhaite que ma mort soit utile à mon peuple.'

"M. de Narbonne has been quite ill with the grief of this last enormity; and M. d'Arblay is now indisposed. This latter is one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and unhackneyed manners. M. de

Narbonne is far more a man of the world, and joins the most courtly refinement and elegance to the quickest repartee and readiness of wit. If anything but desolation and misery had brought them hither, we should have thought their addition to the Norbury society all that could be wished. They are bosom friends.

Your F. B."

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN TO MISS BURNEY.

" Written from Juniper Hall, Dorking, Surrey, 1793.

" When J learned to read english J begun by milton, to know all or renounce at all in once. J follow the same system in writing my first english letter to Miss burney; after such an enterprise nothing can affright me. J feel for her so tender a friendship that it melts my admiration, inspires my heart with hope of her indulgence, and impresses me with the idea that in a tongue even unknown J could express sentiments so deeply felt.

" my servant will return for a french answer. intreat miss burney to correct the words but to preserve the sense of that card.

" best compliments to my dear protectress, Madame Phillipe."

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN TO MISS BURNEY.

" Your card in french, my dear, has already something of your grace in writing english: it is cecilia translated. my only correction is to fill the interrup-

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* As literary curiosities, the subjoined notes from Madame de Staël have been printed *verbatim et literatim:* they are probably her earliest attempts at English writing.

tions of some sentences, and J put in them kindnesses for me. J do ot nconsult my master to write to you; a fault more or less is nothing in such an occasion. What may be the perfect grammar of Mr. Clarke, it cannot establish any sort of equality between you and J. then J will trust with my heart alone to supply the deficiency. let us speak upon a grave subject: do J see you that morning? What news from Captain phillip? when do you come spend a large week in that house? every question requires an exact answer; a good, also. my happiness depends on it, and J have for pledge your honour.

" good morrow and farewell.

" pray madame phillips, recollecting all her knowledge in french, to explain that card to you."

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN TO MISS BURNEY.

" January, 1793.

" TELL me, my dear, if this day is a charming one, if it must be a sweet epoch in my life?—do you come to dine here with your lovely sister, and do you stay night and day till our sad separation? J rejoice me with that hope during this week; do not deceive my heart.

" J hope that card very clear, mais, pour plus de certitude, je vous dis en françois que votre chambre, la maison, les habitants de Juniper, tout est prêt à recevoir la première femme d'angleterre.

" Janvier."

" MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY.

" Mickleham, February 29th. 1793.

" HAVE you not begun, dearest sir, to give me up as a lost sheep? Susanna's temporary widowhood, however, has tempted me on, and spelled me with a spell I know not how to break. It is long, long since we have passed any time so completely together; her

three lovely children only knit us closer. The widowhood, however, we expect now quickly to expire, and I had projected my return to my dearest father for Wednesday next, which would complete my fortnight here; but some circumstances are intervening that incline me to postpone it another week.

"Madame de Stael, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the the Swedish Ambassador to France, is now at the head of the little French colony in this neighbourhood. M. de Stael, her husband, is at present suspended in his embassy, but not recalled; and it is yet uncertain whether the Regent Duke of Sudermania will send him to Paris, during the present horrible Convention, or order him home. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Stael, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an Ambassadress, from the resentment owed her by the Commune, for having received and protected in her house various destined victims of the 10th August and of the 2nd September. She was even once stopped in her carriage, which they called aristocratic, because of its arms and ornaments, and threatened to be murdered, and only saved by one of the worst wretches of the Convention, Tallien, who feared provoking a war with Sweden, from such an offence to the wife of its Ambassador. She was obliged to have this same Tallien to accompany her, to save her from massacre, for some miles from Paris, when compelled to quit it.

"She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems even a profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful both for powers of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre

of the martyred Louis; and who can wonder it should have overpowered him?

"Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but finding that impossible, she bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself, to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore, if your answer to her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week. She is only a short walk from hence, at Juniper Hall.

"There can be nothing imagined more charming than this colony; between their sufferings and their *agrémens*, they occupy us almost wholly. M. de Narbonne, alas, has no £1000 a year! he got over only £4000 at the beginning, from a most splendid fortune; and, little foreseeing how all has turned out, he has lived, we fear, upon the principal; for he says, if all remittance is withdrawn, on account of the war, he shall soon be as ruined as those companions of his misfortunes with whom as yet he has shared his little all. He bears the highest character for goodness, parts, sweetness of manners, and ready wit. You could not keep your heart from him if you saw him only for half an hour. He has not yet recovered from the black blow of the King's death, but he is better and less jaundiced; and he has had a letter which, I hear, has comforted him, though at first it was almost heart-breaking, informing him of the unabated regard for him of the truly saint-like Louis. This is communicated in a letter from M. de Malesherbes.

"M. d'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, a most delicate critic in his own language, well versed in both Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation, and gives me long daily lessons in reading. Pray expect wonderful improvements! In return, I hear him in English; and for his theme this evening he has been writing an English address *à Mr. Burney*, (*i. e.* M. le Docteur,) joining in Madame de Stael's request.

"I hope your last club was more congenial? M. de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter for you. He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday. He is a man of admirable conversation, quick, terse, *fin*, and yet deep, to the extreme of those four words. They are a marvellous set for excess of agreeability.

"Adieu, most dear sir. Susanna sends her best love, and the Fanni and Norbury kisses and sweet words. I beg my love to my mother, and I hope she continues amending. I am ever, ever, and ever,

"My dearest Father's

"F. B."

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. LOCK.

"Mickleham.

"Your kind letter, my beloved Fredy, was most thankfully received, and we rejoice the house and situation promise so much local comfort; but I quite fear with you that even the *bas bleu* will not recompense the loss of the *Junipère* society. It is indeed, of incontestible superiority But you must burn this con-

fession, or my poor effigy will blaze for it. I must tell you a little of our proceedings, as they all relate to these people of a thousand.

"M. d'Arblay came from the melancholy sight of departing Norbury to Mickleham, and with an air the most *triste*, and a sound of voice quite dejected, as I learn from Susanna; for I was in my heroics, and could not appear till the last half-hour. A headache prevented my waiting upon Madame de Stael that day, and obliged me to retreat soon after nine o'clock, in the evening, and my *douce compagne* would not let me retreat alone. We had only robed ourselves in looser drapery, when a violent ringing at the door startled us; we listened, and heard the voice of M. d'Arblay, and Jerry answering 'they are gone to bed.' '*Comment?* What?' cried he: '*C'est impossible!* What you say?' Jerry then, to show his new education in this new colony, said '*Allée couchée!*' It rained furiously, and we were quite grieved, but there was no help. He left a book for *Mlle. Burnet*, and word that Madame de Stael could not come on account of the bad weather. M. Ferdinand was with him, and has bewailed the disaster; and M. Sicard says he accompanied them till he was quite wet through his *redingote;* but this enchanting M. d'Arblay will murmur at nothing.

"The next day they all came, just as we had dined, for a *morning* visit,—Madame de Stael, M. Talleyrand, M. Sicard, and M. d'Arblay; the latter then made *insistance* upon commencing my *master of the language*, and I think he will be almost as good a one as the little Don.*

"M. de Talleyrand opened, at last, with infinite wit and capacity. Madame de Stael whispered me, 'How do you like him?' 'Not very much,' I answered,

*Mr. Clarke.

'but I do not know him?' 'O, I assure you,' cried she, 'he is the best of the men.'

"I was happy not to agree; but I have no time for such minute detail till we meet. She read the noble tragedy of '*Tancrède*' till she blinded us all round. She is the most charming person, to use her own phrase, 'that never I saw.'"

* * * *

"We called yesterday noon upon Madame de Staël, and sat with her till three o'clock, only the little Don being present. She was delightful; yet I see much uneasiness hanging over the whole party, from the terror that the war may stop all remittances. Heaven forbid!

F. B."

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. LOCK.

"Thursday, Mickleham.

"I HAVE no heart not to write, and no time to write. I have been scholaring all day, and mastering too; for our lessons are mutual, and more entertaining than can easily be conceived. My master of the language says he dreams of how much more solemnly he shall write to charming Mrs. Lock, after a little more practice. Madame de Stael has written me two English notes, quite beautiful in ideas, and not very reprehensible in idiom. But English has nothing to do with elegance such as theirs—at least, little and rarely. I am always exposing myself to the wrath of John Bull, when this côterie come in competition. It is inconceivable what a convert M. de Talleyrand has made of me; I think him now one of the first members, and one of the most charming, of this exquisite set: Susanna is as completely a proselyte. His powers of entertainment are astonishing, both in information and in raillery. We know nothing of how the rest of the world goes on. They are all coming to-night.

I have yet avoided, but with extreme difficulty, the change of abode. Madame de Stael, however, will not easily be parried, and how I may finally arrange I know not. Certainly I will not offend or hurt her, but otherwise I had rather be a visitor than a guest.

"Pray tell Mr. Lock that 'the best of the men' grows upon us at every meeting. We dined and stayed till midnight at *Junipère* on Tuesday, and I could recollect but the twentieth part of the excellent things that were said. Madame de Stael read us the opening of her work '*Sur le Bonheur*:' it seems to me admirable. M. de Talleyrand avowed he had met with nothing better thought or more ably expressed; it contains the most touching allusions to their country's calamities.

F. B."

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Burney's account of the Emigrants written to her Father—Her mention of M. d'Arblay—French letter from Madame de Stael to Miss Burney—Juniper—M. de Lally and his tragedy—Talleyrand—Gloominess of M. d'Arblay—The society at Juniper Hall.

MISS BURNEY TO DR. BURNEY.

Mickleham, Friday, February 22nd, '93.

"WHAT a kind letter is my dearest father's, and how kindly speedy! yet it is too true it has given me very uncomfortable feelings. I am both hurt and astonished at the acrimony of malice; indeed, I believe all this party to merit nothing but honour, compassion, and praise. Madame de Stael, the daughter of M. Necker—the idolising daughter—of course, and even from the best principles, those of filial reverence, entered into the opening of the Revolution just as her father entered into it; but as to her house having be-

come the centre of Revolutionists before the 10th of August, it was so only for the Constitutionalists, who, at that period, were not only members of the then established government, but the decided friends of the King. The aristocrats were then already banished, or wanderers from fear, or concealed and silent from cowardice; and the Jacobins——I need not, after what I have already related, mention how utterly abhorrent to her must be that fiend-like set.

"The aristocrats, however, as you well observe, and as she has herself told me, hold the Constitutionalists in greater horror than the Convention itself. This, however, is a violence against justice which cannot, I hope, be lasting; and the malignant assertion which persecute her, all of which she has lamented to us, she imputes equally to the bad and virulent of both these parties.

"The intimation concerning M. de N. was, however, wholly new to us, and I do firmly believe it a gross calumny. M. de N. was of her society, which contained ten or twelve of the first people in Paris; and, occasionally, almost all Paris; she loves him even tenderly, but so openly, so simply, so unaffectedly, and with such utter freedom from all coquetry, that, if they were two men, or two women, the affection could not, I think, be more obviously undesigning. She is very plain, he is very handsome; her intellectual endowments must be with him her sole attraction.

"M. de Talleyrand was another of her society, and she seems equally attached to him. M. le Viscomte de Montmorenci she loves, she says, as her brother: he is another of this bright constellation, and esteemed of excellent capacity. She says, if she continues in England he will certainly come, for he loves her too well to stay away. In short, her whole côterie live together as brethren. Madame de la Marquise de la Châtre, who has lately returned to France, to endeav-

our to obtain *de quoi vivre en Angleterre*, and who had been of this colony for two or three months since the 10th of August, is a bosom friend of Madame de Stael and of all this circle : she is reckoned a very estimable as well as fashionable woman ; and a daughter of the unhappy Montmorin, who was killed on the 1st of September, is another of this set. Indeed, I think you could not spend a day with them and not see that their commerce is that of pure, but exalted and most elegant, friendship.

" I would, nevertheless, give the world to avoid being a guest under their roof, now I have heard even the shadow of such a rumour ; and I will, if it be possible without hurting or offending them. I have waived and waived acceptance almost from the moment of Madame de Stael's arrival. I prevailed with her to let my letter go alone to you, and I have told her, with regard to your answer, that you were sensible of the honour her kindness did me, and could not refuse to her request the week's furlough ; and then followed reasons for the compromise you pointed out, too diffuse for writing. As yet they have succeeded, though she is surprised and disappointed. She wants us to study French and English together, and nothing could to me be more desirable, but for this invidious report.

" Susanna and her Captain intend going to town on Friday in next week, and I have fixed therefore on the same day for my return ; thus, at all events, the time cannot be long.

" M. d'Arblay, as well as M. de Narbonne, sent over a declaration in favour of the poor King. M. d'A. had been commandant at Longwi, and had been named to that post by the King himself. In the accusation of the *infernals*, as Mr. Young justly calls them, the King is accused of leaving Longwi undefended, and a prey to the Prussians. M. d'Arblay, who

before that period had been promoted into the regiment of M. de Narbonne, and thence summoned to be Adjutant-General of Lafayette, wrote therefore, on this charge, to M. de Malesherbes, and told him that the charge was utterly false; that the King had taken every precaution for the proper preservation of Longwi, and that M. d'Arblay, the King's commandant, had himself received a letter of thanks and approbation from Dumouriez, who said, nothing would have been lost had every commandant taken equal pains, and exerted equal bravery.

"This original letter M. d'Arblay sent to M. Malesherbes, not as a vindication of himself, for he had been summoned from Longwi before the Prussians assailed it, but as a vindication of the officer appointed by the King, while he had yet the command. M. de Malesherbes wrote an answer of thanks, and said he should certainly make use of this information in the defence. However, the fear of Dumouriez, I suppose, prevented his being named.

"M. d'Arblay, in quitting France with Lafayette, upon the deposition of the King, had only a little ready money in his pocket, and he has been *decrete* since, and all he was worth in the world is sold and seized by the Convention. M. de Narbonne loves him as the tenderest of brothers, and, while one has a guinea in the world, the other will have half. 'Ah!' cried M. d'Arblay, upon the murder of the King, which almost annihilated him, 'I know not how those can exist who have any feelings of remorse, when I scarce can endure my life, from the simple feeling of regret that ever I pronounced the word *liberty* in France!'

"I confess I was much pleased with the *oraison funebre*. We hear no news here, except French, and see no newspapers, and not an English newsmonger. The Captain is just returned from Colchester. Babes are well. Adieu, most dear Sir! Your affectionate

F. B."

MADAME DE STAEL TO MISS BURNEY.

" Juniper, ce 8 Mars.

" My dear Miss,—Pour cette fois vous me permettrez de vous écrire en Francois; il s'agit de m'arranger pour vous voir, et je ne veux pas risquer d'équivoques dans cet important intérêt. Mardi entre midi et une heure je serai à Chelsea College, avec votre maître de François et Mr. Clarke: tous les deux causeront ensemble, et vous—vous me parlerez. Je sais que vous êtes pleine de bonté pour moi, et que vous mettez même du courage contre la réaction de quelques mechancetes Francoises auxquelles les tems de guerre civile doivent accoûtumer; mais tout ce que je vous demande c'est m'aimer, dussiez vous attendre à d'autres tems pour le dire. Il faut laisser l'injustice aux hommes malheureux; il faut qu'ils s'occupent des personnes quand ils ne peuvent rien sur les affaires; il faut qu'ils donnent quelques uns de leurs préventions aux étrangers, qui n'ont pas le tems de juger les procès des individus; il faut tout ce qui est ordinaire et extraordinaire dans une pareille époque, et se confier au tems pour l'opinion publique—à l'amitié pour le bonheur particulier. Ils vous diront que je suis démocrate, et ils oublieront que mes amis et moi nous avons échappé au fer des Jacobins: ils vous diront que j'aime passionnement les affaires, et je suis ici quand M. de Stael me presse d'aller á Paris, me méler avec lui des plus importantes (ceci pour vous seule): enfin ils chércheront à troubler jusqu'au repos de l'amitié, et ne permettront pas que, fidèle a mes devoirs, j'aye eu le besoin de partager pendant deux mois le malheur de celui dont j'avois sauvé la vie. Il y a dans tout cela tant d'absurdes faussetés, qu'un jour ou l'autre je céderai au désir d'en parler. Mais qui peut maintenant se permettre d'occuper de soi? Il n'y a pas d'idées génerales assez vastes pour ce moment. Je suis bien

mal ce précepte en vous écrivant; mais, parceque je vous ai trouvé la meilleure et la plus distinguée; parcequ'avant de vous connoître, j'ambitionnois de vous plaire; parceque, depuis que je vous ai vu, il m'est nécessaire de vous intérresser, je me persuade que vous devez m'aimer; je crois bien aussi que votre bonté pour moi m'a valu quelques envieux; ainsi il y a un peu de justice dans ce que vous faites pour moi. Je chasse toutes mes idées tristes en songeant que je vous verrai Mardi, et les jours suivans, chez Madame Lock —en pensant à votre aimable sœur Madame Phillips, qui, sentant le besoin que j'avois d'être consolée, a été doublement amiable pour moi après votre départ. Répondez à ma lettre. Adieu!"

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MRS. LOCK.

"Mickleham, April 2nd, 1793.

"I MUST, however, say something of Juniper, whence I had an irresistible invitation to dine, &c., yesterday, and hear M. de Lally Tolendal read his 'Mort de Strafford,' which he had already recited once, and which Madame de Stael requested him to repeat for my sake.

"I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it has left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him: large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingue* in his manner; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents in conversation, so far, so very far, distant from our *Juniperiens*, and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un*

bon garçon un tres honnete garçon, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de plus.*

" He is extremely absorbed by his tragedy, which he recites by heart, acting as well as declaiming with great energy, though seated, as Le Texier is. He seemed, previous to the performance, occupied completely by it, except while the dinner lasted, which he did not neglect; but he was continually reciting to himself till we sat down to table, and afterwards between the courses.

" M. Talleyrand seemed much struck with his piece, which appears to me to have very fine lines and passages in it, but which, altogether, interested me but little. I confess, indeed, the violence of *ses gestes*, and the alternate howling and thundering of his voice in declaiming, fatigued me excessively. If our Fanny had been present, I am afraid I should many times have been affected as one does not expect to be at a tragedy.

" We sat down at seven to dinner, and had half finished before M. d'Arblay appeared, though repeatedly sent for; he was profoundly grave and silent, and disappeared after the dinner, which was very gay. He was sent for, after coffee and Norbury were gone, several times, that the tragedy might be begun; and at last Madame de S. impatiently proposed beginning without him. 'Mais cela lui fera de la peine,' said M. d'Autun (Talleyrand), good naturedly; and, as she persisted, he rose up and limped out of the room to fetch him: he succeeded in bringing him.

" M. Malouet has left them. La Princesse d'Henin is a very pleasing, well-bred woman: she left Juniper the next morning with M. de Lally.

S. P."

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MISS BURNEY.

"Mickleham April 3d.

"After I had sent off my letter to you on Monday I walked on to Juniper, and entered at the same moment with Mr. Jenkinson and his attorney—a man whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages, and who appeared to me to be brought as a kind of spy, or witness of all that was passing. I would have retreated, fearing to interrupt business, but I was surrounded, and pressed to stay, by Madame de Stael with great *empressement*, and with much kindness by M. d'Arblay and all the rest. Mr. Clarke was the spokesman, and acquitted himself with great dignity and moderation; Madame de S. now and then came forth with a little *coquetterie pour adoucir ce sauvage* Jenkinson. 'What will you, Mr. Jenkinson? tell to me, what will you?' M. de Narbonne, somewhat *indigne de la mauvaise foi*, and *excede des longueurs de son adversaire*, was not quite so gentle with him, and I was glad to perceive that he meant to resist, in some degree at least, the exorbitant demands of his landlord.

"Madame de Stael was very gay, and M. de Talleyrand was *comique*, this evening; he criticised, amongst other things, her reading of prose, with great *sang froid:* 'Vous lisez très mal la prose; vous avez un chant en lisant, une cadence, et puis une monotonie, qui n'est pas bien du tout: en vous écoutant on croit toujours entendre des vers, et cela a un fort mauvais effet!'

"They talked over a number of their friends and acquaintance with the utmost unreserve, and sometimes with the most comic humour imaginable,—M. de Lally, M. de Lafayette, la Princesse d'Henin, la Princesse de Poix, and M. Guibert, an author, and

one who was, Madame de S. told me, passionately in love with her before she married, and innumerable others.

"M. d'Arblay had been employed almost night and day since he came from London in writing a *Memoire*, which Mr. Villiers had wished to have, upon the 'Artillerie à Cheval,' and he had not concluded it till this morning."

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MISS BURNEY.

"Tuesday, May 14th.

"TRUSTING to the kindness of chance, I begin at the top of my paper. Our Juniperians went to see Paine's Hili yesterday, and had the good-nature to take my little happy Norbury. In the evening came Miss F—— to show me a circular letter, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the parishes in England, authorising the ministers of those parishes to raise a subscription for the unfortunate French clergy. She talked of our neighbours, and very shortly and abruptly said, 'So, Mrs. Phillips we hear you are to have Mr. Norbone and the other French company to live with you—Pray is it so?'

"I was, I confess, a little startled at this plain inquiry, but answered as composedly as I could, setting out with informing this *bête personnage* that Madame de Stael was going to Switzerland to join her husband and family in a few days, and that of all the French company none would remain but M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay, for whom the Captain and myself entertained a real friendship and esteem, and whom he had begged to make our house their own for a short time, as the impositions they had had to support from their servants, &c., and the failure of their remittances from abroad, had obliged them to resolve on breaking up housekeeping.

"I had scarcely said thus much when our party arrived from Paine's Hill; the young lady, though she had drunk tea, was so obliging as to give us her company for near two hours, and made a curious attack on M. de N., upon the first pause, in wretched French, though we had before, all of us, talked no other language than English:—'Je vous prie, M. Gnawbone, comment se porte la Reine?'

"Her pronunciation was such that I thought his understanding her miraculous: however, he did guess her meaning, and answered with all his accustomed douceur and politeness, that he hoped well, but had no means but general ones of information.

"'I believe,' said she afterwards, 'nobody was so hurt at the King's death as my papa! he couldn't ride on horseback the next day!'

"She then told M. de Narbonne some anecdotes (very new to him, no doubt), which she had read in the newspapers, of the Convention; and then spoke of M. Egalité. 'I hope,' said she, flinging out her arms with great violence, 'he'll come to be gullytined. He showed the king how he liked to be gullytined, so now I hoped he'll be gullytined himself!—So shocking! to give his vote against his own nephew!'

"If the subject of her vehemence and blunders had been less just or less melancholy, I know not how I should have kept my face in order.

"Our evening was very pleasant when she was gone. Madame de Stael is, with all her wildness and blemishes, a delightful companion, and M. de N. rises upon me in esteem and affection every time I see him: their minds in some points ought to be exchanged, for he is as delicate as a really feminine woman, and evidently suffers when he sees her setting *les beinséances* aside, as it often enough befalls her to do.

"Poor Madame de Stael has been greatly disappointed and hurt by the failure of the friendship and

intercourse she had wished to maintain with you,—of that I am sure; I fear, too, she is on the point of being offended. I am not likely to be her confidante if she is so, and only judge from the nature of things, and from her character, and a kind of *dépit* in her manner once or twice in speaking of you. She asked me if you would accompany Mrs. Lock back into the country? I answered that my father would not wish to lose you for so long a time at once, as you had been absent from him as a nurse so many days.

"After a little pause, 'Mais est-ce qu'une femme est en tutelle pour la vie dans ce pays?' she said. 'Il me paroit que votre sœur est comme une demoiselle de quatorze ans.'

"I did not oppose this idea, but enlarged rather on the constraints laid upon females, some very unnecessarily, in England,—hoping to lessen her *dépit;* it continued, however, visible in her countenance, though she did not express it in words.

"I must go back to Monday, to tell you something that passed which struck and affected me very much. M. de Talleyrand arrived at Juniper to dinner, and Madame de Stael, in a state of the most vehement impatience for news, would scarce give him time to breathe between her questions; and when she had heard all he could tell her, she was equally impetuous to hear all his conjectures. She was evidently elated with hopes of such success as would give peace, security, and happiness to them all, yet scarce dared to give way to all her flattering expectations.

"M. de Talleyrand's hopes were alive likewise, though he did not, like her, lose his composure and comic placidness of manner.

'Madame de Stael, between jest and earnest, reproached M. de Narbonne with a number of aristocratic sentiments, which she said had that day escaped him. He calmly declared he was willing to repeat

and support every word he had uttered. She next reproached him for always resisting her passion for conjectural discussions. He said, he had for the last half year found every one baffled in making conjectures: 'Mais,' said he, very gravely, and in a manner much impressed, 'dans huit jours d'ici il me paroit qu'on pourra voir assez clair pour former un plan; et alors—je prendrai mon parti.'

"He said no more, but dropped into a very deep reverie. 'Pour prendre un parti,' said M. de Talleyrand, 'il faut d'abord savoir si celui qui nous conviendroit sera asez fort pour justifier l'espérance de succès; sans quoi il y auroit de folie à se mêler de la partie. Mais pour moi,' continued he, laughing, 'j'ai grande envie de me battre, je vous l'avoue.'

"'Ah, mais, sans doute,' said Madame de Stael, 'dans une situation désespérée comme la vôtre, il faut bien que vous ayiez le besoin de faire des efforts.'

"'Vous le sentez,' said M. de N., with sadness, 'parceque vous n'avez pas vécu à Juniper, proche de Norbury et de Madame Philippe—parceque vous avez vécu en Woodstock Street.'

"'Mais,' said M. de Talleyrand, 'je vous donne ma parole que ce me seroit un plaisir de bien battre tous ces vilains gueux.'

"'Eh, non,' said M. de N., with a mixture of *douceur* and sadness which was very touching, 'dites moi donc le plaisir qu'il y auroit à donner la mort à ces pauvres misérables, dont l'ignorance et la betise ont été les plus grands crimes. S'il falloit ne faire la guerre que contre Marat, et Danton, et Robespierre, et M. Egalité, et quelques centaines d'autres infames scélérats, j'y pourrai peut-être trouver de la satisfaction aussi.'

"After this he again fell into his reverie, and the conversation was supported by Madame de Stael and M. de Talleyrand, who, by the way is going to sell all his books, and who very placidly said to-day, 'Je

vais quitter ma maison de Woodstock Street : elle est trop chère.'

S. P."

CHAPTER IX.

Offer of marriage from General d'Arblay to Miss Burney—Miss Burney retires to Chesington to reflect upon the course she should take—Madame de Stael's work on "The Influence of the Passions"—Madame de Stael's parting with Mrs. Lock—A slight misunderstanding—Miss Burney's letter to Mrs. Phillips concerning M. d'Arblay and his offer—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Dr. Burney, after many objections, consents to Miss Burney's union with M. d'Arblay.—Miss Burney's memorandum of her union—Correspondence—Character of M. d'Arblay.

[The frequency and intimacy with which Miss Burney and M. d'Arblay now met, ripened into attachment the high esteem which each felt for the other; and after many struggles and scruples, occasioned by his reduced circumstances and clouded prospects, M. d'Arblay wrote her an offer of his hand; candidly acknowledging, however, the slight hope he entertained of ever recovering the fortune he had lost by the Revolution.

At this time Miss Burney went to Chesington for a short period; probably hoping that the extreme quiet of that place would assist her deliberations, and tranquilize her mind during her present perplexities.]

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MISS BURNEY AT CHESINGTON.

"Sunday, after church, I walked up to Norbury; there unexpectedly I met with all our Juniperians, and listened to one of the best conversations I ever heard: it was on literary topics, and the chief speakers Madame de Stael, M. de Talleyrand, Mr. Lock, and M. Dumont, a gentleman on a visit of two days at Juniper, a Genevois, *homme d'esprit et de lettres.* I had

not a word beyond the first 'how d'yes' with any one, being obliged to run home to my abominable dinner in the midst of the discourse.

"On Monday I went, by invitation, to Juniper to dine, and before I came away at night a letter arrived express to Madame de Stael. On reading it, the change in her countenance made me guess the contents. It was from the Swedish gentleman who had been appointed by her husband to meet her at Ostend; he wrote from that place that he was awaiting her arrival. She had designed walking home with us by moonlight, but her spirits were too much oppressed to enable her to keep this intention.

"M. d'Arblay walked home with Phillips and me. every moment of his time has been given of late to transcribing a MS. work of Madame de Stael, on 'L'Influence des Passions.' It is a work of considerable length, and written in a hand the most difficult possible to decipher.

"On Tuesday we all met again at Norbury, where we spent the day. Madame de Stael could not rally her spirits at all, and seemed like one torn from all that was dear to her. I was truly concerned.

"After giving me a variety of charges, or rather entreaties to watch and attend to the health, spirits, and affairs of the friends she was leaving, she said to me, 'Et dites à Mlle, Burney que je ne lui en veux pas du tout---que je quitte le pays l'aimant bien sincèrement, et sans rancune.'

"I assured her earnestly, and with more words than I have room to insert, not only of your admiration, but affection, and sensibility of her worth, and chagrin at seeing no more of her. I hope I exceeded not your wishes; *mais il n'y avoit pas moyen de résister.*

"She seemed pleased, and said, 'Vous êtes bien bonne de me dire cela,' but in a low and faint voice, and dropped the subject.

"Before we took leave, M. d'Arblay was already gone, meaning to finish transcribing her MS. I came home with Madame de Stael and M. de Narbonne. The former actually sobbed in saying farewell to Mrs. Lock, and half way down the hill; her parting from me was likewise very tender and flattering.

"I determined, however, to see her again, and met her near the school, on Wednesday morning, with a short note and a little offering which I was irresistibly tempted to make her. She could not speak to me, but kissed her hand with a very speaking and touching expression of countenance.

"It was this morning, and just as I was setting out to meet her, that Skilton arrived from Chesington. I wrote a little, walked out, and returned to finish as I could.

"At dinner came our *Tio*---very bad indeed. After it we walked together with the children to Norbury; but little Fanny was so well pleased with his society, that it was impossible to get a word on any particular subject. I, however, upon his venturing to question me, whereabouts was the *campagne où se trouvoit Mlle. Burnet*, ventured *de mon côté* to speak the name of Chesington and give a little account of its inhabitants, the early love we had for the spot, our excellent Mr. Crisp, and your good and kind hostesses.

"He listened with much interest and pleasure, and said, 'Mais, ne pourroit-on pas faire ce petit voyage-là?'

"I ventured to say nothing encouraging, at least decisively, in a great measure upon the children's account, lest they should repeat; and, moreover, your little namesake seemed to me surprisingly attentive and *éveillée*, as if *elle se doutoit de quelque chose.*

"When we came home I gave our *Tio* some paper to write to you; and it was not possible for me to add more than the address, much as I wished it."

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. LOCK.

"Chesington, 1793.

"I have been quite enchanted to-day by my dear Susan's intelligence that my three convalescents walked to the wood. Would I had been there to meet and receive them.

"I have regretted excessively the finishing so miserably an acquaintance begun with so much spirit and pleasure, and the *dépit* I fear Madame de Stael must have experienced. I wish the world would take more care of itself, and less of its neighbours. I should have been very safe, I trust, without such flights, and distances, and breaches. But there seemed an absolute resolution formed to crush this acquaintance, and compel me to appear its wilful renouncer. All I did also to clear the matter, and soften to Madame de Stael any pique or displeasure, unfortunately served only to increase both. Had I understood her disposition better, I should certainly have attempted no palliation, for I rather offended her pride than mollified her wrath. Yet I followed the golden rule, for how much should I prefer any acknowledgment of regret at such an apparent change, from any one I esteemed, to a seeming unconscious complacency in an unexplained caprice!

"I am vexed, however, very much vexed, at the whole business. I hope she left Norbury Park with full satisfaction in its steady and more comfortable connection. I fear mine will pass for only a fashionable one.

"Miss Kitty Cooke still amuses me very much by her incomparable dialect; and by her kindness and friendliness I am taken the best care of imaginable.

"My poor brother, who will carry this to Mickleham, is grievously altered by the loss of his little girl. It has affected his spirits and his health, and he is grown so thin and meagre, that he looks ten y[illegible]

older than when I saw him last. I hope he will now revive, since the blow is over; but it has been a very hard one, after such earnest pains to escape.

"Did the wood look beautiful? I have figured it to myself with the three dear convalescents wandering in its winding paths, and inhaling its freshness and salubrity, ever since I heard of this walk. I wanted prodigiously to have issued forth from some little green recess to have hailed your return. I hope Mr. Lock had the pleasure of this sight. Is Jenny capable of such a mounting journey?

"Do you know anything of a certain young lady, who eludes all my inquiries, famous for having eight sisters, all of uncommon talents? I had formerly some intercourse with her, and she used to promise she would renew it whenever I pleased; but whether she is offended that I have slighted her offers so long, or whether she is fickle or only whimsical, I know not: all that is quite undoubted is, that she has concealed herself so effectually from my researches, that I might as well look for justice and clemency in the French Convention, as for this former friend in the plains and lanes of Chesington, where, erst, she met me whether I would or no.

F. B."

MISS BURNEY TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Friday, May 31st, Chesington.

"My heart so smites me this morning with making no answer to all I have been requested to weigh and decide, that I feel I cannot with any ease return to town without at least complying with one demand, which first, at parting yesterday, brought me to write fully to you, my Susan, if I could not elsewhere to my satisfaction.

"Much indeed in the course of last night and this morning has occurred to me, that now renders my longer silence as to prospects and proceedings unjus-

tifiable to myself. I will therefore now address myself to both my beloved confidants, and open to them all my thoughts, and entreat their own with equal plainness in return.

"M. d'Arblay's last three letters convince me he is desperately dejected when alone, and when perfectly natural. It is not that he wants patience, but he wants rational expectation of better times; expectation founded on something more than mere aerial hope, that builds one day upon what the next blasts; and then has to build again, and again to be blasted.

"What affects me the most in this situation is, that his time may as completely be lost as another's peace, by waiting for the effects of distant events, vague, bewildering, and remote, and quite as likely to lead to ill as to good. The very waiting, indeed, with the mind in such a state, is in itself an evil scarce to be recompensed.

* * * * *

"My dearest Fredy, in the beginning of her knowledge of this transaction, told me that Mr. Lock was of opinion that the 100*l.* per annum might do, as it does for many a curate. M. d'A. also most solemnly and affectingly declares that *le simple nécessaire* is all he requires, and here, in your vicinity, would unhesitatingly be preferred by him to the most brilliant fortune in another *séjour*.

"If *he* can say that, what must *I* be not to echo it? I, who in the bosom of my own most chosen, most darling friends——

"I need not enter more upon this; you all must know that to me a crust of bread, with a little roof for shelter, and a fire for warmth, near you, would bring me to peace, to happiness, to all that my heart holds dear, or even in any situation could prize. I cannot picture such a fate with dry eyes; all else but kindness and society has to me so always been nothing.

"With regard to my dear father, he has always left me to myself; I will not therefore speak to him while thus uncertain what to decide.

"It is certain, however, that with peace of mind and retirement, I have resources that I could bring forward to amend the little situation; as well as that, once thus undoubtedly established and naturalized, M. d'A. would have claims for employment.

"These reflections, with a mutual freedom from ambition, might lead to a quiet road, unbroken by the tortures of applications, expectations, attendance, disappointment, and time-wasting hopes and fears; if there were not apprehensions the 100*l.* might be withdrawn. I do not think it likely, but it is a risk too serious in its consequences to be run. M. d'A. protests he could not answer to himself the hazard.

"How to ascertain this, to clear the doubt, or to know the fatal certainty before it should be too late, exceeds my powers of suggestion. His own idea, to write to the Queen, much as it has startled me, and wild as it seemed to me, is certainly less wild than to take the chance of such a blow in the dark.

"Yet such a letter could not even reach her. His very name is probably only known to her through myself.

"In short, my dearest friends, you will think for me, and let me know what occurs to you, and I will defer any answer till I hear your opinions.

"Heaven ever bless you! And pray for me at this moment. F. B."

DR. BURNEY TO MISS BURNEY.

"May, 1793.

"Dear Fanny,—I have for some time seen very plainly that you are *éprise*, and have been extremely uneasy at the discovery. You must have observed my silent gravity, surpassing that of mere illness and its consequent low spirits. I had some thoughts of

writing to Susan about it, and intended begging her to do what I must now do for myself—that is, beg, warn, and admonish you not to entangle yourself in a wild and romantic attachment, which offers nothing in prospect but poverty and distress, with future inconvenience and unhappiness. M. d'Arblay is certainly a very amiable and accomplished man, and of great military abilities I take for granted; but what employment has he for them of which the success is not extremely hazardous? His property, whatever it was, has been confiscated—*décrété*—by the Convention; and if a counter-revolution takes place, unless it be exactly such a one as suits the particular political sect in which he enlisted, it does not seem likely to secure to him an establishment in France. And as to an establishment in England, I know the difficulty which very deserving natives find in procuring one, with every appearance of interest, friends, and probability; and, to a foreigner, I fear the difficulty will be more than doubled.

"As M. d'Arblay is at present circumstanced, an alliance with anything but a fortune sufficient for the support of himself and partner would be very imprudent. He is a mere soldier of fortune, under great disadvantages. Your income, if it was as certain as a freehold estate, is insufficient for the purpose; and if the Queen should be displeased and withdraw her allowance, what could you do?

"I own that, if M. d'Arblay had an establishment in France sufficient for him to marry a wife with little or no fortune, much as I am inclined to honour and esteem him, I should wish to prevent you from fixing your residence there; not merely from selfishness, but for your own sake. I know your love for your family, and know that it is reciprocal; I therefore cannot help thinking that you would mutually be a loss to each other. The friends, too, which you have here,

are of the highest and most desirable class. To quit them, in order to make new friendships in a strange land, in which the generality of its inhabitants at present seem incapable of such virtues as friendship is built upon, seems wild and visionary.

"If M. d'Arblay had a sufficient establishment here for the purpose of credit and comfort, and determined to settle here for life, I should certainly think ourselves honoured by his alliance; but his situation is at present so very remote from all that can satisfy prudence, or reconcile to an affectionate father the idea of a serious attachment, that I tremble for your heart and future happiness. M. d'Arblay must have lived too long in the great world to accommodate himself contentedly to the little; his fate seems so intimately connected with that of his miserable country, and that country seems at a greater distance from peace, order, and tranquillity now than it has done at any time since the revolution.

"These considerations, and the uncertainty of what party will finally prevail make me tremble for you both. You see, by what I have said, that my objections are not personal, but wholly prudential. For Heaven's sake, my dear Fanny, do not part with your heart too rapidly, or involve yourself in deep engagements which it will be difficult to dissolve; and to the last degree imprudent, as things are at present circumstanced, to fulfil.

"As far as character, merit, and misfortune demand esteem and regard, you may be sure that M. d'Arblay will be always received by me with the utmost attention and respect; but, in the present situation of things, I can by no means think I ought to encourage (blind and ignorant as I am of all but his misfortunes) a serious and solemn union with one whose unhappiness would be a reproach to the facility and inconsiderateness of a most affectionate father."

MEMORANDUM, THIS 7TH OF MAY, 1825.

"In answer to these apparently most just, and, undoubtedly, most parental and tender apprehensions, Susanna, the darling child of Dr. Burney, as well as first chosen friend of M. d'Arblay, wrote a statement of the plans, and means, and purposes of M. d'A. and F. B.—so clearly demonstrating their power of happiness, with willing economy, congenial tastes, and mutual love of the country, that Dr. B. gave way, and sent, though reluctantly, a consent; by which the union took place the 31st of July, 1793, in Mickleham church, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lock, Captain and Mrs. Phillips, M. de Narbonne, and Captain Burney, who was father to his sister, as Mr. Lock was to M. d'A.; and on the 1st of August the ceremony was re-performed in the Sardinian chapel, according to the rites of the Romish church; and never, never was union more blessed and felicitous; though, after the first eight years of unmingled happiness, it was assailed by many calamities, chiefly of separation or illness, yet still mentally unbroken.

F. D'ARBLAY."

TO MRS. ——

"August 2nd, 1793.

"How in the world shall I begin this letter to my dearest M——! how save her from a surprise almost too strong for her weak nerves and tender heart!

"After such an opening, perhaps any communication may be a relief; but it is surprise only that I would guard against; my present communication has nothing else to fear; it has nothing in it sad, melancholly, unhappy, but it has every thing that is marvellous and unexpected.

"Do you recollect at all, when you were last in town, my warm interest for the loyal part of the French ex-

iles ?—do you remember my *eloge* of a French officer, in particular, a certain M. d'Arblay ?

"Ah my dear M——, you are quick as lightning; your sensitive apprehension will tell my tale for me now, without any more aid than some details of circumstance.

"The *eloge* I then made, was with design to prepare you for an event I had reason to expect: such, however, was the uncertainty of my own situation, from prudential obstacles, that I dared venture at no confidence; though my heart prompted it strongly, to a friend so sweetly sympathising in all my affairs—so constantly affectionate—so tenderly alive to all that interests and concerns me.

"My dearest M——, you will give me, I am sure, your heartfelt wishes—your most fervent prayers. The choice I have made appears to me all you could yourself wish to fall to my lot—all you could yourself have formed to have best accorded with your kind partiality.

"I had some hope you would have seen him that evening we went together from Mrs. Montague to Mrs. Lock's, for he was then a guest in Portland-place; but some miserable circumstances, of which I knew nothing till after your departure, had just fallen out, and he had shut himself up in his room. He did not know we were there.

"Many, indeed, have been the miserable circumstances that have, from time to time, alarmed and afflicted in turn, and seemed to render a renunciation indispensable. Those difficulties, however, have been conquered; and last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, my sister and Captain Phillips, and my brother Captain Burney, accompanied us to the altar, in Mickleham church; since which the ceremony has been repeated in the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, that if, by a counter-revolution in France, M. d'Arblay recovers

any of his rights, his wife may not be excluded from their participation.

"You may be amazed not to see the name of my dear father upon this solemn occasion; but his apprehensions from the smallness of our income have made him cold and averse; and though he granted his consent, I could not even solicit his presence. I feel satisfied, however, that time will convince him I have not been so imprudent as he now thinks me. Happiness is the great end of all our worldly views and proceedings, and no one can judge for another in what will produce it. To me wealth and ambition would always be unavailing; I have lived in their most centrical possessions, and I have always seen that the happiness of the richest and the greatest has been the moment of retiring from riches and from power. Domestic comfort and social affection have invariably been the sole as well as the ultimate objects of my choice, and I have always been a stranger to every other species of felicity.

M. d'Arblay has a taste for literature, and a passion for reading and writing as marked as my own; this is a sympathy to rob retirement of all superfluous leisure, and ensure to us both occupation constantly edifying and entertaining. He has seen so much of life and has suffered so severely from its disappointments, that retreat with a chosen companion, is become his final desire.

Mr. Locke has given M. d'Arblay a piece of ground in his beautiful park, upon which we shall build a neat and plain habitation. We shall continue, meanwhile, in his neighbourhood, to superintend the little edifice, and enjoy the society of his exquisite house, and that of my beloved sister Phillips. We are now within two miles of both, at a farm-house, where we have what apartments we require, and no more, in a most beautiful and healthy situation, a mile

and a half from any town. The nearest is Bookham; but I beg that my letters may be directed to me at Captain Phillips's, Mickleham, as the post does not come this way, and I may else miss them for a week.

"As I do not correspond with Mrs. Montague, and it would be awkward to begin upon such a theme, I beg that when you write you will say something for me.

"One of my first pleasures, in our little intended home, will be finding a place of honour for the legacy of Mrs. Delany. Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame of general people, at this connexion, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction, when acquainted with the worthiness of the object who would wish it.

Adieu, my sweet friend. Give my best compliments to Mr. ——, and give me your kind wishes, your kind prayers, my ever dear M——.

F. D'A."

MADAME DE STAEL TO MADAME D'ARBLAY.

"Copet, 9 Août, 1793.

"On me dit une nouvelle qui me fait un extrême plaisir. Il appartenoit à votre cœur de sentir tout le prix de l'héroique conduite de notre excellent ami, et de justifier le sort en vous donnant à lui, en assurant ainsi à sa vertu la récompense que Dieu lui permet sur cette terre A présent que vous êtes un peu de ma famille, j'espère que si je revenois en Angleterre, je vous verrois tant que je voudrois, c'est à dire, sans cesse: tous mes regrets, comme toutes mes espérances, me ramènent en Surrey. C'est-là le paradis terrestre pour moi—ce le sera pour vous, je l'espère. Je ne connois pas un caractère meilleur à vivre que M. d'Arblay, et je sais depuis long-tems combien il vous aime.

Vous nous devez à présent de beaucoup écrire. Je vous demande de m'informer de vos projets, de me confier votre bonheur; et si je trouve jamais une manière de vous servir, de disposer de moi comme d'un bien à vous. Adieu, adieu!"

COMTE DE LALLY TOLENDAL TO THE CHEVALIER D'ARBLAY.

"Twickenham, 9 Août, 1793.

"Je m'étais plaint de vous, mon cher D'Arblay, et puis par réflection j'avais trouvé que vous faisiez bien mieux de goûter votre bonheur que de le décrire. L'amour vous a permis de consacrer un instant à l'amitié, et je viens vous demander encore un pour ma réconnoisance, et pour l'expression des vœux les plus ardens qui aient jamais été formés pour votre bonheur, et pour celui de l'être si intéressant qui vient de doubler le vôtre. Vous m'ôtez un bien bon argument dans mes disputes politiques. 'Citez-moi,' disais-je toujours, avec une assurance imperturbable, 'un homme qui ait gagné à révolution.'

"Au moins, ne porterai-je plus ce défi dans les environs de Mickleham. Les orages vous ont conduit dans un port qui vaut mieux que la rive natale, et les démons vous ont précipité aux pieds d'un ange qui vous a relevé. Votre roman vaut celui de Miss Burney, et vous le faites aussi heureux qu'elle les écrit sublimes. Votre destiné est écrite dans 'Cecilia,' mon cher ami, et vous aurez autant de cautions et autant de jaloux que Cecilia a eu de lecteurs. Vous voilà possédant la pratique de ce cœur dont nous avons tant admiré et chéri la théorie, ces grâces de l'esprit qui nous ont tant séduit, cette finesse de jugement qui nous a si fort étonnés, ces sentimens délicieux qui venaient remuer le fond de nos cœurs, cette pureté de morale qui excitait nos respects,—tout cela vous était destiné! Une si profonde connaissance du cœur humain devait conduire à juger le vôtre, à apprécier

votre noble caractère, et ce charme de loyauté qui fait qu'on se sent votre ami quand on a causé un jour avec vous.

" Je suis sûr que Miss Burney vous aura entendu parler du pauvre Louis XVI. avec cette émotion qui tirait les larmes des yeux de Malouet et des miens la dernière fois que nous avens cheminé ensemble. Citez nous tant que vous voudrez, mon cher D'Arblay ; vous nous rendrez justice en vous adressant à nous pour obtenir celle qui vous est due.

" Le jour où j'ai reçu votre lettre j'avais dîné chez le Chancelier, et pendant une partie du dîner votre mariage avait été le sujet de l'entretien général. C'était à moi tout naturellement à conter votre histoire, et à répondre à tout ce qui était là du sort de Miss Burney. J'ai rempli le devoir, je ne dirai pas d'ami, mais d'homme juste; c'est tout ce qu'il vous faut.

" Enfit toute notre colonie n'a qu'un sentiment et qu'une voix. Le Prince* vous écrit, Malouet vous écrira, la Princesse† se joint à tout ce que nous vous disons : vous connaissez son âme, vous savez qu'elle se réfléchit dans tout ce qui est beau et dans tout ce qui est bon ; vous avez vu son entraînement vers Miss Burney. Nous jouissons aussi de la part qu'ont eu à cet heureux événement M. et Madame Lock, de celle qu'y prennnent M. et Madame Phillips. Tout ce que l'humanité peut atteindre de vertu et obtenir de bonheur est au milieu de vous tous. Jouissez en longtemps, et que votre félicité soit aussi incorruptible que votre caractère ! Présentez, je vous prie, mon hommage respecteux à Madame d'Arblay, et comptez toujours sur moi comme sur un ami qui vous est acquis à jamais.

LALLY TOLENDAL.

" P. S. Lorsque mon père commandait dans l'Inde

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* Le Prince de Poix. † La Princesse d'Henin.

il fût fort mécontent d'un officier qui, chargé d'une mission chez les Hollandais, en avait compromis le succès par la faute le plus grave. Mon pauvre père, le meilleur des hommes en actions, mais le plus vif en propos, lui écrivet dans sa colere, 'Si vous retombez dans la même faute, je vous préviens, qu'eussiez vous la tête de mon fils sur les épaules de mon père, je la ferai sauter.'

"Comme il fermait sa lettre, entre son maître d'hôtel. 'Que veux tu?' 'Monsieur, je viens entendre dire que vous envoyez un exprès chez les Hollandais, et, comme nous n'aurons bientôt plus de café, je suis venu vous demander si vous ne voudriez pas en faire venir.' 'Tu as raison.' Et voilà que mon père, qui ne se souvenait déjà plus de sa colère, rouvre sa lettre et mande à son officier, en *post-scriptum* au dessous de la belle phrase ci-dessus, 'Je vous en prie, faites moi le plaisir de m'envoyer par le porteur un ballot de café.'

"Où tend toute cette histoire? A justifier par l'exemple la disparate tout aussi forte que je vais me permettre. Mon laquais vient d'entrer chez moi, et m'a dit, 'Monsieur, on dit me vous écrivez à Mickleham: la dernière fois que vous y avez été vous avez oublié un bonnet de nuit et une paire de petites bottes: si vous vouliez bien les demander?' Soit; et voilà que je termine une épithalame en priant l'époux de vouloir bien donner des ordres, je ne sais pas à qui, afin que ces petites bottes me soient renvoyés à Londres, Norton-street, No. 17. Où se cache-t-on quand on écrit de ces choses-là?"

MADAME DE LA FITE TO MADAME D'ARBLAY.

"September, 1793.

"Combien vous êtes amiable, ma chère madame, et que votre lettre est charmante! Je vous remercie et du plaisir qu'elle m'a fait, et de celui qu'elle a procuré a la famille de Luc, et a trois de nos Princesses a qui je l'ai communiquée.

"J'ai su depuis que cette lettre, montrée à la Reine, est encore dans la poche de sa Majesté. Votre changement d'état faisait la nouvelle du jour, et j'avais un mérite alors; moi seule dans toute le comté de Berkshire avoit l'avantage de connoître M. d'Arblay. Miss P—— entr' autres m'accabla de questions: 'Est-il grand? est-il beau? est-il jeune?' Je parlai de son air noble, et d'une impression de tristesse qui m'avoit frappée en le voyant, mais qui devoit être effacée par l'amour et son frère. Si la soirée qu'il a passé chez moi pouvoit se renouveler, je ferais taire la harpe, et j'empêcherais un groupe d'émigrés de s'emparer de lui, et de me priver du plaisir de l'entendre. Quant à son mérite personnel, à ses lumières, à ses vertus, ils sont évidemment prouvés par les sentimens qu'il a su inspirer à Norbury.

"Mais à propos de gens distingués il faut vous parler, ma chère madame, de nos deux jeunes Princes. Celui dont vous faites mention est le plus joli, le plus gai, le plus caressant de tous les héros de dix-neuf ans.* Comme une blessure sied bien à cet âge! Je l'ai vu souffrir des siennes, mais il me semble qu'il en jouissait. Le Prince Auguste† est moins vif, et nullement bruyant; une affabilité douce rappelle qu'il est le frère chéri de la Princesse Elizabeth, et s'il n'a pu exercer ce courage militaire qui fait les héros de l'historie, on sait qu'il a prouvé une fermeté admirable dans le cours de ses longues souffrances; et Rousseau prétend que les vertus négatives sont les plus sublimes.

"Notre philosophe,‡ pour se consoler du présent, s'occupe beaucoup du passé, et d'une histoire de la terre bien plus ancienne que celle de Moyse. Perdant de vue pour un temps les révolutions qui agitent la surface de notre globe, il s'enfonce dans de profondes méditations, pour rechercher ce qu'était l'intérieur avant, bien avant, que le genre humain habitât cette

* Duke of Cambridge. † Duke of Sussex. ‡ M. de Luc.

planète. 'What are you about?' lui demandait quelqu'un : 'I am in the bowels of the earth,' fut sa réponse. Madame de Luc vous aime toujours tendrement, ma chère madame; mais elle est moins que jamais en état d'écrire, ses yeux ayant beaucoup souffert depuis quelques mois. Mon fils sera bien sensible au souvenir dont vous l'honorez; j'ignore si dans ce moment il traverse la mer, ou s'il est arrivé en Hollande. It est toujours compté parmi les bons fils, et c'est à lui que je dois en partie le retour de ma santé. Celle de Madame Schwellenberg est toujours étonnante; c'est après un crachement de sang qu'elle a repris ses forces.

"Vous auriez peine, madame, à reconnoître Frogmore. On y construit des ruines, et bientôt on aura achevé un vieux bâtiment gothique; ici s'élève un petit temple octogone, dont le plafond est dessiné par la Princesse Elizabeth; là on découvre un hermitage, dont elle a donné le modèle, &c., &c.,: au reste, nous avons un spectacle et des acteurs de Londres. *Quick*, surtout y attirait la cour et la ville. Madame de la Roche me demande toujours des nouvelles de Miss Burney; je lui ai marqué depuis peu que parmi nos femmes célèbres il n'en est pas une qui porte ce mon; mais pour qu'elle ne soupçonnât point que vous avez perdu la vie, ou moi l'esprit, j'ai bien vîte ajouté que les sentimens dûs à l'auteur de 'Cecilia' étaient maintenant reservés à Madame d'Arblay.

"J'espère que les devoirs de votre nouvel état ne vous empêcheront pas d'acquérir de nouveaux droits à la reconnoissance du public; c'est un de mes vœux; mais je souhaite bien plus encore que vous sachiez toujours réunir ce qui est si souvent séparé—la célébrité et le bonheur. Madame Brûlard* habite dans un petit canton de la Suisse, où elle a été admise, ainsi que Mlle. d'Orléans, sous un nom supposé.

* Madame de Genlis.

Adieu, ma chère madame! veuillez me continuer le souvenir et la bienveillance dont vous m'honorez, et agréer l'assurance de la haute estime et du tendre attachement de

"Votre très dévouée,

"M. E. DE LA FITE.

"Vous connaissez mes sentimens pour les habitans de Norbury; daignez en être l'interprête. Je crains de ne pouvoir profiter cette année de votre aimable hospitalité, mais je vous conjure d'avance de m'accorder une soirée quand vous viendrez à Londres."

CHAPTER IX.

Madame d'Arblay's residence at Bookham—Domestic felicity—Birth of a Son—The French Clergy—Madame d'Arblay's Address—Tragedy of "Edwy and Elgiva"—Publication of "Camilla"—"The Camilla Cottage"—"The Breakfast Table"—Death of Mrs. Burney—Sudden death of Mrs. Phillips—Madame d'Arblay's yearly commemoration of the day of her sister's Death—General d'Arblay's proposed departure for St. Domingo—His indiscreet letter to Napoleon—Commission annulled—Madame d'Arblay joins her husband in France—War—Return to England after ten years' absence—Death of Dr. Burney—Publication of "The Wanderer"—Death of General d'Arblay—Madame d'Arblay's interview with Sir Walter Scott—Anecdote—Death of Madame d'Arblay's only son—Death of Madame d'Arblay in her 88th year.

THE annexed sketch by Mrs. Elwood, contains an account of all the most interesting incidents of Miss Burney's married life.

The newly-married pair immediately settled down quietly at Bookham in Surrey, where, in their domestic and fire-side enjoyment, they found the utmost felicity, which was afterwards increased by the birth of a son, the late Reverend Alexander Charles Louis d'Arblay, who died before his mother in January, 1837, after having been fellow of Christ College,

Cambridge, and perpetual Curate of Camden Town Chapel.

Mrs. Crewe, the daughter of Dr. Burney's early friend, Mr. Greville, interesting herself greatly in the fate of the French clergy, of whom she had, at East Bourne, seen a great number wandering about in banishment and beggary, about this time, benevolently set on foot a plan for the amelioration of their condition, and Madame d'Arblay's pen was called upon to assist in the project. "The Address the Ladies of Great Britain in favour of the Emigrant Priests," together with "Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy," were accordingly written by her, and the profits arising from their sale were assigned to their benefit.

In 1795, a tragedy, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva," of Madame d'Arblay's composition, was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, but was never subsequently published.

Madame d'Arblay now found herself obliged to exert her abilities for the benefit of her own immediate family, their pecuniary means being small, chiefly indeed confined to the 100*l.* per annum which the Queen assigned to her on quitting her situation at Windsor, and which she enjoyed for the rest of her life.

Accordingly, in 1796, was published by subscription, "Camilla, or a Picture of Youth," in five volumes. For this work she received three thousand guineas.

Though a pleasing and interesting work, and one which was extremely admired at the time of its publication, "Camilla" can scarcely be considered as equal to Madame d'Arblay's more juvenile performances of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," nor indeed was it ever, perhaps, quite so popular as its predecessors, though much more profitable to the writer.

Shortly afterwards, with the money arising from the sale of "Camilla," the d'Arblays built a small cot-

tage on a spot adjoining Norbury Park, according to a plan of General d'Arblay. It was called jokingly "Camilla Cottage," by Dr. Burney, but this name was afterwards generally adopted for it by their friends. In this pleasing retirement the d'Arblays spent some years previous to their leaving England for the Continent.

After the publication of Camilla, Mrs. Crewe was extremely anxious that Madame d'Arblay should undertake the management of a periodical paper, to be entitled "The Breakfast Table," in which she thought, by persiflage and ridicule, the Jacobinism of the day might be discountenanced. But the peculiar situation of her husband, with other circumstances, rendered this undertaking inexpedient, and she declined it; and the project, though it was to have been supported by Canning, Wyndham, and other distinguished persons, ultimately fell to the ground.

In October of this year, Dr. Burney lost his second wife. By her, he had one son, Richard Thomas, who subsequently died in the East Indies, leaving a large family, and a daughter, Sarah Harriet, the authoress of several pleasing novels, &c.

On the 6th of January, 1800, at Park Gate, whilst on the road to visit Chelsea College, died the third daughter of Dr. Burney, Susanna, Mrs. Phillips, who had long been in a declining state of health, to the great grief of all her friends, but, in particular, of her sister, Madame d'Arblay, who, till the year 1813, regularly devoted the anniversary of her death to meditative commemoration; but at the exhortation of her father, she was subsequently induced to abandon this indulgence of morbid sensibility.

In 1802, at the peace of Amiens, the minister plenipotentiary sent over by Bonaparte chanced to be General Lauriston, a descendant of the famous Mississippi Law, and an old friend of General d'Arblay, who joyfully received his former comrade again,

whom he had thought mingled with the slaughtered on the 10th of August. Through his mediation, a letter was conveyed to Berthier, then minister of war at Paris, and it was arranged, that on condition of General d'Arblay's serving a year in the Island of St. Domingo with General Le Clerc, the first husband of Napoleon's sister Pauline, he should be allowed to retire from the service with rank and promotion.

General d'Arblay, who had gone over to Paris on this occasion, having obtained leave to return to England to take leave of his wife and son, and to make arrangements for his departure to St. Domingo, wrote from thence a candid but somewhat indiscreet letter to Napoleon, in which he signified his intention never to bear arms against the country of his wife, after which he embarked for France, in February, 1802. The consequences were, that his commission was annulled, much to his annoyance, though to the joy of Madame d'Arblay, who contemplated with dismay his expedition to so unhealthy a climate as St. Domingo. Notwithstanding his displeasure, the Emperor, however, carried his resentment no farther than the saying to Lafayette, who interceded for him, " Il m'a ecrit un diable de lettre !" but stopping with a smile, half gay, half cynical, he continued, " However, I ought only to regard in it the husband of Cecilia !"

General d'Arblay determined to remain at least a twelvemonth in France, in order to evince his readiness to serve, in case of any change of mind on the part of the Emperor; and he therefore desired to be joined by his wife and son, intending, at the end of the year, to return to his quiet seclusion at West Hamble. Madame d'Arblay, therefore, left England in April, 1802, having first had the honour of a parting interview with their Majesties, who entirely approved of her following the fortunes of the man to whom she had given her hand.

In the mean time war broke forth again; and

the d'Arblays were compelled to remain in France, where the next ten years of their life were spent.—Madame d'Arblay's correspondence with her family was now necessarily curtailed, and became both uncertain and unfrequent. Their letters by post were unsealed, and those by private hands undirected, their contents, of course, being brief and unsatisfactory, on account of Madame d'Arblay's fear of compromising her husband's safety.

In 1812, whilst the Emperor Napoleon was absent in Russia, General d'Arblay with difficulty procured a passport for his wife and son to leave France, which, had Napoleon been there, would have been utterly impossible. After six weeks' detention at Dunkirk, they were landed at Deal from an American vessel, which was captured, though, as English, they were immediately set at liberty.

However rejoiced Madame d'Arblay would naturally feel at returning to her native land, she had, notwithstanding the peculiarity of her situation, been both cordially received, and treated with a warmth of friendship in France, that did credit to the heads and hearts of those who became acquainted with her. She also formed intimacies with a chosen few, among whom Madame de Maisoneuve is particularly specified by her, as her "faithful, chosen, and tender friend."

Twelve years had naturally wrought their usual changes in her family, and Madame d'Arblay found her father, grown old and feeble, still residing in his apartments in Chelsea College, which, indeed, he now never quitted. Her eldest brother had just completed his "General History of Voyages to the South Sea;" her second, was considered to be the third best Greek scholar in the kingdom, Porson and Parr being alone his superiors; whilst her sisters, Mrs. Burney and Mrs. Broome, were surrounded by blooming young families; and her half-sister, Sarah Harriet, was rising in reputation as a novel writer.

On the 12th of April, 1814, the day succeeding a general illumination in honour of the glorious victory of England and her allies over the Emperor Napoleon, Dr. Burney, in his eighty-seventh year, breathed his last; his affectionate daughter, Madame d'Arblay, being by his side, where she had remained during the whole of the preceding night; while rockets and distant fire-works were illuminating the sky, and presenting a singular contrast to the chamber of sickness and death.

In the same year appeared "The Wanderer," by Madame d'Arblay, a novel in five volumes, founded on incidents arising partly out of the French Revolution, the notes of which she took with her to France when she quitted England, in 1802. For the copyright of this work she received 1,500*l.*; but whether the taste of the public was altered, or that her magic pen had lost its virtue in a foreign land, this work certainly never attained to the popularity of her preceding publications.

On the 3rd of May, 1818, Madame d'Arblay had the misfortune to lose her husband, General d'Arblay, who died at Bath. He was a general in the French service, and had been made one of the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII. He originally came over to England in the early part of the French Revolution with Talleyrand, Lally Tollendal, and other distinguished French emigrants.

In 1826, Madame d'Arblay had an interview with Sir Walter Scott, and the following is an account given of it by himself, in his interesting Diary, 1826, November 18:—"Was introduced by Rogers to Madame d'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of "Evelina" and "Cecilia;" an elderly lady, with no remains of beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quiet feelings. She told me she had wished to

see two persons—myself, of course, being one, the other George Canning.

" Madame d'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of 'Evelina' being printed. But the following circumstance may have given rise to the story :—'Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale recovering from her confinement, low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, 'You should read this new work, madam—you should read 'Evelina;' every one says it is excellent, and they are right.'*— The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Madame d'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry-tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again."

In 1832, Madame d'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, in three volumes, arranged from his own manuscripts, from family papers, and from personal recollections.

After the death of her son, which took place in 1837, Madame d'Arblay withdrew almost entirely from general society, admitting none but relations and intimate frieds. Notwithstanding her advanced age,

* This account does not correspond with that given by Madame d'Arblay, in her " Diary," &c. now in the course of publication.— She there states that " Evelina" was first read by Dr Johnson, at the recommendation of Mrs. Thrale. Of course the latter version is the correct one. But we allow the other to stand, as a literary curiosity, professing, as it does, to be reported from the lips of the lady herself, and by so celebrated a person as " the author of Waverly."

however, her conversational powers and her faculties remained unimpaired till within a short time of her decease, which took place in her house in Lower Grosvenor-street, on the 6th of January, 1840, in her eighty-eighth year. Her remains were deposited, by her own express desire, in Walcot Churchyard, in Bath, near those of her husband, General d'Arblay, and her only son, Alexander Charles Louis d'Arblay.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that Madame d'Arblay's productions were among the first of their class possessing merit and popularity, which might unhesitatingly be placed in the hands of youth; and though not professedly writing for the instruction of her readers, she, at all times and in all places, advocates and advances the cause of religion, morality, and good principles; and notwithstanding her undergoing that greatest of trials to the sobriety of the mind, a sudden transition from obscurity to fame and celebrity, yet did she never fail steadily to fulfil her social duties in a most exemplary manner: she was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, a devoted wife, and a faithful friend.

WORKS.

Evelina; or, the History of a Young Lady's First Introduction to the World, 1778.

Cecilia; or, Memoirs of an Heiress, 1781.

Camilla; or, a Picture of Youth, 1796.

Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, &c.

Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy, 1795.

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The Wanderer, 1814.

Memoirs of Dr. Burney, 1832.

Diary and Letters, edited by her Niece, 1842.

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